POST

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST FEBRUARY 16 • 1963 20c

Wanted: Parents

Babies for adoption outnumber couples willing to take them

Fiction by JAMES JONES, GARSON KANIN

One of the thousands of American babies who need homes.

Sid Caesar rebirth of a clown / **David Sarnoff** his business success story

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363 GROVE ST
PASADENA CALIF

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Family den and music room in Provincial style. Floor: Kentile® Textured Mosaic Vinyl Asbestos Tile in White, with sweeping bands of Black and Brick. Wall base: Black KenCove® Vinyl.

Exciting new Kentile Floor! Textured Mosaic—the vinyl tile with an intriguing embossed surface. Install it yourself for about $65.

$65 buys everything... all the long-wearing Vinyl Asbestos Tile and adhesive needed to do any 12′ x 15′ area.

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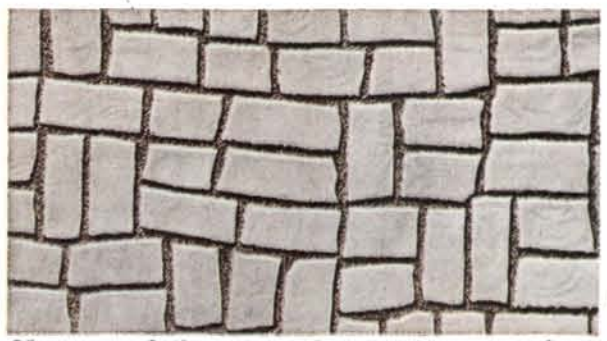

Close-up of tile section shows embossed surface. Kentile Dealer? See the Yellow Pages under "Floors."

KENTILE VINYL FLOORS

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What is the Bell System?

THE Bell System is cables and radio relay and laboratories and manufacturing plants and local operating companies and millions of telephones in every part of the country.

The Bell System is people . . . hundreds of thousands of employees and more than two million men and women who have invested their savings in the business.

It is more than that.

The Bell System is an idea.

It is an idea that starts with the policy of providing you with the best possible communications services at the lowest possible price. But desire is not enough. Bright dreams and high hopes need to be brought to earth and made to work.

You could have all the equipment and still not have the service you know today.

You could have all the separate parts of the Bell System and not have the benefits of all those parts fitted together in a nation-wide whole.

It's the time-proved combination of research, manufacturing and operations in one organization—with close teamwork between all three—that results in good service, low cost, and constant improvements in the scope and usefulness of your telephone.

No matter whether it is one of the many tasks of everyday operation—or the special skills needed to invent the transistor, the solar battery, or, with Telstar, to pioneer space communication—the Bell System has the will and the way to get it done.

And a spirit of courtesy and service which has come to be a most important part of the Bell System idea.

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American Telephone & Telegraph Company · Bell Telephone Laboratories · Western Electric Company · New England Telephone & Telegraph Company · The Southern New England Telephone Company · New York Telephone Company · New Jersey Bell Telephone Company · The Bell Telephone Company of Pennsylvania · The Diamond State Telephone Company · The Chesapeake & Potomac Telephone Companies · Southern Bell Telephone & Telegraph Company · The Ohio Bell Telephone Company · The Cincinnati & Suburban Bell Telephone Company · Michigan Bell Telephone Company · Indiana Bell Telephone Company · Wisconsin Telephone Company · Illinois Bell Telephone Company · Northwestern Bell Telephone Company · Southwestern Bell Telephone Company · The Mountain States Telephone & Telegraph Company · The Pacific Telephone & Telegraph Company · Bell Telephone Company of Nevada · Pacific Northwest Bell Telephone Company

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WHY PAY LESS?

Men's Watches (left to right) LEADER*: with calf strap • GOLD AWARD: solid 14K Gold case • ARMADA: Automatic, self-winding, sweep-second, All-Proof® with bracelet
Ladies' Watches (left to right) COED*: with silk cord • DIAMOND GLAMOUR: solid 14K Gold case with two matched diamonds • FESTIVAL: with matching bracelet

LONGINES-WITTNAUER

LEADING MAKER OF WATCHES OF THE HIGHEST CHARACTER FOR ALMOST A CENTURY

Presents Precision-Perfect Wittnauer Watches As Low As $25*

Why Pay Less? Does this sound like a strange question? On the contrary, it makes a lot of sense. Anything can be made poorer and sold for less! You can buy a timepiece of sorts in the $9.95 to $19.95 range, but what have you got? What kind of timekeeper is it and how soon will it be discarded? By contrast, in a Wittnauer for as little as $25. you get a watch of investment value — a piece of fine jewelry. Wittnauer cases are custom-made and jewelry crafted in 10K rolled gold plate, 10K gold filled or solid 14K gold.

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All prices plus Federal tax • Prices slightly higher in Canada

WITTNAUER

Distinguished Product of the Longines-Wittnauer Watch Company

Leading Maker of Watches of the Highest Character for Almost a Century

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An Announcement. With this issue of *The Post* the editor, Robert Sherrod, assumes a new position, as editor-at-large. Clay Blair Jr., a vice president of the Curtis Publishing Company and editorial director of all the Curtis magazines, takes on an additional duty as editor-in-chief of *The Post*.

As editor-at-large, Sherrod will head a task force of artists, writers and photographers who will prepare articles on the most important events in the world, wherever they are happening. This concept grew out of a recent trip to India, where Sherrod was accompanied by our premier illustrator, Norman Rockwell, and a *Post* photographer. The result; a notable package in the January 19 *Post*—cover portrait of Prime Minister Nehru by Rockwell, Sherrod's exclusive interview with Nehru and many photographs. This team will leave again soon for Europe and the Middle East to produce more of these unique in-depth reports for *Post* readers.

Unwanted Babies for whom no adoptive parents can be found are crowding the rolls of agencies throughout the country. The "black-market" traffic in babies that flourished not many years ago has died; supply has caught up with demand. To evaluate this national trend, associate editor **William Trombley** headed a team of *Post* reporters in a coast-to-coast survey of a growing problem.

Other Bylines. Mona Lisa's odyssey to America is recounted by contributing editor **John Skow,** who braved the first-night crush in Washington to see the famous lady. . . . Old Mexico hand **Bill Johnson,** who teaches journalism at UCLA, tells of the unsecret popularity of a secret hide-away. . . . **Rowland Barber** has been a fan of many-faced comic Sid Caesar since they met in 1948. . . . **Harold Martin** is a *Post* contributing editor based in Atlanta. . . . From his base in Paris, **Robert Daley** travels about 40,000 miles a year to cover European sports for *The New York Times*. . . . **Marvin Kitman's** dealings with a Swiss bank have been so secret that he doesn't know how much money he has on deposit, and he is afraid he may violate the Banking Secrecy Act if he tries to find out. . . . Food fan **Sylvia Schur** inherits her interest in Jewish cooking from her family. . . . **Ben Hibbs** reports on the industrial and social progress of Georgia.

The Cover girl is named Peggy, and she is nine months old. Since she was five days old she has been in the custody of the Illinois Children's Home and is in a foster home waiting for adoptive parents. The agency is sure that a home will be found for Peggy, but it is startling that such a healthy infant has not already found parents to love her. Peggy's portrait is by photographer **Burt Glinn.**

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Protection—**the unique protection of a 2¼ inch filter**—is yours when you smoke a Medico. With the exclusive Medico Filter nicotine, tars, juices and flakes are trapped inside...now you really enjoy the natural, clean smoke of your favorite tobacco. When filter turns brown, just throw it away.

Medico is the world's largest selling pipe, the product of over 60 years of pipe craftsmanship. It is distinguished by select, imported briar—exquisite finishes—and a handsome variety of models and shapes, a few of which are illustrated at right, all with nylon bits, guaranteed bite-proof.

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Entrust sore, chapped, work-reddened, irritated hands to hospital-approved Dermassage skin care. This creamy medicated lotion comforts *fast* . . . speeds healing of skin irritations while it fights infection! Feel how it soothes; see how it helps even badly chapped hands to become soft, smooth and supple again. Ask for the professional-type lotion you can trust for *real* winter skin relief: medicated Dermassage lotion!

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SKIN LOTION

Try new SUPER-MOISTURIZING DERMASSAGE SKIN CREAM. Just apply...it liquefies before your eyes!

LETTERS

Overcrowded Airways

Dear Sirs:

AIR CRASHES: GROWING PERIL IN THE SKIES [by Trevor Armbrister, Jan. 19] was an eye opener of the first magnitude! With mounting air travel and speeds, how much longer can we rely on luck to be with the unwary air travelers and the harassed controllers?

GEORGE HARTLEIN
Trenton, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

Your January 19 issue leaves the impression that the Federal Aviation Agency lacks diligence in advancing air safety. This is not in any respect justified.

Also, I would like to take exception to the implication that there is (1) a "peril" in the skies, and (2) that it is "growing."

In actual fact 1962 was one of the safest years in air-transport history. There were only three fatal accidents in scheduled service (excluding the case of sabotage). This meant that there were more than 330 million revenue plane miles per fatal accident, the best record the airlines have ever achieved. At the same time, the passenger-fatality rate for all U.S. scheduled airlines was only 0.28 per 100 million revenue passenger miles—a figure only bettered by the years 1954 and 1957. The passenger-safety rate, which is the percentage of safely completed trips, rose to 99.9998 per cent.

Air travel is safe today and is considerably safer than travel by private auto. The overall trend is one of steady improvement. The airlines are not content, however, with merely improving the record—we are working toward the time when there will be no accidents and no fatalities.

S. G. TIPTON
Air Transport Association
Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs:

Sic 'em, *Post!* Let's start riding herd on these Bureaucrats and their public-be-damned attitude! If we could weed out a few hundred of them, maybe our national debt would take on more realistic forms.

ROBERT E. LINK
Port Jefferson Station, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

To a person who has spent over 15 years controlling and separating air traffic, I firmly believe Trevor Armbrister and *The Saturday Evening Post* have created a masterpiece in the manner in which they told the air-traffic-control story [THEY CAN'T AFFORD TO WAIT, Jan. 19].

Why have we chosen this most demanding profession? Sometimes we wonder ourselves, but we consider the safe, orderly and expeditious flow of air traffic a challenge and we are determined to lick it.

WILLIAM B. DUNCAN, *Chairman*
Pensacola Chapter
Air Traffic Control Association
Pensacola, Fla.

ARMBRISTER ARTICLES GIVE DISTORTED VIEW OF AVIATION AND FLYING SAFETY. IMPLICATION THAT FAA AND CAB ARE FEUDING IS INCORRECT. FURTHER IMPLICATION THAT FLIGHT SAFETY DEPENDS UPON A GROUP OF NEUROTIC, HUNGRY, OVERWORKED CONTROLLERS DOES A GREAT DISSERVICE TO AVIATION. THERE HAS NEVER BEEN A FATAL ACCIDENT ATTRIBUTABLE TO FAULTY ADJUSTMENT OR POOR MAINTENANCE OF FAA DEVICES OR SYSTEMS. ANSWER TO NERVOUS CONTROLLERS LIES IN INCREASED AUTOMATION AND REDUCTION OF CONTROLLER RESPONSIBILITY.

N. B. WILSON, EXEC. DIR.
AIRWAYS ENGINEERING SOCIETY
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Dear Sirs:

As a 22-year air-traffic-control veteran, I would like to congratulate Trevor Armbrister. I recall one hopeless afternoon in Albuquerque that very nearly became a "Black Friday." For almost eight hours we had averaged just over 200 operations an hour; some hours had hit over 250. The sky literally was black with airplanes.

Our last "fresh" controller was "on the horn" and was stuck with it until shift change, almost an hour away. We didn't even have a spare controller, and I wasn't sure we were going to make it. Still the planes came, snarling and whistling overhead like banshees. Finally arrived a moment when he actually had them under "control"; for a few fleeting seconds there was nothing that *had* to be said. For a time, at least, he could breathe. So, very calmly, he opened the mike and said, on all frequencies, "Okay, everybody . . . dismount . . . regroup . . . and fight on foot!"

LOWELL D. BLANTON
East Helena, Mont.

Dear Sirs:

Trevor Armbrister's article on the Jamaica Bay tragedy was excellent. My first reaction was, "Well, if a piece of wire is all it takes to make a jet crash, they shouldn't be flying." But as I continued, I became fascinated with the painstaking search for clues. I finished thinking that, even though many things could go amiss, jet travel is becoming increasingly safer thanks to the efforts of men like Van Epps and Cowan.

MARY LEAH SCHAPPERT
Tampa, Fla.

Ohio's New Taft

Dear Sirs:

In your issue of January 19 the lead sentence of your article about my campaign in Ohio states that I made ". . . nasty remarks about the Kennedy dynasty and its 'power grab.'" At no time did I allege a "Kennedy dynasty" or attack any member of the President's family on a personal basis. I do not believe that personal attacks on political figures or their families are proper in a political campaign or out of one. I did not, of course, hesitate to attack public statements and actions of the President and the Attorney General in the many areas where I disagreed with them.

While I condemned the Federal power grab during the campaign, I did so with reference to the continuing buildup of Federal power, particularly in the executive branch of the Government. I shall continue to do so.

ROBERT TAFT JR.
Washington, D.C.

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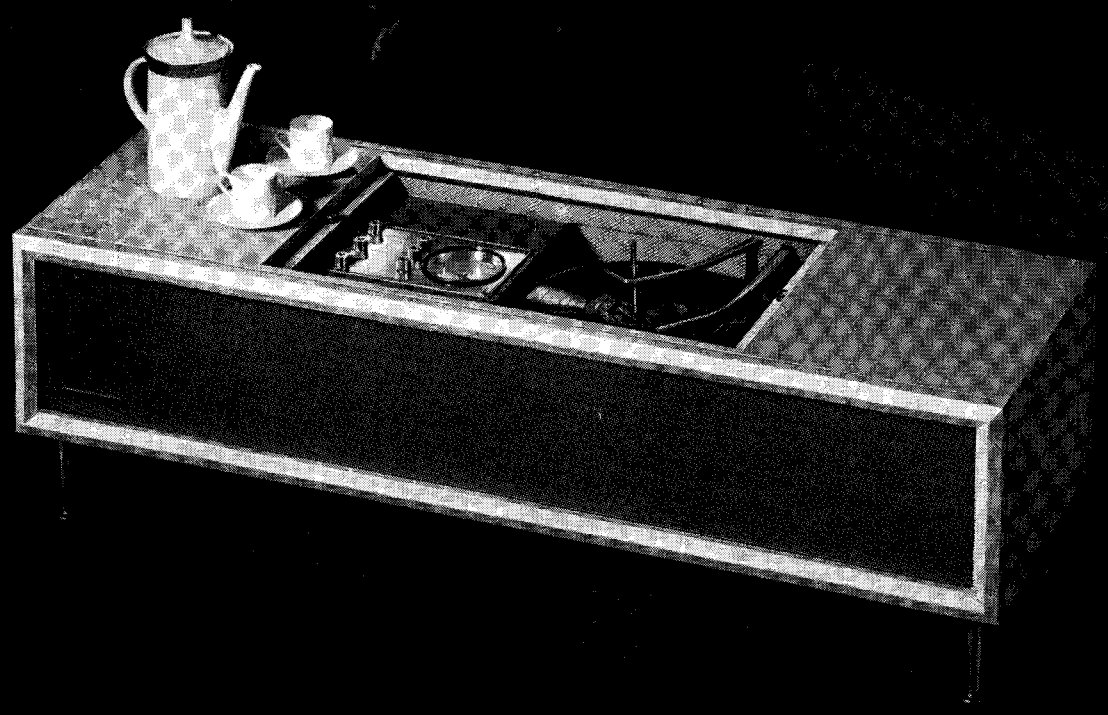
Stereo Hi-Fi and FM/AM radio in a coffee table



MOTOROLA

new leader in the lively art of electronics

This Motorola lets you enjoy the best in listening, is finished on all four sides to look smart from any part of the room...costs only $169.95*

You're probably already accustomed to seeing coffee tables used for all sorts of other things. But did you ever see one that played music?

This smart-looking Motorola version does. It's a bona fide stereo hi-fi —and has a fine-performing FM/AM radio to boot.

The idea makes good sense because you get a useful piece of furniture and fine entertainment from one compact, 16″ high piece that looks attractive under a low window, or in front of a couch. It makes good music, too, because its 50″ coffee table length permits wide placement of the 3 separate speaker systems, gives your stereo records wonderfully realistic stereo sound separation.

And, you'll find this stereo hi-fi is mighty practical.The specially sealed fabric covering is mildew, stain and scuff resistant, wipes clean easily. Comes in White or 2-tone Brown with burnished brass legs.

Stop by your Motorola dealer's to have a look . . . and listen. *Manufacturer's suggested list price is only $169.95 (optional with dealers).

MOTOROLA

Price and specifications subject to change without notice.

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Are you using the most modern way to relieve hemorrhoids?

You can be sure—with The PAZO Formula in convenient suppository form . . . most modern way to shrink hemorrhoid tissue without surgery. Here's why . . .

MODERN IN FORM. PAZO suppositories are ideal for today's active people. Handy to carry in pocket or purse, simple to use wherever you go. Stainless, pure-white . . . no messy applicator, no messy stains.

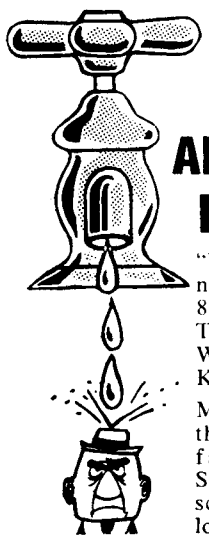
MODERN IN FORMULA. Some products claim all-purpose ingredients which are expected to do many jobs. PAZO suppositories, however, are a scientifically developed *combination* of tested ingredients . . . each chosen for its ability to do one *primary* job with full-strength effectiveness.

Primary Function of Specific Ingredient	PAZO	Most Heavily Advertised Brand	Petroleum Jelly
Pile Tissue Shrinkage	X	X	
Lubrication	X	X	X
Antiseptic Action	X	X	
Pain Relief	X		
Itch Relief	X		

Use the most modern way to soothe and shrink hemorrhoid tissue without surgery . . . PAZO suppositories. Ask for . . .

THE PAZO® FORMULA HEMORRHOID SUPPOSITORIES

ALSO AVAILABLE IN OINTMENT FORM



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"YES!" — not only annoying but can waste 8000 gal. water QUARTERLY — DOUBLE WATER, FUEL, UPKEEP bills!

Most faucet leaks are the result of washers fastened with TOO SHORT or TOO LONG screws — that quickly loosen and cause DRIP.

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★ Now—the NEW 'Sexauer' SELF-LOCKING MONEL SCREW — with embedded, expanding NYLOK® PLUG that LOCKS at required depth AUTOMATICALLY — HOLDS WASHER FIRMLY!

★ Used with N-E-W, HEAT-RESISTING, 'Sexauer' EASY-TITE WASHER — P-R-E-V-E-N-T-S swelling that chokes off water's flow — WHILE OUTWEARING ordinary washers "6-to-1"!

Note Nylok® Plug —locks screws automatically
SEXAUER EASY-TITE
Note Fiberglas backing—resists closing squeeze
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SEXAUER
SINCE 1921, NATIONALLY FAMOUS FOR "TRIPLE-WEAR" PLUMBING REPAIR PARTS

LETTERS

Who Wants Children?

Dear Sirs:

Thank you for publishing A VOTE AGAINST MOTHERHOOD, by Gael Greene (Jan. 26). It's the first written proof I've seen that all men and women are not fit to be parents.

MRS. LLEWELLYN R. BINGAMAN
Wyomissing, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

As a tired, overworked, expense-burdened, short-tempered mother of nine I feel so very, very sorry for Mrs. Greene.

MRS. JOSEPH BUCHER JR.
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

Gael Greene better do away with that article of hers—her kids may stumble on it one day and find out the bitter truth!

ROBERT M. BURRILL
Eastham, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

Would you please convey to Mrs. Greene my sympathy and this small message. "If you don't know what you missed, don't knock it."

MRS. NATHAN MLYNARSKI
Lawndale, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Hooray for Gael Greene!!! She's going to be torn to pieces by a lot of people for her outspoken, honest article. I am from a family of eight children. We have very loving, conscientious parents—but with so many of us there just wasn't enough to go around.

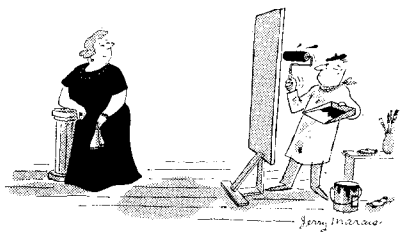
As Mrs. Greene suggested, let people who want children have them—but let the ones who don't, be.

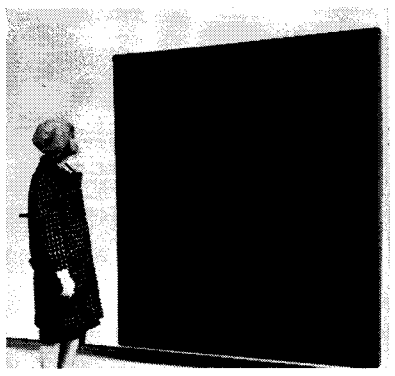
LORRAINE LANGER
River Vale, N.J.

Murky Masterpiece

Dear Sirs:

The Marcus cartoon in your January 19 issue is much more humorous if you have the picture that appeared in the





San Diego *Union* on January 12—to see the end result of the painting.

WALT JOHNSON
Spring Valley, Calif.

● *The solid black canvas, titled* Abstract Painting, *won a $1,000 prize last month at Chicago's Art Institute.—ED.*

COMING...in next week's Post

The Scandal of College Basketball

—How recruiting hurts the athletes
—Why "Good Boys" throw games

FOX HUNTING WITH THE FIRST LADY
Exclusive color photos

Wig Boom gets bigger

Behind the scenes at the Ecumenical Council

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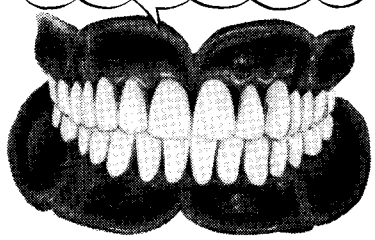
NOW! DENTISTS HELP OVERCOME THE SHOCK OF NEW FALSE TEETH- WITH FASTEETH



When false teeth get on your nerves many dentists give special FASTEETH powder. It helps hold teeth in place — helps keep them from slipping or dropping down when you talk—makes you feel more secure. FASTEETH cushions tender gums so you can bite harder and eat easier, faster with greater comfort. FASTEETH helps you laugh and speak more clearly without embarrassment. FASTEETH is alkaline (non-acid). Checks "plate odor" (denture breath). At drug counters everywhere.

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HOW many times have you asked yourself that question when you are faced with household expenses that have to be met? We would like to suggest an answer that can mean increased income for you.

By selling magazine subscriptions, you can earn generous commissions. Many of our representatives earn more than $1.50 an hour in their spare time—and you can do the same! Just send us your name and address on a postal, and you will receive our offer and easy-to-follow instructions.

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Pain Here

Nature's Warning of Weak Arch

Pain, callouses, burning feeling at ball of foot are definite signs of Weak Arch. Be fitted with Dr. Scholl's Metatarsal Arch Supports for quick relief. Thin, light, flexible. $2.00 pair up. Expertly fitted at selected Shoe. Dept. Stores and Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort® Shops. For FREE Foot booklet—write **DR. SCHOLL'S, Chicago 10, Ill.**

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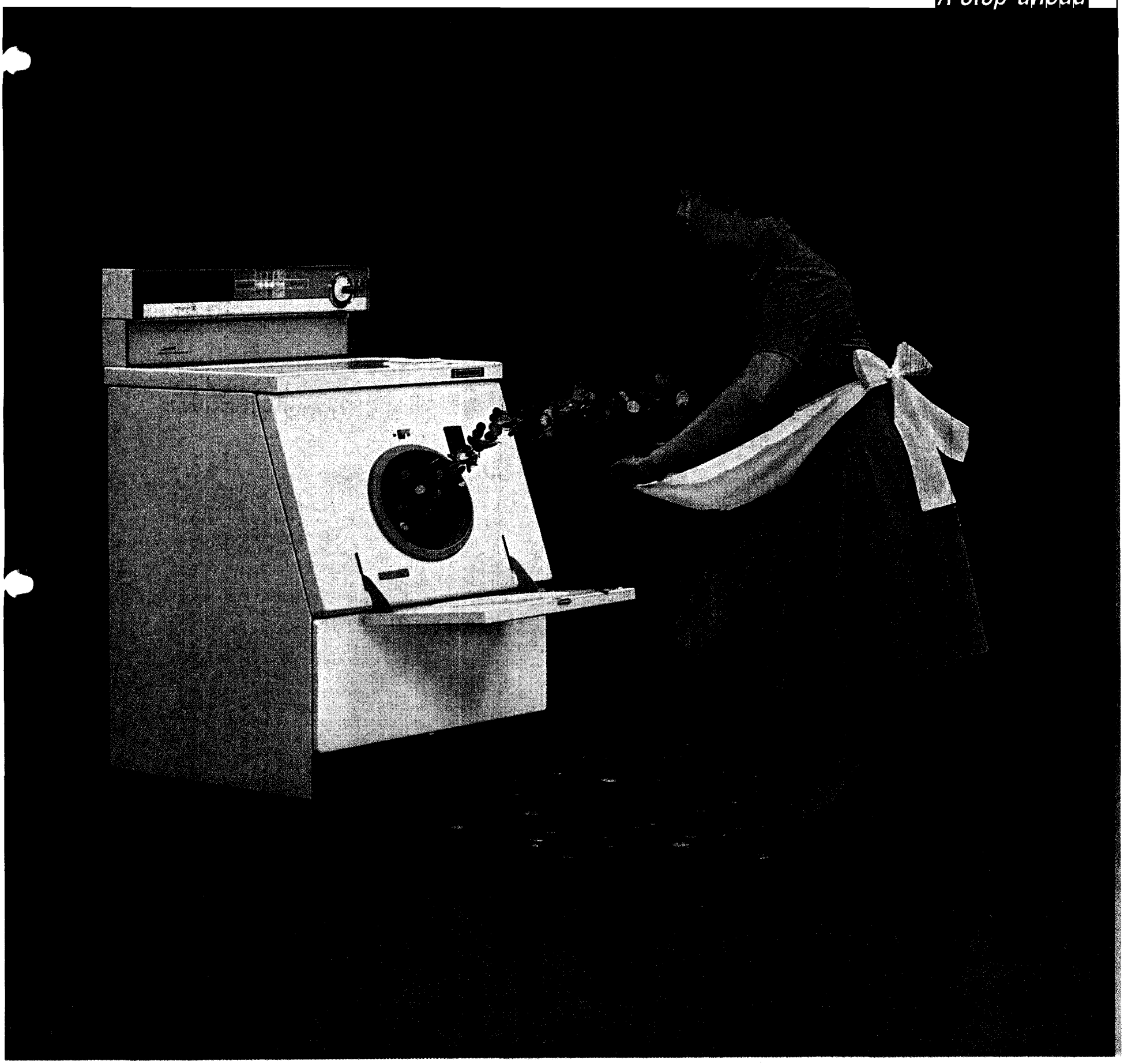
A step ahead



...and it pays off every washday

This 1963 Heavy Duty Laundromat is rigged—you simply can't lose. The Westinghouse Laundromat® Automatic Washer pays back part of its purchase price with every wash because it uses only *half* the bleach and detergent that agitator washers do. (Every detergent maker says it right on the box!) The Laundromat not only uses less water and detergent but it uses them *more efficiently*—by putting gravity to work. Its revolving tub lifts clothes up through the wash water, then gravity plunges them down for another dousing . . . up and around *fifty-seven* times a minute. Mud, grease, ground-in dirt—the "toughest" problem washes—are child's play for the Heavy Duty Laundromat. It cleans clothes—never customers. It's available only at your Westinghouse dealers. *You can be sure . . . if it's* **Westinghouse**

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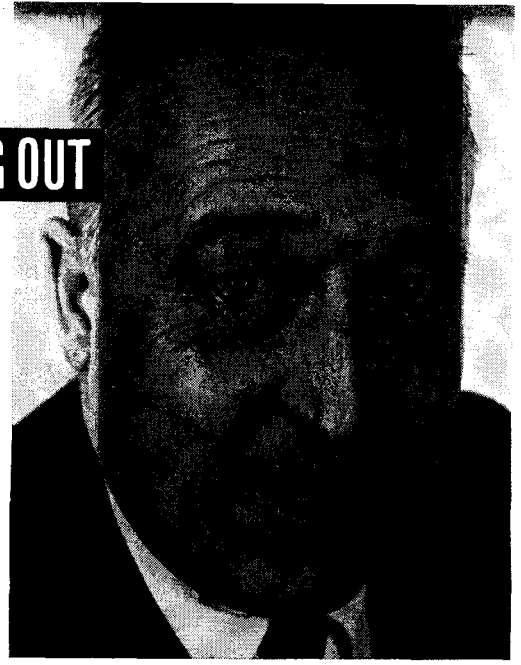
SPEAKING OUT



Dr. Milner B. Schaefer, professor of oceanography at the Scripps Institution of Oceanography in La Jolla, California, also is a member of the Committee on Oceanography in the National Academy of Sciences and Director of the Inter-American Tropical Tuna Commission.

Oceans of Ignorance

By Dr. Milner B. Schaefer

The United States may lose the wet war unless it steps up marine research.

We live in a new age in which many of our dreams and much of our money go into the booming space program. But as we reach toward the stars we are ignoring a major part of the planet on which we live, and this indifference could cost us dearly. The oceans contain more currently needed information than any land mass beyond this planet. Nevertheless the Administration will spend some $4 billion in 1963 for space research and exploration, while a paltry $150 million will go into oceanic investigation.

We are steadily dumping radioactive waste into the oceans with little or no idea of the long-term effects.

Every day we are more and more vulnerable to attack from missile-carrying submarines, yet we have failed to develop a foolproof underwater detection system capable of giving adequate warning against intruders.

The oceans cover 71 percent of the earth's surface, furnish our rain and determine our climate, yet we are making no effort to learn how to use the ocean to control the weather.

The oceans provide 90 billion pounds of the world's food each year, yet our share of this vast haul shrinks with each passing day.

This is a shocking situation. Officials remain almost as oblivious to the desperate need for oceanographic exploration as in 1769, when Benjamin Franklin had to reach into his own pocket in order to pay for charting the Gulf Stream. Astronomers know more about the moon's near surface than we do about the region where life began. This is "inner space" which contains 90 percent of the earth's animals. It is the great heat-and-cold regulator of the globe. Topographically, we stand in knowledge where the dryland sciences stood in 1750.

Ocean-bottom structures and fossils can reveal how life began, why the continents separated; they can show us how to get at petroleum pools richer than man has ever known. But less than 2 percent of the sea floor has been mapped, let alone drilled into and examined.

Tests indicate that the sea can supply valuable antibiotics, yet these have not been isolated.

We believe that, through research and by building anchored transocean buoys, hurricane and tidal-wave damage can be cut by two thirds (through computed data flashed to shore).

We suspect that man has so choked the atmosphere with furnace, factory and car fumes that he has overloaded it with carbon dioxide, which, acting like the glass in a greenhouse, may be overheating the world's climate. But we can't prove it because there has been little money for research to discover how fast the sea removes CO_2 from the air. Why does this matter? Because only a few degrees of sustained increase in temperature could melt the ice caps, raising the sea level and flooding coastal cities.

Peril of atomic waste

Then there is the problem of radioactive contamination. A 1962 study of contamination of the Pacific by atomic waste reported that, while there is no present danger, we are woefully short of facts needed for a correct evaluation of just how much radioactivity introduced into the sea will return to us through its food supplies—which is the great hazard. If we do not understand this process, future generations whose survival will depend upon seafood may curse us.

Basic as this is, it has been painfully hard to secure backing for broad, coordinated studies. If government moves slowly, can our university and private labs, alone, take up the slack? No, because we are too few, understaffed, underequipped and almost hopelessly logjammed with other equally pressing projects aimed at uncovering the sea's secrets.

Russia understands the broad sweep of this wet war far better than any other power. She is out to dominate the sea—both economically and militarily. "If the U.S.S.R. gets what she's after," said Sen. Warren Magnuson last year, "she will hold sway over 90 percent of the earth and imperil the remaining 10 percent with ballistic missiles fired from submarines hovering along the continental shelves."

Popping up now and then in northern waters has been a curious-looking craft, a Russian submersible named the *Severyanka*. It is not a nuclear submarine, but it is a remarkable underwater research vessel. A submarine with windows in it, the *Severyanka* has sampling devices that enable it to cruise leisurely at 100 fathoms and do research on everything from sound-detection to fish populations. In effect, it is a unique, laterally moving bathyscaphe.

We have nothing comparable. The United States owns one bathyscaphe, the *Trieste*, a fixed, cumbersome, deep-sea "blimp" that is booked solid for research projects for the next few years. Otherwise, this country has just 18 ships manned by scientists and designed for basic ocean study. The Russians have at least 75. If our people had a *Severyanka*, or a *Lomonosov*, we'd be overjoyed.

The Russian *Lomonosov* is a modern 5,900-tonner capable of carrying 70 scientists on extended voyages anywhere in the world. The Reds are far along on a crash program in oceanography equal to their early Sputnik drive. Our own ships, 18 to 30 years of age, can carry only small parties, because only one of them is of more than 700 tons.

The Soviet oceanographic fleet is larger than those of all the Western nations combined. Although Moscow never sent out sea probers before World War II, it now maintains some 1,000 senior oceanographers compared to about half that number on our side.

Storm warnings raised before congressional committees have brought little relief. Some modest money increases and a few new ships have been voted. But

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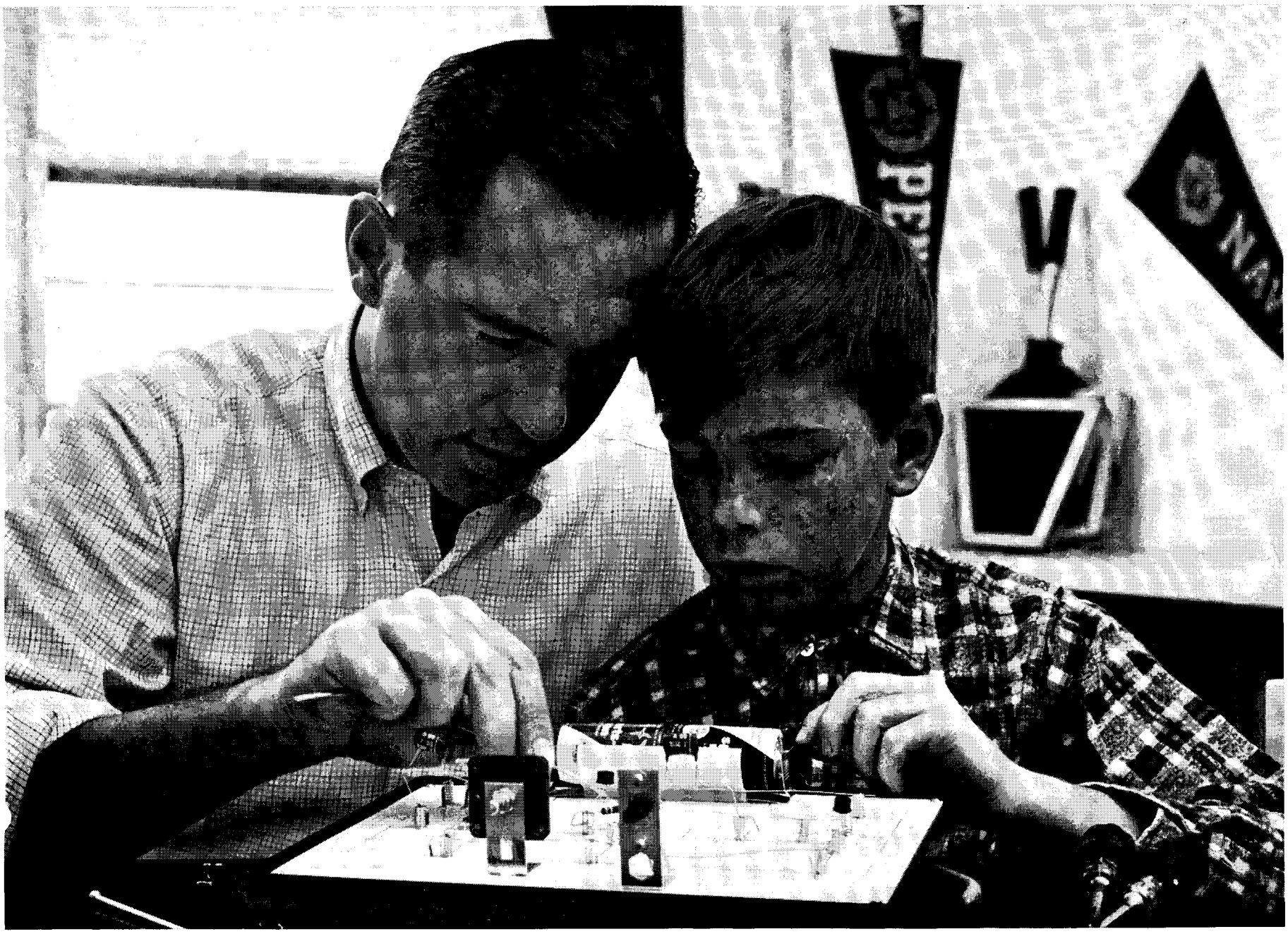

Another way you can be a good father is to use this Metropolitan service:

Family Security Check-Up

✓ Checks your family's financial health, just as you check physical health. ✓ Valuable whether you need insurance or not. ✓ No obligation, except to those you love.

You give your family time and attention. You love with your heart—but it's also important for you to love *with your head.*

A Family Security Check-Up can help. This Metropolitan service helps make you a good business manager of your family's financial security.

It reviews the plans you have made and helps correct mistakes that could cost your family dearly. (For example, have you unintentionally "disinherited" a child?) It shows how changes in family circumstances can affect plans and reveals clearly where you stand. It may even help you get *better value* from the dollars you've already put aside for security.

Whether you need insurance or not—whether or not your insurance is with Metropolitan—a Family Security Check-Up makes sense. Our representatives are trained to bring you this service. Remember, Metropolitan is as local as Main Street . . . as close as your phone. Call today. There is no obligation, *except to those you love.*

WHAT IT IS AND WHAT IT DOES FOR YOU
With the help of your Metropolitan man—

1. You check the facts: your Social Security, your home, your life insurance, your pension plan, your savings and other assets. You may be surprised to learn how *much* you're worth.

2. You weigh your responsibilities: mortgage or rent payments, education, retirement, accident and sickness emergencies; how much it would cost your family to live without you.

3. You learn where you stand. You determine your weak and strong points . . . whether the provisions you have made for your family will do what you intend. You get the facts in front of you.

4. You plan for the future. Based on these facts, you decide what action, if any, may be needed to give you a family security plan, tailor-made to your own needs and ambitions—one which makes good sense for *you.*

Metropolitan Life
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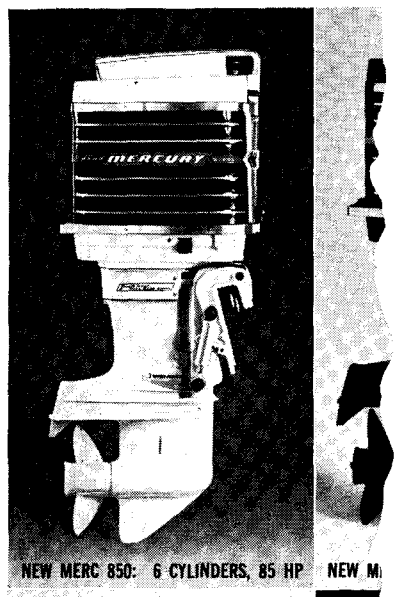
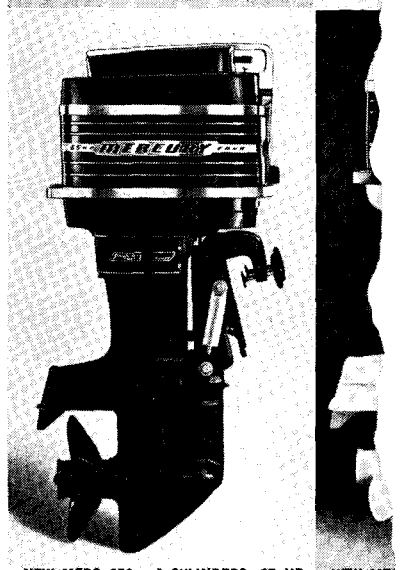
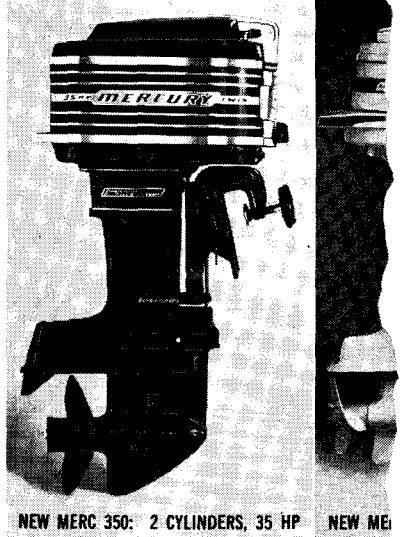
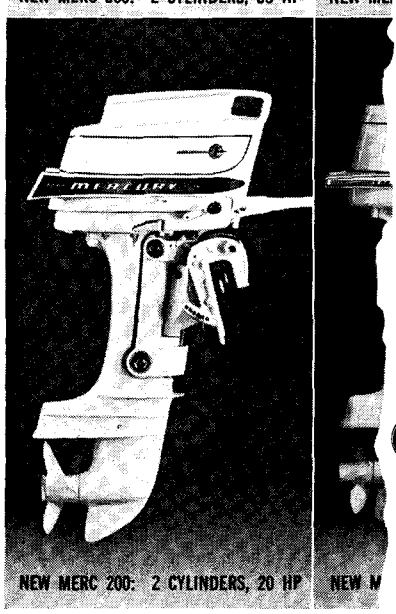


NEW MERC 850: 6 CYLINDERS, 85 HP NEW M


NEW MERC 650: 4 CYLINDERS, 65 HP NEW ME



NEW MERC 350: 2 CYLINDERS, 35 HP NEW ME



NEW MERC 200: 2 CYLINDERS, 20 HP NEW M

HERE'S HALF THE NEWS FOR '63

The only new outboards this year are branded "Mercury." Eight new models offer you a range of horsepower from 6 to 100. Here's just half the news:

NEW MERC 850 . . . now a full 90 cubic inches for more lugging power with heavier loads. Here's an 85 hp outboard that will out-muscle anything on the water (except the Merc 1000). It features Power-Dome combustion chambers and Jet-Prop exhaust for minimum noise and maximum fuel efficiency. A wide range of props lets you match the power to your purpose.

NEW MERC 650 . . . Mercury's most powerful 4-cylinder motor. Here's a 65 hp outboard that gives you all the advantages of an in-line, small-bore, short-stroke engine. Power-Dome combustion and a new balanced manifold system give you smoother idling and greater fuel economy. Hydraulic shock absorbers protect you and your boat. Jet-Prop exhaust silences the sound and buries the fumes.

NEW MERC 350 . . . This lightweight, 35 hp Merc was the basic test engine from which the Merc 1000 and Merc 650 were developed. As a result, this twin has had more testing and refining than probably any other outboard. This year, we decided to market it with the quality features of the Merc 1000 . . . Power-Dome combustion chambers, reed valves, and extra-husky rods, bearings, pistons and crankshaft. A new high-output magneto starts it with a flip of the wrist, or with the optional electric starting. A single lever gives you one-hand control of gear selection and speed. A new high in dependability and value!

NEW MERC 200 . . . This is a brand new 20 hp engine from powerhead to Jet-Prop exhaust. The Glide-Angle design has been changed to accommodate the new full gearshift which can now use Ride-Guide steering and standard single-lever control. It is available in long and short shaft. The crisp, sculptured styling of the forward slant lends beauty and function by letting it slip through weeds and over obstructions. For *portable* power this is a beauty. And remember, *it's all new!*

KIEKHAEFER MERCURY **MERCURY**

100, 85, 65, 50, 35, 20, 9.8, and 6 hp outboards
MerCruiser Stern Drive Power Packages
310, 225, 190, 140, and 110 hp gasoline/100 and 39 hp diesel

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SPEAKING OUT

Senator Magnuson's bill to double oceanographic research fell by the wayside. Another bill by Rep. John Dingell to establish a national statement of ocean policy and coordinate all programs, passed by both houses of Congress, drew President Kennedy's pocket veto. This despite the fact that the existing system is more tangled than a topsail-halyard knot, involving some 20 bureaus in nine departments and independent offices.

The President had earlier told Congress, "We are just at the threshold of knowledge of the oceans. . . . Our very survival may hinge on it."

"Threshold" is correct, but there seems no sign that we will be taking any immediate steps to cross that threshold. Take a few specifics:

By 1980, the United States alone will need an added annual 3 billion pounds of seafood; the needs of other, land-poor countries are staggeringly higher. In the race for cheap protein to supplement meat, maintaining our rights to use fishing grounds is vital. But our fisheries remain stagnant while those of rivals have nearly doubled in a decade.

Once the proud whalers of New England outsailed all comers; today, with antique ships and techniques, our New England fishermen are put to shame on Georges Bank, almost within sight of Cape Cod, by the Russians. Our tuna fleets still dominate the East Pacific, but are outdone worldwide by the Japanese.

Foreign fisheries benefit from extensive research—which we lack. Their huge diesel trawlers steam forth with scientists aboard, armed with sonar, temperature gauges, plankton samplers and underwater lights to draw fish. To Russians and Asians it is a deadly competitive struggle to expand territory, to stake prior claims for their swelling peoples.

At a recent sea conference in Geneva, Americans were asked by Soviet oceanographers, "What are you doing about automation?"

Thinking of our nets, lines and trawls that date back to Captain Ahab, we mumbled evasive replies. The Russians grinned, and one said, "At our Giprorybflot Institute, Leningrad, we are designing fully automated boats of 5,000 tons. Few fishermen are needed. Everything is done by push button. It is all taken care of by undersea eyes and the ship's digital computer. Automation navigates, searches out fish, hauls in and processes the catch in a continuous, fast operation."

While we ignore many modern advances, we also have been lax in conservation programs. Our policy has been to cut funds of many scientific commissions charged with conservation of commercial species. Right now, for instance, the yellowfin tuna situation is critical. Unless research can establish catch limits acceptable to North, South and Central American nations, yellowfin tuna may become entirely fished out. In 1962 a house subcommittee knocked $250,000 out of the commission's budgets. As director of the Inter-American Tropical Tuna Commission I was forced to cut back on yellowfin studies that might have saved this valuable crop.

Then there is the brains shortage. Ask young men why they avoid oceanography and they shrug, "Who teaches it?" Only 17 of our universities offer advanced degrees in marine science. Only five own their own high-seas ships. Last year the Smithsonian Institution was jammed with barrels of yet-unclassified sea specimens. Needing a dozen curators now, and more later, the Smithsonian is hard put to find any. It is estimated that fewer than two tenths of 1 percent of the 300,000 senior scientists in this country work on marine matters.

Antisubmarine warfare is another urgent problem. Dr. Harrison Brown of California Institute of Technology has told the Senate, "Nobody knows how to go about monitoring nuclear subs. ASW is, I believe, the gravest, most difficult problem we face in the military field."

If land missiles stalemate one another, the action may shift offshore, where counterweapons to our Polaris nuclear subs would be of first concern. Attack subs are detected by two acoustical means: a listening Sonar system which picks up their sounds, and an active system of steady "pinging" signals which echo back when they strike a submarine. But against vessels able to run deep and stay submerged for weeks, neither system has enough refinement or reliable range. The sea's physics and biology and ever-changing environment must be thoroughly known before more sensitive instruments can be devised.

The picture is not entirely gloomy. We are slowly learning to make the sea "transparent"—to "see" through it acoustically. Recently signals from the ship *Vema* off Australia were picked up off Bermuda, although they had to travel around Africa. Physicists knew they could exchange signals within an ocean, but did not realize they could communicate underwater from ocean to ocean. Next we need a vast spider web of submarine sound receivers as capable of finding and identifying intruders as the radar net which guards our air spaces.

Based on what we know now, the possibilities for mankind through marine research are immense. As lighthouses now guide surface craft, a criss-cross of submarine "road-map" sound beacons will guide future ships. Huge submarines will be used as ships of commerce, traveling at twice today's speeds at much reduced cost.

Key to weather control

Almost all rainfall comes from evaporation of sea water. Once we learn to adjust the sun-sea-atmosphere "heat engine" we will control rainfall and eventually perhaps all weather.

Biologists find sea life strangely uninfected by cancerous growths. If we could find out why, it could mean the medical breakthrough of the century. Aquaculture is in prospect: a process by which we could cultivate seafood domestically, much as we breed farm animals.

Sooner than we realize, land-mineral assets will dwindle, and then the sea can rescue us. Some 400 billion barrels of oil lie under the continental shelves. Billions of tons of manganese nodules—containing tremendous weights of copper, nickel, cobalt, vanadium, molybdenum and zinc—recently have been located on the deep Pacific bottom.

It seems inconceivable to me that we should put so much of our wealth into efforts to build engines to soar away from earth and devote pennies to the seven tenths of this planet on which we actually live. The first men to reach the moon will be only as strong as the base they left behind. This will be an ever-diminishing base for free society and an expanding source of bounty for the opposition unless our waterproof friends in Washington get moving. **THE END**

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Get Lucky

The taste of a Lucky spoils you for other cigarettes. This famous taste is the best reason to start with Luckies . . . the big reason why Lucky smokers stay Lucky smokers. How about you? Get the taste you'll stay with. Get the fine-tobacco taste of Lucky Strike.

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Product of The American Tobacco Company — "Tobacco is our middle name"

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Somewhere in that head, among the bobby-pins, the hair-do, the perfume and the problems, there is a thing that makes calculations and decisions. This tricky little thinking center is the oldest instrument of progress in the human race; it is never satisfied with today's cut of meat or cut of skirt. Day in and day out, moment by moment over the years, this feminine computer is concerned with one thing above all others: VALUE

And the VALUE of many brands is often hard to find in today's supermarket.

Watch Our Heroine, the American Housewife, as she enters the grocery. In the surgery-white glare of fluorescents, thousands of items seek her attention. Order seems to prevail.

But the Goddess of the market place knows differently. She's a veteran propeller of a shopping cart and, therefore, a realist.

She is at once suspicious and vulnerable; coldly calculating and yet ready to be enchanted. Above all, she knows that order does *not* always prevail, and that price and value of some products at times are hard to determine.

OFF WHAT?

Our girl is in the Wonderful World of Off. Two Cents Off, Three Cents Off, Six Cents Off, Send in The Label With One Dollar and Get, Enter This Contest and Win A, The Greatest Prizes of All, 50 Extra Stamps, Complete This Jingle . . .

A woman in a store is a mechanism, a prowling computer. Mentally she is a memory-bank, calculating the variables, thousands of little lights flicking over the great questions of her life—last week that package was 43 cents, now it's only 39; and right beside it is this new brand—slightly larger—for 41 cents.

This is why she pinches and prods and shakes things, listens to cans and boxes. She is mentally X-raying the interior of the package. The American Housewife is her own final Bureau of Standards.

THE WIZARDS OF OFF

At first the whole epic struggle seems no contest. On one side we have this frail creature. On the other side we have her surrounded by some 20,000 square feet of goods. In the background are the unseen masses of manufacturers trying to bewitch her into buying.

But when Our Girl starts down the aisle, her defenses are massive. Jungle-trained, her bargain-hunter's senses razor-sharp for the sound of a dropping price, Our Girl is the easy winner almost every time. She is accustomed to the merchandising circus.

The losers are those Wizards of Off—those manufacturers who seek her trade by decorating their packages with overprinted banners and stickers proclaiming six cents off, or one extra for a penny more—by in-pack premiums, or send-in-for premiums, or coupon inside good for ten cents toward your next purchase—or by dozens of other devices. They may get a one-time trial purchase; they don't get her loyalty for any brand.

What happens is that those little numbers on the edge of the shelf often do not reflect the *real price* or the *true value* of the product on display. Lost somewhere is that old simple equation: Value = Quality + Price. And the store, be it a giant supermarket or a small neighborhood store, can do little about it.

THE SCOTT PHILOSOPHY OF VALUE

Where does Scott Paper Company come in? Scott itself has even played a part, though briefly, in the marketing mix-up, for the temptation to fight fire with fire is irresistible.

But last year we took stock of the results; the cost of the deals and the potential damage they might do to the Scott image we had spent so many years in creating.

Our business had been built for three generations on the philosophy of value—the finest quality at the lowest possible price. This reputation apparently could not be enhanced by three cents off, free paring-knives, or two packages for a penny more.

So in January of 1962 Scott decided to reaffirm our faith in a basic precept; if we offer our products to the homemaker at a fair price, and of uncompromising quality, she will recognize their honest value and buy them. And retailers everywhere, from the giants to the little ones, applauded.

THE SCOTT PLEDGE

We announced a positive policy. It began with a pledge.

The pledge is that we at Scott will maintain the highest possible quality in our products and offer them at the lowest possible price. We will forego all cents-off label promotions, consumer contests, coupons, and premiums unrelated to the use or dispensing of our products.

There will be one clear-cut exception to the "no-dealing" promise—the introduction of a new product or a significantly improved product. At such times it becomes necessary to induce as many consumers as possible to sample the new product immediately. To accomplish this quickly, we shall use temporary sales inducements. But once a new product is established such sales stimulants will end.

Prizes and premiums do not create loyal customers. Scott Paper Company knows there is no substitute for quality.

THE PROOF OF THE PUDDING

Reception of the new Scott policy has been gratifying. Sales have shown most encouraging results. We hope this proves unmistakably that Scott products don't need free balloons or other stimuli. Without premiums, promotions, or cents-off gimmicks, Scott products are successes in the stores, and our customers approve wholeheartedly.

Inevitably we tend to feel a fine, warm sense of security. This success means that the American Housewife, goddess of the market, buys our products for quality and value, not for premiums.

To some other manufacturers our policy may have seemed idealistic, or unworkable. We want to reassure them that this merchandising attitude actually brings specific, positive benefits far beyond those we originally anticipated.

By her own response, in the form of increased Scott sales, we believe the American Housewife appreciates the fact that Scott gives her first-rate quality and first-rate value—with no cents off the label. She can be confident always that, for the top-quality products of Scott Paper Company, those little numbers on the shelf strip represent real VALUE.

SCOTT PAPER COMPANY

SCOTT MAKES IT BETTER FOR YOU

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Nobody feels your pain but you...

... the paralyzing pain of migraine, for example. The dizziness, the blurred vision, the loss of time from work or play ... or the blessed relief provided by modern drugs prescribed by your doctor at moderate cost. Drugs developed through the research efforts of prescription drug companies.

Not one day passes without the continuing quest on the part of American drug company scientists for even more effective means of relieving pain and curing its causes.

Already this dedicated pursuit, teamed with medical research, has made important advances. Today there are many effective anesthetics, analgesics, tranquilizers and muscle relaxants. In the hands of your doctor they are means of conquering our oldest and universal enemy—pain.

This is the value of modern drugs—protecting health and reducing the cost of illness.

This advertisement is sponsored by a group of prescription drug manufacturers, members of the Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association, whose aim is to create through research continually better medicines.*

*Company names on request through this magazine

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED BY Benj. Franklin

BABIES without homes

by William Trombley

For the first time in a generation, parentless children outnumber couples who want to make adoptions. A Post report examines a major problem.

Four-month-old Bruce smiles hopefully before snapshots of other unadopted children in Los Angeles.

A quiet revolution, as gentle but as persistent as a child's night sounds, is shaking the world of adoption. For the first time in 30 years there are more children to be adopted than there are people to adopt them. An adoption worker in Alexandria, Virginia, sums up the present situation when she says, "A few years ago, when the telephone jangled, we would say, 'Oh, no, not another couple wanting a baby!' Now when the phone rings we say, 'Oh, no, not another baby!'"

It has always been difficult to find homes for older children (most people want to adopt infants), those with physical handicaps, and racial-minority children. But today it is often hard to place the white, blue-eyed blonde, the "blue ribbon baby." Once there were 10 sets of prospective parents for each of these children. Now some of them are not adopted, or must wait months or years before finding a home. Peggy, on the *Post* cover, has been waiting nine months at the Illinois Children's Home and Aid Society in Chicago.

A surplus of babies does not exist everywhere in the country—the pattern changes from region to region. But there are more babies than homes in enough places [see page 18] to cause concern to those who work in adoption.

There are many reasons for this "parent gap." Illegitimacy has been on the rise in recent years, while at the same time there are fewer people in the age group most likely to adopt, the 25–35-year-old "depression babies." People marry younger than they did a generation ago, increasing the chances that they will produce their own children. And doctors have made great gains in solving sterility problems. Religious attitudes are changing. Even the more conservative churches have forsaken the *Scarlet Letter* approach ("And now, Mistress Prynne, I leave thee alone; alone with thy infant and the scarlet letter.") and have urged unmarried mothers to give up their children for adoption.

City living and a more turbulent world have changed attitudes toward children, natural or adopted. In an older, more rural society a family was considered a bit odd if there were no children, but in today's city, where people pay little attention to their neighbors, being childless bears no social stigma.

Social workers interviewed across the country agree that Americans feel less secure economically than they did a decade ago. More important,

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"Minority children wither in hospitals. Few are adopted."

many people view a world of H-bombs as an unsuitable place to bear or adopt children. "The subconscious strain of living in the shadow of the bomb has made people afraid to branch out," says Gerald Blackwell of the Georgia Welfare Department. "It has become a rat-race sort of world, and people are taking a long, hard look before they assume more responsibility."

All these facts and changes in attitude have increased the number of adoptable children and have cut drastically into the supply of adopters.

As placement of normal white infants becomes more difficult, the problem of finding homes for children with special needs—older children (and today "older" means any child over five), the physically handicapped and children of racial minorities or racial mixtures—has become almost insoluble. In Chicago only 4 percent of the Negro babies offered for adoption find homes. Many unwanted Negro infants stay for as long as six months in Cook County Hospital's nursery. There they wither for lack of the loving care all babies need, and no hospital, no matter how well intentioned, can provide. After six months many are shunted off to institutions for the mentally retarded, because any baby who gets little personal attention for six months can appear retarded. Despite efforts by social workers, prospects for placement of most children handicapped by color, physical defects or age are sadly slight.

But something can be done for the increasing number of healthy white babies who are going unadopted. While there is no quick and easy answer, one possible solution is to be found in California, where both agency and nonagency adoption are sanctioned. For years a nationwide battle has raged between supporters of adoption agencies and advocates of private adoption. The Child Welfare League of America, which has 240 adoption agencies as members, and the Federal Children's Bureau have campaigned to label all nonagency adoption "black" or "gray" market. At the state level this campaign has been waged by departments of social welfare, at the local level by public and private adoption agencies. On the other side, private practitioners have made irresponsible charges against agencies. But in California the two methods exist side by side. They do not enthuse about each other, and occasional sniping is carried on from both sides, but the state law permits both agency and nonagency adoption.

California leads in adoptions

With this dual system, more adoptions take place in California than in any other state—twice as many last year as in New York. Thus, something can be gained from a study of California adoption practices. The state has 31 public and private adoption agencies, including some of the most progressive in the country. But agency facilities still are not adequate to handle California's adoption load, and the state maintains a protected position for nonagency adoption.

California doctors and lawyers consider it their right to assist patients and clients in arranging private adoptions. They police themselves through their medical societies and bar associations. They also come under the watchful eye of the State Department of Social Welfare. With similar supervision in other states, independent adoption could play a major role in eliminating the existing shortage of adoptive parents.

To see how independent adoption works in California, we can examine the case of Judy, a 20-year-old brunette who arrived in San Francisco last summer, pregnant and unmarried. Judy is intelligent, self-assured and uncommonly pretty. She was raised in a good, if strict, home in a small southern town. She spent her high-school years dating a little too much ("I thought I had to be popular") and studying not quite enough, but she still graduated with passable grades and got a good job in a business office. In her senior year she began to date one boy steadily. He went off to college, they continued to go together, and Judy thought they would marry after his graduation. Then she became pregnant.

She recalls: "When it happened, I called him at college. He said, 'Don't worry, I'll come right home and we'll get married.' He did come home, but his attitude changed. He seemed to be saying it was me who had been doing all the wrong things and he was still as pure as ever. . . . I thought I loved him very much. There was a lot of sex in it, but we understood each other too. It was a kind of balance. But he changed in that talk. He still said he would marry me and quit school, but I said, 'No, thanks.' I didn't want to be married

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Crowded nursery at Cook County Hospital in Chicago is jammed with Negro infants. Some stay there as long as six months, then go to state homes.

under those circumstances, where he could always say, 'I only married you because I had to.' I didn't want that for me or for my children. So I called it off, and he went back to college."

Seeking help from her parents, Judy got little. They saw her pregnancy only as a disgrace to themselves, not as a problem for their daughter. "Those first few months were terrible," Judy remembers. "I couldn't talk to my parents at all, and I turned more and more to fantasy. I was really getting into a mess."

Fortunately, a relative who lived in the West picked that time to visit the family. He sympathized with Judy and suggested she go to California to have her baby. He got in touch with a doctor friend in San Francisco, who sent Judy to one of the leading obstetricians in the city. When she expressed interest in private, rather than agency, adoption, her obstetrician referred her to attorney Philip Adams, who has handled hundreds of private adoptions in the past 20 years.

Adams is 57 years old, with a slight build, a quick mind and a deep sense of humanity, which he hides behind a barrage of wisecracks. He will call a client at the hospital the day after she has delivered and ask, "How are you, my dear? Want to go horseback riding?" Once he did this while a visitor was sitting in his office. Adams noted the look of shock on his caller's face. After he had hung up, he said, "What did you want me to say? 'You have descended into the valley of the shadow of death, and you have survived, bless you'? This isn't *Stella Dallas*. This girl doesn't want to be preached to or treated like an idiot."

Adams is only one of a dozen lawyers in the San Francisco area who handle a large number of adoption cases, but he is the best known. His book *Adoption Practice in California* is regarded as authoritative by lawyers throughout the state. He does not take as many adoption cases as he once did, for he has an active general law practice and is busy with many church, civic and political activities. When he does handle a case, his trademark is candor.

Judy's baby finds a home

This frank approach to the questions of illegitimate birth and adoption startles many clients, but to Judy it was refreshing. "I could talk to him," she says. "He was—you know—straight out, no pitying or anything like that, and not stuffy. I didn't mind his casual way of talking. If I had, I guess I would have left. Here was my whole life, and he talked about it like it was a box of cookies. But after a while I realized that this *was* just one small part of my life, like Mr. Adams said, and there *was* an awful lot ahead of me. That made a tremendous difference."

Adams questioned Judy about her background and that of the baby's father. He sought her views on adoption and on the kind of parents she preferred for her child. Though Adams, too, has been running short of prospective parents lately, Judy was in luck. As the lawyer listened to her story, his mind hit upon a couple he thought might be ideal, George and Mary Fulton. (The names are fictitious.) He had known a cousin of George for many years and through him had met the couple. The Fultons had been married seven years and had been unable to have children. George Fulton had a good income, and the couple lived in a charming home in the Berkeley hills, overlooking San Francisco Bay. Most important, they truly wanted children and had asked Adams if he could help.

Adams was as candid with Mr. and Mrs. Fulton as he is with natural parents. "Independent adoption can be risky," he points out. "A lot of things can go wrong. They usually don't, but I think it is my duty as a lawyer to make sure no couple goes into a direct adoption starry-eyed."

Satisfied that there were few stars in the eyes of Mary and George Fulton, Adams told them about Judy. They were interested. Then he made the astonishing suggestion that they meet, to make their own decisions about the adoption. Anonymity has been sacred to adoption for as long as there have been adoption agencies. When Adams first began to handle adoption cases, he accepted it as a rule, but several years ago he began to suggest personal meetings. They were so successful that now, in most of his cases, the adopting parents meet the mother, and sometimes the natural father.

Judy liked the idea of a meeting: "I had a lot of curiosity about the people." But, like most adopting couples, the Fultons, especially Mary, resisted the suggestion at first. As she explains

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A look at the "parent gap"

POST correspondents checked on the adoptive parent shortage around the country and found:

Atlanta: Through the south the gap between the number of blond, blue-eyed babies available for adoption, and the number of prospective parents, is closing at an astonishing rate, and in some places has closed altogether. Gerald Blackwell, adoption consultant to the Georgia Welfare Department, says wearily, "We may well be coming to a time when we have to get out and beat the bushes and pound the pavement to find adoptive parents."

Boston: The trend is toward more children than adoptive parents. Rita Canney, supervisor of the Massachusetts Adoption Placement Unit, says, "We just don't have the selectivity that we had three or four years ago. We'll go along for a while and place children up to ten years of age, and even siblings. Then we'll get a perfect baby, six months old, and not be able to find a home for him right away."

Chicago: Agencies here insist that they have little or no trouble finding adoptive parents. But the reason is that they take only as many babies as they know they can place. The adoption chief at one private care agency says, "It is reaching a point today where agencies are turning down unwed girls about to become mothers. A girl today has to look hard to find a place for herself and her baby." And, regrettably, Illinois has no public adoption facilities.

Dallas: The parent-child ratio is down here, too, but apparently not as much as in other parts of the country. Hope Cottage-Children's Bureau, Inc., in Dallas, and Gladney Home in Fort Worth, the largest private agencies in this area, say they can still place all the adoptable children they can get but that the former ratio of ten adoptive couples for every child is down to five to one. On the other hand, El Paso and San Antonio report a parent shortage.

Milwaukee: In 1961 the city's five adoption agencies reported 730 children available for adoption and 1,157 parent applications. Since many applicants later dropped out, the parent-child ratio was close to one to one. "There isn't enough of a supply of parents to keep things rolling as smoothly as they should," says Monsignor Joseph Springob of the Milwaukee Catholic Social Welfare Bureau, "and children stay in foster homes much longer than we would like. We simply must find more parents somehow."

Sacramento: State welfare officials keep a line chart, month by month, of prospective parents and children available for adoption throughout the state. In June, 1961, the chart showed 675 parent applications and only 400 children. But by June, 1962, the two lines had come together at 550.

Seattle: Sixty-seven healthy Caucasian infants, born in the Seattle area since April 1, 1962, and eligible for adoption, have not been adopted.

it, "I guess it was that basically I felt I was taking this girl's baby. I wasn't going through any of the pain or the struggle of it, and yet I was going to walk into the hospital and take that baby away. I just couldn't seem to cope with that." Adams tried to persuade her but without apparent success, and it was agreed that George Fulton would meet Judy alone. But on the day of the meeting his wife changed her mind. "I finally came to terms with myself," Mary says simply. "We went to dinner and spent several of the most fascinating hours of our lives. We liked Judy very much and wished we had met under other circumstances so we could remain friends."

Judy approved of the Fultons too: "When I had met them and knew what kind of people they were, I knew I was making the right choice, and I could really stop thinking about that part of it forever. I would never think of going back to try to see the child."

The adoption agreed upon, the Fultons established a trust fund in the lawyer's office, guaranteeing Judy's medical and hospital bills. The adoption eventually cost the couple about $1,100—$650 for hospital and medical expenses, $400 for legal fees and $50 for incidentals. Had they adopted from a private agency, the fee would have been $600 to $750.

This was early summer. Through the remaining four months of her pregnancy Judy was in constant touch with Adams, the Fultons, and, of course, her obstetrician. The pregnancy was uncomplicated, and in September Judy gave birth to a healthy baby girl. A week later Mary and George came to take the baby home. Judy saw them as she was walking down the hospital corridor. "I thought of stopping to say hello and wish them the best of luck, and then I thought, *No, it's better if I don't. The child isn't mine anymore. It is hers and she has to start to live with it. I'm out of the picture and I had better stay out.* We had exchanged a favor for a favor. They were taking my baby and giving it things I couldn't give it. I was giving them a child they wanted very much. Things were even now, and if I had stopped to talk to them they might have felt embarrassed or something, and I didn't want that. Then things wouldn't have been even anymore. So I kept on going down the hall to my room."

Judy likes San Francisco and thinks she might settle there. But first she plans one trip home. "I want to see my parents," she says. "I can talk to them now. Since I've been out here, they have written things to me they had never said before. I think we'll be closer now. And I would like to see the baby's father. He did feel a lot for me, I'm sure, and I'm afraid now he looks in the mirror and tells himself what a heel he is. I would like to see him once more and tell him not to worry, it has all worked out, and it's in the past."

Next month the Fultons will go to court to adopt their daughter officially. Judy signed a consent to adopt, a statement to the State Department of Social Welfare, shortly after she left the hospital. The department then investigated the couple and found their home suitable. The adoption petition probably will be granted in a routine, brief hearing. Then the original birth certificate will be sealed by the court, for the protection of the child, and a new birth certificate will be issued in the name of the Fultons. Only a court order can permit access to the original document, and such an order is rarely given.

The end of this story cannot be written. Judy's child should have a happy life with Mary and George Fulton, but this is no certainty. Some things are certain, however. A girl whose life might have been severely damaged, had she remained in her bitter home environment, has found an avenue toward a new life and has gained some useful insights along the way. And two people who possess the ability to love and care for a child now have one.

This is one California nonagency adoption. Not all work this well. One that did not was the adoption of a baby girl two years ago by Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Slattery of San Rafael, a San Francisco suburb. Joan and Tom Slattery had an adopted son, a year old, and nine months later they adopted a second child, a girl they named Meghan. But a few weeks after the child entered the Slatterys' home, her natural parents reclaimed her. "The baby had just learned to smile," Joan Slattery recalls, all too well. "She had just reached that point where she was getting to you." But the Slatterys faced up to the facts and returned Meghan. A few months later they adopted another girl and named her Meghan also. "Losing the first Meghan was a tough thing at the time," says Tom Slattery. "There's no getting around that, but you absorb it, and our second Meghan pushed it all into the background."

The risks of private adoption

The possibility of such a reversal is one of many objections which California adoption-agency spokesmen and welfare officials voiced when questioned about an independent adoption like Judy's. In an agency adoption the mother relinquishes her child legally before a placement is made. In an independent adoption there is a six-month period, between placing of the child and the final court hearing, in which the mother can change her mind. If she does, most California judges will support her decision. Losses such as the Slatterys suffered can be grievous, and agencies consider them a strong disadvantage of private adoption.

Agency supporters firmly believe that only an agency, utilizing the combined skills of social workers, doctors, psychologists and others, is equipped to make adoption judgments. Judy and the Fultons had made their own decisions, with the assistance of their lawyer and obstetrician. "None of these people is qualified to make such judgments," says Lucile Kennedy, peppery chief of California's Department of Family and Child Welfare.

Miss Kennedy grants that her department usually approves the parents when it checks on an independent adoption, but she objects to being presented with a *fait accompli*. "When we first learn about an independent adoption, the child is already in the home. Conditions have to be pretty bad for a caseworker to recommend that a child be taken out of a home, so we pass a lot of borderline cases."

Agency workers regard personal meetings between natural and adopting parents as potentially disastrous. If the mother knows the parents of her child, they reason, she may return one day, out of curiosity or malice, to plague them. Yet one highly reputable California agency is giving thought to experimenting with personal meetings.

"What would happen to that baby if it had been deformed?" asks an agency director. "I doubt if the lawyer would stand behind the child then." It is true that some lawyers have been known to hand such a child back to its mother,

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Adopting independently, Betty and Geoffrey Haslett start home with three-day-old Gary and bottles of formula supplied by hospital nurse.

Nervous Hasletts beam as Gary takes to his first feeding in their San Carlos, California, home. "He looks exactly like you," relatives tell couple.

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A California judge: "There is room in adoption for agencies and private practitioners like doctors and lawyers. Both can be skilled and dedicated."

but Philip Adams and most others do not. Adams works hard to see that the child gets the best possible care. Also, in 1962 he handled the adoption of a child with a family history of hemophilia and five babies of white-Negro parentage, all cases that had been turned down by private and public agencies.

Agency protagonists cite other arguments against independent adoptions, but these are the main ones. Placements by doctors and lawyers are considered the worst sin.

Replying to these criticisms, Philip Adams contends that his long experience with adoption has provided him with as much knowledge as many a holder of a master's degree in social work. He doubts Lucile Kennedy's claim that her caseworkers approve many "borderline" families. In this he is supported by veteran social worker Norma Bentley, who spent 14 years with California's Department of Social Welfare. She has investigated more than 5,000 private adoptions. "I think I kept closer track of my cases later on than some workers do," says Mrs. Bentley, "and out of those 5,000 independent adoptions I know of only five that didn't work out."

Over the years Adams has accumulated a thick file of approving letters from natural and adoptive parents, attesting to the value of personal meetings. "These meetings convince the adopting couple that the girl is firm in her mind about adoption," he says, "and they convince the mother that her baby is going into a good home. They enable the people involved to make their own decisions and not have them made by other people; that's the important thing."

Adams is a strong supporter of adoption agencies. He handles several agency adoptions every year. But he has found that agencies suit some people and not others.

"Judy's case makes the point," he says. "This is pretty much a matter of temperament. The independent girl—the girl with a little more education or a good job or just a girl who likes to stand on her own two feet—feels better with a direct adoption. The less self-reliant girl, the younger girl, feels better at an agency. The same is true of adopting parents. Those with more independence seem to choose direct adoption.

"Girls who place their children directly—women, I should say, because some of my clients are in their twenties and thirties and some older than that—these women are above average in intelligence and background. I would say they look at the situation with more realism than they used to. 'Oh, the horror! Oh, the heartbreak of it all!'—that's pretty much gone. A girl gets pregnant informally (Adams skirts the words "illegitimate" and "unwed" as he would a swamp), faces it squarely, makes plans for the child and then takes up her life again."

Adams admits that the six-month wait for a final adoption decree is a period of anxiety for adopting couples. He is well aware of the risks of change of mind. This happens in one out of every 30 cases he handles. However, in all but three cases, the couple soon adopted another child, again independently. Adams makes it clear to clients that they must pay medical and hospital bills for the mother, no matter what happens to the child, and that they might lose this money if the mother changes her mind about adoption after the baby has been born (though in many such cases, the money is returned to the disappointed adopters).

If independent adoption has all these hazards, why do a majority of Californians choose it? Some agency spokesmen contend that only those refused by agencies turn to private adoption. There is some truth in that claim, but very little. Many people simply dislike adoption agencies.

Much of this point of view is caught in the comments of C. Coleman Blease, a young lawyer and part-time instructor at the University of California in Berkeley. Says Blease, "The agencies sit there with all the power, between you and the child and the natural parents, and you have no recourse but to accept their decisions. I haven't met that many people in my life who know that much about other people. My wife and I wanted to make our own decisions."

So Barbara and Coleman Blease chose direct adoption, as did 4,827 other couples in California last year. Another 4,328 rejected these arguments in favor of the greater security offered by agency adoption. The two methods live in relatively peaceful coexistence in the nation's most populous state, and it is probable that they will continue to do so.

Other states, other views

Beyond California's borders the status of independent adoption varies widely. In the East there is relatively little. Connecticut and Delaware all but forbid it. Many eastern states make it extremely difficult. There were only 100 independent adoptions in Massachusetts in 1961. But in Chicago independent adoptions increased 45 percent between 1958 and 1961, from 640 to 929, while agency adoptions remained static at around 1,200. In Texas, as in California, private and agency adoptions are evenly divided, and excellent doctors and lawyers assist with placements. This is true in many western states.

Several state bar associations and state medical societies have passed resolutions condemning independent adoption. In part these resolutions reflect the success of pro-agency campaigns by the Child Welfare League and the Children's Bureau. But they also reflect the disgust with which able professionals view the "black-market baby" scandals of past years. There is little black-market activity today, for the world still awaits the merchant prince who can operate a black market with a surplus commodity. But the odor left by fee-gouging lawyers and unscrupulous doctors, who peddled infants for profit when there was a shortage of adoptable babies, still hangs heavy in the air in many states.

Some strict adoption laws do not find their justification in the revulsion felt by honorable men when faced with black-market-baby activity, but rather in religious doctrine. Many state laws make it difficult, if not impossible, for a couple to adopt a child whose religion differs from their own, even when the natural parent consents.

These laws are largely the result of Catholic pressure on legislatures, and they work mainly to penalize Jews, for there are never as many Jewish babies available as there are anxious would-be Jewish parents, not even today. Catholic and non-Catholic adoption agencies often work together on the local level, but when the question of state law arises, the most conservative Catholic position seems to prevail. As a result, many Catholic children go homeless while some Jewish families must endure the cold ache of childlessness. For example, Massachusetts had more than 4,000 children in foster homes at the end of 1962, many of whom would have been adopted had it not been for religious restrictions in the state law.

Removal of these religious barriers would help end the present shortage of adopting parents. Expansion of agency facilities, public and private, would help. Another big step would be acceptance by all adoption agencies of the flexible standards now held by many: higher age limits for adopting parents, placement of children at an earlier age, placement of more than one child in the same family, less concern about matching physical characteristics and less insistence on a substantial bank account or home ownership as requirements for adoptive parents. But the most important step that could be taken, in the view of doctors and lawyers interviewed across the country, is acceptance of California's point of view toward independent adoption.

Joseph H. Reid, executive director of the Child Welfare League, disagrees. "Adoption is a social institution, in which society should have an interest," says Reid. "We take the radical position that the individual has no rights here. A parent who does not wish to keep her child forfeits her rights to that child. She does not have the right to go out and find a home on her own. Likewise, adoptive parents do not have the right just to go out and find a kid someplace. Adopting a child is not a right but a privilege. . . . Society must insist on the right to see to it that a child is placed in the best home possible, and this, we say, can only be done by an agency. We base our stand on equity, equity for the child, not for the natural parents or for the adoptive parents."

Thousands of natural parents, adoptive parents and adopted children, for whom independent adoption has worked successfully, would dispute Reid's statement vigorously. They argue that while he talks of "equity for the child" many of these children are spending their lives in foster homes and orphanages. Judge Theresa Meikle, who served for 20 years on the Superior Court in San Francisco before stepping down in 1960, says, "I believe in private adoptions, and I believe in agency adoptions. These are matters of temperament and subtlety. They can't always be decided by words or laws. I have found social workers who are skilled, dedicated, hard-working people in the field of adoption, and I have found doctors and lawyers who are equally dedicated, equally hard-working and equally skilled. I believe there is room in this field for both." **THE END**

Barbara and Coleman Blease of Berkeley, California, bathe five-month-old Christopher in family tub.

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MONA LISA

Leonardo's famed masterpiece keeps a wacky date with America.

Art is, of course, A Good Thing. This is an age in which a banker is snubbed by his friends if he fails to display in his executive suite a $20,000 canvas done in sand, cigarette butts and barn paint. It is an age in which George F. Babbitt not only hangs Utrillo reproductions in his den, but corrects you, with a smile, if you mispronounce Utrillo's name. It is also the age in which Rembrandt's *Aristotle Contemplating the Bust of Homer* is bought for $2,300,000, the cost of a low-budget Hollywood divorce. And finally, it is the time in which the *Mona Lisa* kept her regrettable rendezvous with the U.S. Marines.

For most of last month, Leonardo's celebrated portrait of Francesco di Bartolommeo di Zanobi del Giocondo's third wife hung in the National Gallery in Washington. There it was protected by: (1) a thick sheet of shatterproof glass across its surface, (2) a device that recorded and regulated temperature and humidity, (3) an American flag and a French flag, (4) a burgundy-colored silk rope to keep art lovers and their smudgy fingers at least 10 feet away, (5) six or eight Secret Service men in dark suits, (6) several of the museum's own guards and (7) two resplendently uniformed Marines, one on each side of the painting. The Marines had rifles with fixed bayonets. The Secret Service men had no visible armament, but the stiffness of their movements indicated they were concealing antitank weapons. The museum guards were armed with chatter, which ran to "Keep the line moving."

An ingenuous viewer running the National Gallery gantlet might have come away with the impression that he had just visited Checkpoint Charlie. At last report no freedom-loving art appreciator had tunneled under the barricade to kiss the *Mona Lisa*. This still may happen, however; the whole stalag now has moved north to the Metropolitan Museum of Art in Manhattan for a three-week stay. (The only steady hand in the affair appeared to be that of Metropolitan director James Rorimer, who politely declined New York City's offer of a ticker-tape parade.)

To understand how a dignified lady of advanced years—the picture was painted between 1503 and 1506—got herself tangled in this mess, it is necessary to go back to last May 11. On that date the Overseas Writers gave a lunch in Washington for André Malraux, the art expert, novelist, old China hand, maquis alumnus and onetime revolutionist who is now Charles de Gaulle's minister of state in charge of Cultural Affairs. Near Malraux sat Edward Folliard, a White House reporter for the Washington *Post*. Folliard, who once won a Pulitzer Prize, but not for writing about painting, is a man who thinks that art is not merely A Good Thing but A Wonderful Thing. "Wouldn't it be a wonderful thing," Folliard said to Malraux, "if the *Mona Lisa* could be shown at the National Gallery?" Folliard went on to explain that he had loved *La Gioconda* since boyhood. And Malraux, perhaps bemused by the thought that in Paris the cooking is better but the newsmen less wistful, agreed that something might be arranged.

If Folliard piqued the interest of Malraux, it was Jacqueline Kennedy, one suspects, who nailed him. At any rate, Malraux toured the National Gallery with the First Lady and left with the project rooted in his mind. Back in France the proposed loan of the *Mona Lisa* pleased everyone, because it offered a wonderful opportunity to quarrel. Anti-Gaullists ranted that Malraux and de Gaulle were in league to wreck France. *Le Figaro*, a conservative journal, declaimed worriedly about the well-known danger of American gangsters.

But, Malraux insisted, scholars agreed that the *Mona Lisa* was in fine shape and would survive an ocean voyage. A team of experts traveled to Washington, tested and praised the air in the National Gallery, and went home. Other experts made an air-conditioned metal box to contain the *Mona Lisa*. The painting would be a personal loan, with no co-signers, from France to President and Mrs. Kennedy. Everyone agreed that all of this was A Good Thing.

Students of the ridiculous had detected in the *Mona Lisa* affair up to this time only a faint, vagrant current of nonsense. There was a barely identifiable tendency on the part of everyone concerned to forget that the painting was merely a painting. But soon it was clear that something extremely silly was going on.

The portrait sailed, of course, on the *France*. And it sailed not in the hold, like a painting, but in a first-class stateroom, like a person. Nearby was the art-loving reporter, Eddie Folliard. Every night he interviewed the portrait ("Shall I call you Signora or Madame?" "Why don't you just call me Lisa?"). The *France*'s pastry cook was so moved that he made his own *Mona Lisa* of sugar and butter.

When the liner docked in New York on December 19 it was met by Secret Service men, a National Gallery delegation and reporters, who looked at the sealed box and marveled. Then the box and a Secret Service warrior equipped with sandwiches were locked into an air-conditioned truck. The Lincoln Tunnel was cleared of traffic, and the cavalcade duly motored to Washington.

In the basement of Washington's National Gallery the painting was shown briefly to the press, which marveled. And there in the basement *Mona Lisa* sat for almost three weeks. There was some grumbling about the delay. Shrewd thinkers observed that de Gaulle, Malraux and the Kennedys are fond of *gloire*, and that January 8, *Mona Lisa*'s opening night, coincided closely with the President's return from Palm Beach and with the opening of the Congress.

Meanwhile, Folliard's newspaper colleagues mined the story with desperation. They went quickly through the painting's history. Leonardo kept it with him until his death in France in 1519; Francis I, Leonardo's last patron, bought the portrait and Napoleon hung it on his bedroom wall; an unhinged Italian stole it in 1911, but was caught two years later; an unhinged Bolivian threw a stone at it in 1956, shattering its shatterproof glass and chipping the figure's left elbow.

Women's-page writers predicted that something called the "Mona Lisa hairdo" would sweep the country. A licensed medical doctor in New Haven was sure that Leonardo's model had been pregnant. Folliard put down, with contempt, someone else's canard that the model had been a man. Headline writers were undecided whether to call the painting Mona or Lisa.

Omens in the hairdos

The night the *Mona Lisa* opened in Washington will surely go down in history, for much the same reason that the *Titanic* went down. An evil omen was that most of the very important wives present wore the Jackie hairdo. The limp Mona Lisa hairdo, which might better be called a hair-didn't, was not much in evidence. Nor, for that matter, was the *Mona Lisa*. Spilling out of the hall were some 2,000 Congressmen, ambassadors, state department officials, wives and reporters, jammed together wishbone-to-backbone. The result was a triumph of geometry over aesthetics; no one under six feet tall had a chance of seeing the painting. No one over six feet tall could see much of it either; television cameramen had angled their lights so that reflections lighted *Mona Lisa*'s glass windshield like a heliograph.

Touching little scenes of courage and devotion were visible everywhere. Toward the rear of the hall a dignified man was describing things to his wife, whose only view was of the rear elevation of Congressman Adam Clayton Powell's elegant dinner jacket. "Mrs. Kennedy is wearing a pretty pink dress," said the dignified man. "Strapless. She's sitting at the *Mona Lisa*'s left hand, dear." A couple of bodies away another woman intercepted part of the message. "Imagine that," she said in pleasure, leafing hurriedly through her descriptive catalogue, "the *Mona Lisa*'s left-handed. . . ."

Secretary of State Dean Rusk, whose introductory remarks had been lost in the echoes produced by the vaulted ceiling, suddenly became both irritable and audible: "The acoustics in the room are so good," he said, "that the private remarks made in the rear are amplified in the front." "What's he saying?" the woman behind Congressman Powell asked her husband.

When André Malraux began to talk, listeners who had read their afternoon newspapers told the rest that he was speaking French. He may have been, and he may also have been reciting *Gunga Din* in Eskimo; no one present was in a position to say.

The presidential party—including JFK's mother, who was forced to cower in a side gallery—had been fortified by a lavish dinner at the French Embassy. But it appeared that only the President himself had drawn enough sustenance from the chef's Pears Mona Lisa to make himself heard.

Despite the rain-barrel acoustics, the President gallantly repeated part of Malraux's speech. Then, twitting Charles de Gaulle a bit for his nuclear posturings, he told the assembly that "we will continue to press ahead with the effort to develop an independent artistic force and power of our own." It was the best crack of a bad evening.

Next morning the museum staff had swept up all the lost earrings, snap-on bow ties, evening pumps and wooden legs the legislators had left behind in their eagerness to get home and pour themselves a drink. Outside, lowing peacefully in the cold, lines of sensation-seekers had begun to form three hours before the opening. These were the same people who queue up to be first across a newly-opened bridge or who gladly walk 20 miles, as cynics are fond of saying, to see a dead whale on a flatcar. When the doors opened they lurched forward, clumped past the portrait and hurried out to give their names to reporters.

The sensation-seekers left satisfied—last year Niagara Falls, next year Disneyland and Michelangelo's *Pietà* at the

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By JOHN SKOW

New York World's Fair. Later the lines thinned, but a viewer who hoped for more than a thank-you-ma'am look could get it only by sweeping by, obedient to the guards' commands to move along, and then going through the line again. Art appreciation under these conditions is like reading the title of a revolving LP record. Now and then, of course, a citizen would rebel. One small girl refused to be moved along, and spent at least 45 seconds forming her opinion. "Mama," she said finally, "she's all yellow." She is, indeed—although the sallow skin is usually "corrected" in reproductions.

But surely it is churlish to object to the hurrying, to the battalion of armed men, and to an elaboration of outcry and ceremony suitable to the coronation of Charlemagne. Isn't the important thing that a renowned painting is being seen by people who would not have seen it otherwise? And are not the lines marching past the *Mona Lisa* paying an impressive tribute to art?

Perhaps, and perhaps not. It is possible to destroy a painting with the corrosive foolishness of publicity and publicity-seeking, with air-conditioned boxes, first-class staterooms, Marine bodyguards and Pears Mona Lisa. Beethoven's soaring Fifth Symphony was ruined, at least temporarily, merely by gross overplaying and by the use of its opening notes as the musical signal for World War II's dot-dot-dot-dash V sign. The *Mona Lisa*'s working over has been far more thorough.

None of it, of course, was necessary. Hundreds of priceless European paintings by Renaissance masters have toured the United States since World War II, without nonsense and without Marines. With no more publicity than good taste dictated, they have drawn huge, orderly crowds. Despite the absence of bayonets, no one has ever tried to draw a moustache on a Rembrandt.

But Malraux, de Gaulle, the press and the Kennedys would not have it this way. Malraux showed clearly which of the *Mona Lisa*'s qualities was to be considered most important in the opening line of his speech: "Here, then, is the most famous painting in the world." Months earlier, after a tour of the National Gallery with Mrs. Kennedy, Malraux had been asked to comment on a new acquisition by the museum, a painting by the minor American artist John Singleton Copley. He answered with a graceful deprecation: "I have seen here many paintings of the highest quality that belong to humanity. This belongs to the United States." The *Mona Lisa* may once have belonged to humanity. Now, at least for the moment, it belongs to the press agents. **THE END**

In Washington's National Gallery, rubbernecking visitors gawk at the glass-encased, 460-year-old oil.

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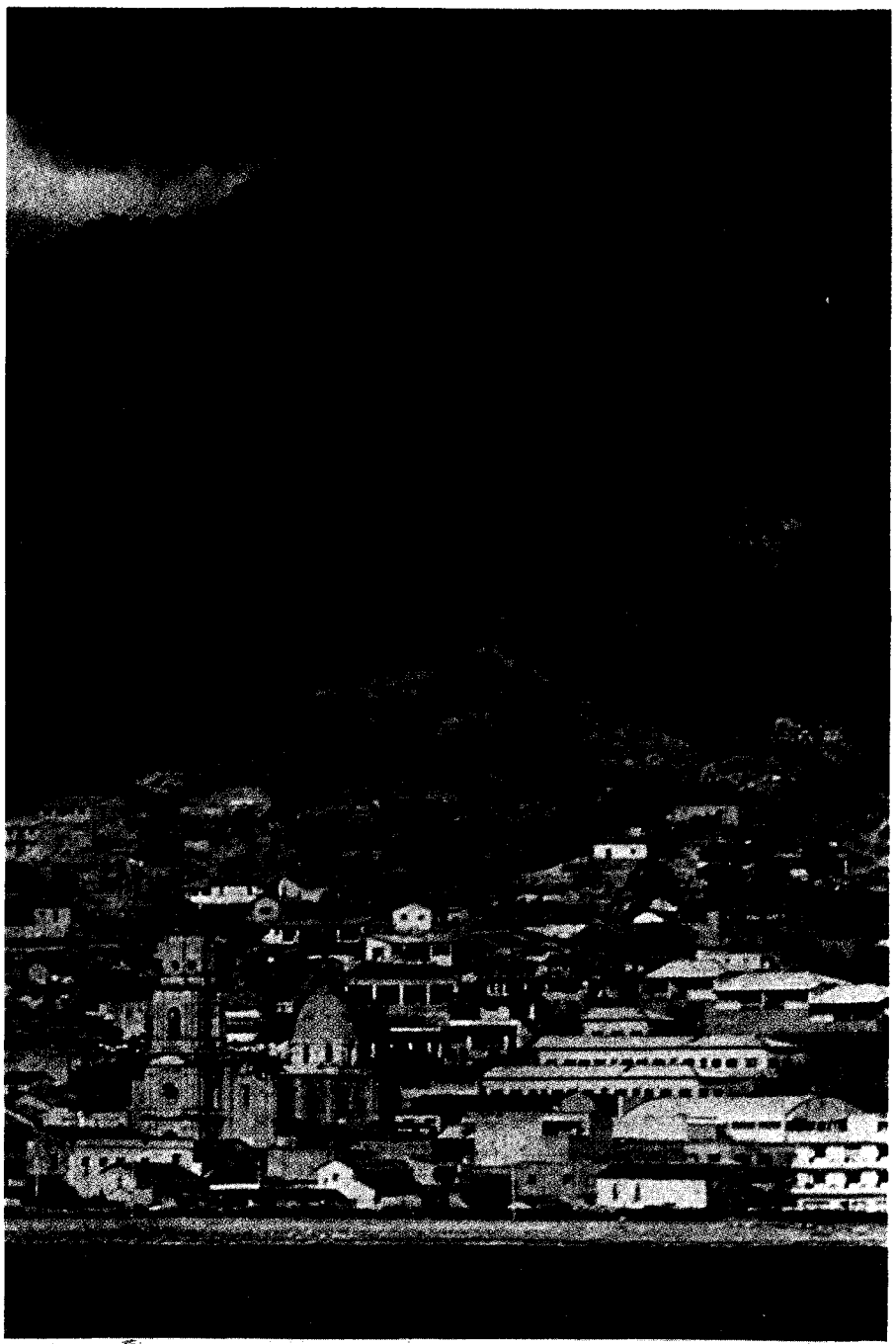
Hush-Hush Resort

For years sun-loving Americans have been "discovering" Mexico's unspoiled Puerto Vallarta and trying to keep the place a secret.

by WILLIAM WEBER JOHNSON



The town's multicolored houses climb a mountain above a calm bay.

"I have found heaven on earth," said the letter. It came almost 15 years ago from a titled Englishman who had a small income, an aversion to Britain and a hankering for tropical places to live and drink.

"Palm trees, lovely sea, agreeable natives, cheap tequila," he went on. "Bring your family. Get away from it all. But do not, REPEAT DO NOT, tell anyone else. We must keep this place to ourselves."

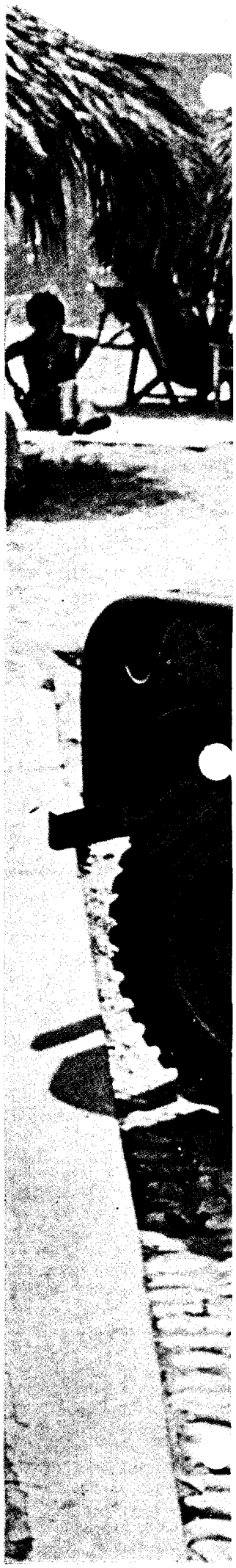
The postmark was Puerto Vallarta, Jalisco. My Mexican friends had never heard of it. Maps showed it as a speck on the Pacific coast a few hundred miles northwest of Acapulco. It could be reached by infrequent tramp steamer, dugout canoe, burro or, if you were daring, small planes of uncertain schedule and reliability. I didn't go.

After his lordship's tip, however, scarcely a year went by without someone telling me, always in closest confidence, about "an amazing little spot" he had "discovered" down on the Mexican coast. Invariably the little spot turned out to be Vallarta, and quite as invariably my informant would insist, "Nobody else knows about it."

Finally, five years ago, I succumbed to curiosity about what must be the most widely known secret in the history of travel. Arriving in Puerto Vallarta, I found that I was far from alone. Tourists were out in force. They were happily exploring a paradise to which they'd come because it supposedly was a "discovery" of their very own.

Vallarta does have the air of a secret hideaway: uncrowded beaches, mountains plunging into a cobalt sea, lonely coves that are straight out of Stevenson-and-Rousseau-type jungle. The isolation and loveliness can create the illusion in the visitor's mind that this place is known to him alone. This is, to say the least, nonsense. At any point he may bump into a familiar Hollywood face, a college classmate, a fellow Rotarian or his Aunt Edith from Chagrin Falls.

American yachtsmen, fishermen and small-plane enthusiasts began leading the way to Vallarta in the 1930's. Then, several years after World War II, Vallarta caught the attention of the international set. Tahiti and the West Indies were getting crowded; such once-unknown Mexican towns



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Texan Lowe Wilson, one of the new American residents of Vallarta, wheels down to the beach in a lighthearted Land Rover.

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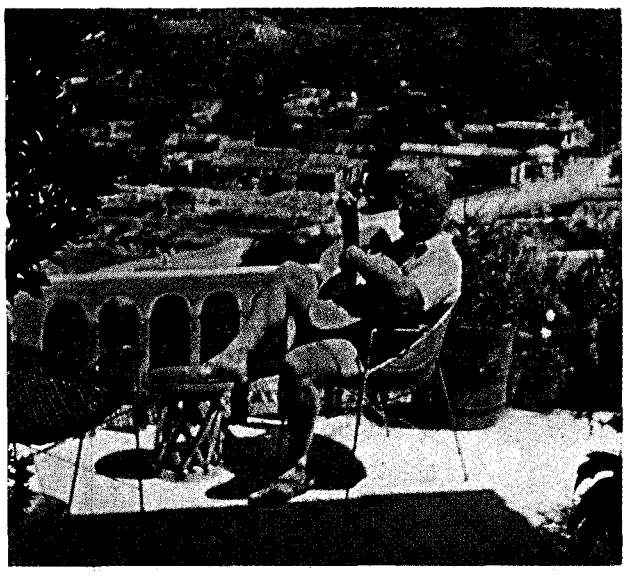
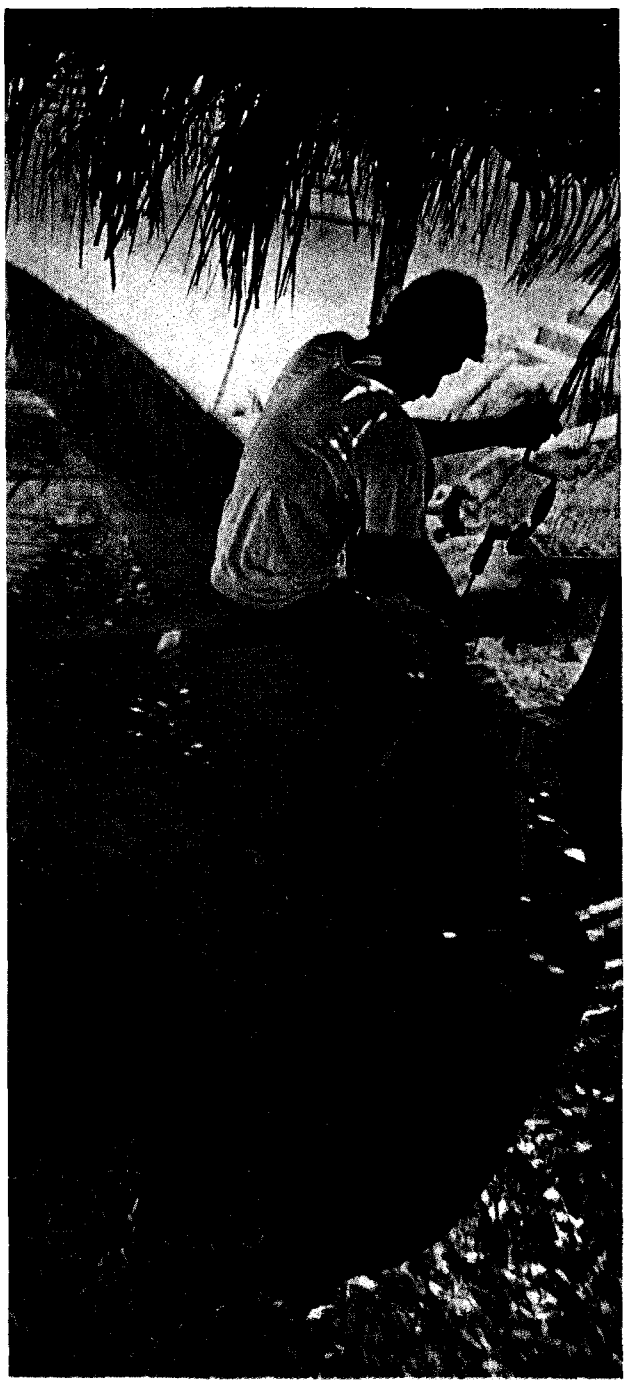
The residents of Puerto Vallarta regard visitors with tolerance.



Bonner Bentley of Dallas relaxes on his patio.

Native craftsman carves dugout canoe from a log.



as San Miguel Allende, Ajijic and Zihuatanejo were getting entirely too well known. Vallarta was the place to go. Where the jaded sophisticates went, the earnest, Brownie-snapping tourist was sure to follow.

In 1956, the first year in which anyone bothered to keep track, Vallarta was "discovered" by 3,100 visitors. Five years later there were 20,000. In 1963 the number will be up to about 30,000. Most of the visitors are Americans (Mexicans prefer plushier resort facilities) who promise themselves and one another that they will tell no one else about their secret hideaway. The Mexican government has cooperated by doing little to promote Vallarta; too many Mexican politicians own property in Acapulco.

The liquor is skull-popping

By Mexican standards Vallarta is a plain little town. It is new, barely a century old. It has no colonial buildings, no air of past grandeur, no monuments to aboriginal civilizations. The folk arts and crafts are ordinary. The only native product of which the area can boast is a skull-popping liquor, *raicilla*, which has a faint taste of kerosene.

But the town's felicitous location does make it, as the locally published guidebook says, "enchanting . . . with wonderful sceneries. . . ." It faces one of the world's loveliest coastlines, the 28-mile-wide Bahía de las Banderas, or Bay of Flags, so-called because the first Spanish explorers were greeted by natives who waved flags in *simpático* fashion. Bright-hued fish flash over sand and coral. Frigate birds and pelicans make pleasing patterns in the sky. The steep mountains behind the town are tan, gray and mauve in the dry season, richly verdant during the summer rains. Thirteen streams of spring water meet the bay beside white sand beaches.

The tropical heat is bearable. A day breeze blows in from the ocean, and at night cool air drifts down from the mountains. Indian children hawk wild orchids in the streets. Scarlet tabachin, blue jacaranda and cerise bougainvillaea make the days gaudy; evenings are jasmine-scented.

The natives are still friendly. There is poverty, but the fertile valley of the Ameca River produces bumper crops of corn, beans and chilies, and the bay provides more seafood than the town can eat; a few pennies will buy a pompano or snapper, roasted by fishermen over beach fires of coconut hulls. Land distribution has been effective. The town's wealthiest man, Agustín Flores, has spent much of his fortune building schools. A retired American couple, Harry and Frederica Holt, conduct free English classes.

The permanent residents of Puerto Vallarta regard visitors with tolerance. Only the most bizarre behavior is frowned on. As tourist booms go, the one in Vallarta has done remarkably little to alter the patterns of life. Indian women squat by the Rio Cuale, under palm-leaf awnings, pound their laundry on the rocks and spread it on the shore to dry. Naked brown children play in the river and on the beach. Master craftsmen, using only the adz, carve beautifully designed dugout canoes from giant logs of *juanacasti* wood, hauled from the mountains by oxen. Fishermen walk through the town with their glistening catches hanging from their oars. Strings of burros loaded with goods for inland villages clatter through the cobblestone streets.

But tourism does force change. The population has nearly doubled in a decade. Resort-oriented business supplies almost half the town's income and employment. The municipal president, 40-year-old Carlos Arreola, is struggling to cope with the growth. His ambitious projects range from water supply and sanitation to a golf course and municipal dock.

There are changes in folkways too. The youngsters are likely to be more expert at the twist than the *jarabe tapatío*, Jalisco's traditional dance. The *mariachis*, wandering musicians, sing *Happy Birthday to You* as often as *Las Mañanitas*, its lovely Mexican counterpart.

The parish priest is waging a stubborn battle against the tide of changing behavior. Signs in the church warn women to dress modestly and urge men to make their womenfolk behave. One pretty and well-endowed girl was threatened with damnation if she modeled a bikini in a local style show. (Design and manufacture of resort wear has become an important local industry.) She compromised by wearing a Mother Hubbard over her bikini and giving her audience a split-second peek at the bathing suit.

The best beach was long known as Los Muertos ("The Corpses"), because of a long-ago Indian massacre; now, in the inevitable spirit of boosterism, it has been renamed Las Delicias ("The Delights"). Per capita consumption of alcohol has risen sharply, and there is an active chapter of Alcoholics Anonymous. There is also a Club de Leones (Lions).

Houses rise in Gringo Gulch

About 100 American residents have settled in Puerto Vallarta full-time, and for foreigners a colony of handsome new houses has sprung up. Some have such exotic innovations as open-air bathrooms (one can take a sunbath as well as a shower), and the biggest concentration of such houses has become known, of course, as Gringo Gulch.

Prices have spiraled. A hotel room that once cost one dollar a day with meals may now cost as much as a comparable room in an American hotel—without meals. But demand is such that a new hotel pays for itself in four years or less. During the big season, January through April, three vacationists are turned away for every one accommodated. The room shortage will worsen. Direct daily flights now connect Vallarta with Los Angeles and Mexico City. Soon there may be jet service. A paved road will, within a few years, run from Vallarta to the international highway. Vallarta may then become, as Acapulco already has, a Mexican Miami with mountains.

But for the moment it still enjoys a high degree of apparent isolation. And the illusion persists that Puerto Vallarta is really known only to a few initiates. Vacationers leave with tanned skins, bright eyes and a certain smugness. At their first cocktail party back home they will say, somewhat slyly, that they have found the most wonderful place in Mexico—undiscovered, unspoiled and beautiful. And if everyone will promise not to tell anyone else. . . . **THE END**

Three Americans discover the beauty of a waterfall-fed pool near the town.

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Hail Caesar!

After two years in semi-hibernation, an inspired comic returns loaded for bear. / **By Rowland Barber**

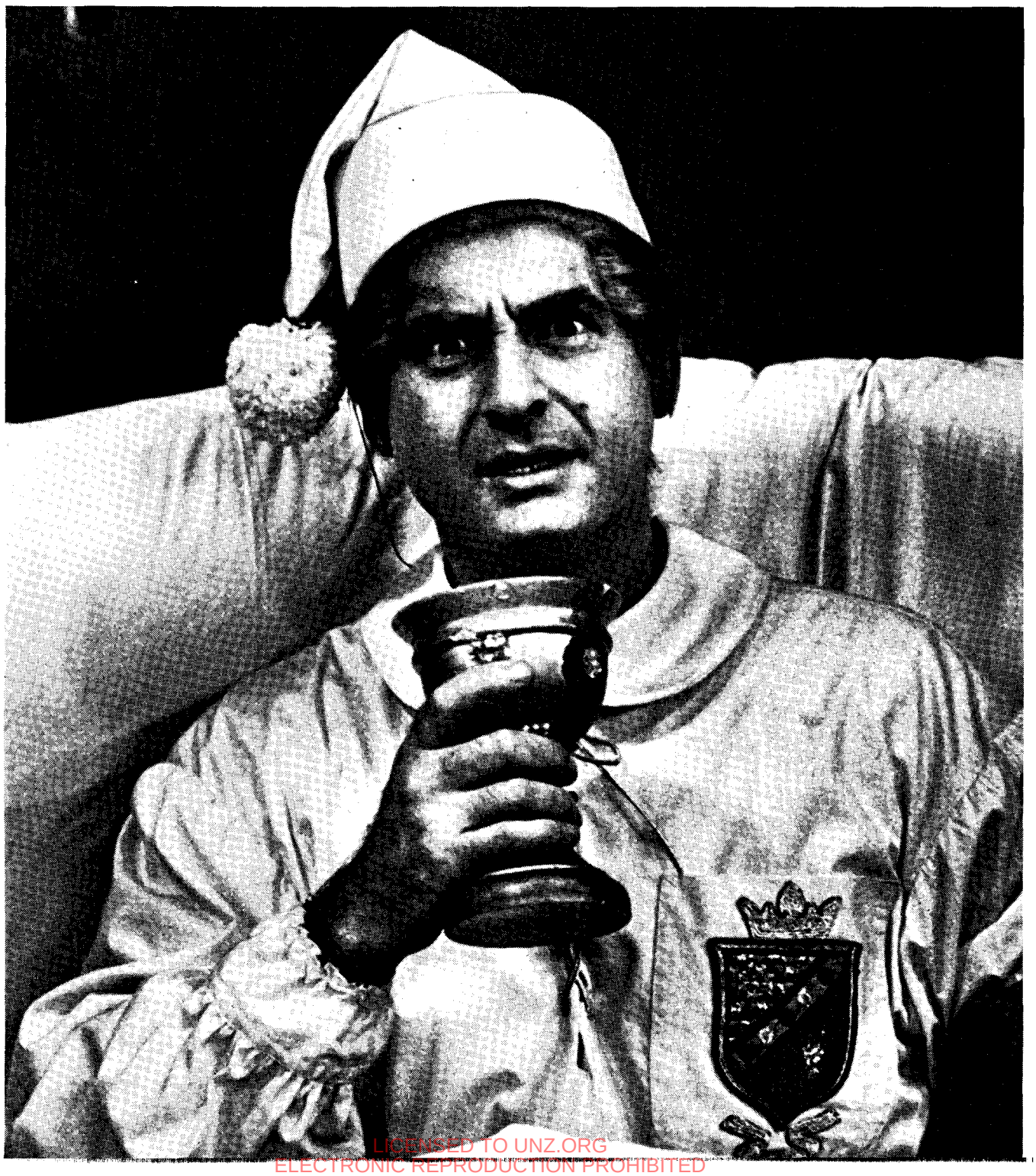
Eight times a week on Broadway and once a month on ABC-TV a brooding, gentle, autocratic, cigar-chomping, word-mangling, untutored, studious, impulsive, bighearted, gun-crazy aesthete and authority on military history—who could pass for a professional football halfback—works at being the funniest man in America. The name of this complex is Sid Caesar.

Caesar's Broadway vehicle is the musical comedy *Little Me*, adapted from Patrick Dennis's book-length *double entendre* of the same title. There are seven leading men in the play, the husbands and lovers of the heroine Belle Poitrine, and Caesar plays them all, switching character nearly 30 times in the course of each show. At various times during the evening Caesar bounces out as (1) an all-American do-or-die hero, (2) a doddering skinflint, (3) a debonair French cabaret performer, (4) a weak-eyed, weak-kneed doughboy ("I'm a rear-guard clerk—in case of defeat I type out the surrender"), (5) a Prussian movie director, (6) a dashing and doomed prince and (7) a love-struck college boy.

This protean performance is in itself a newsworthy feat. But the best news is that Sid Caesar—after faltering to a halt on television and lapsing into two years' semiretirement—is back at the peak of his form. The Caesar of *Little Me*—and to a somewhat lesser extent, of ABC's *As Caesar Sees It*—is the inspired zany of the old *Your Show of Shows*, the man who accounted for—to quote Steve Allen—"the few great moments on television in the Fifties."

But if Caesar is the funniest man in America during working hours, offstage and off-camera he isn't even the funniest man in Kings Point, Long Island, where he lives. In fact, his little girl Karen didn't find out until she started school—from her classmates—that her father was a comedian, and a famous one.

Ruler of tiny Rosenzweig in "Little Me," Caesar says: "We're the only duchy ever defeated in war by Luxembourg."



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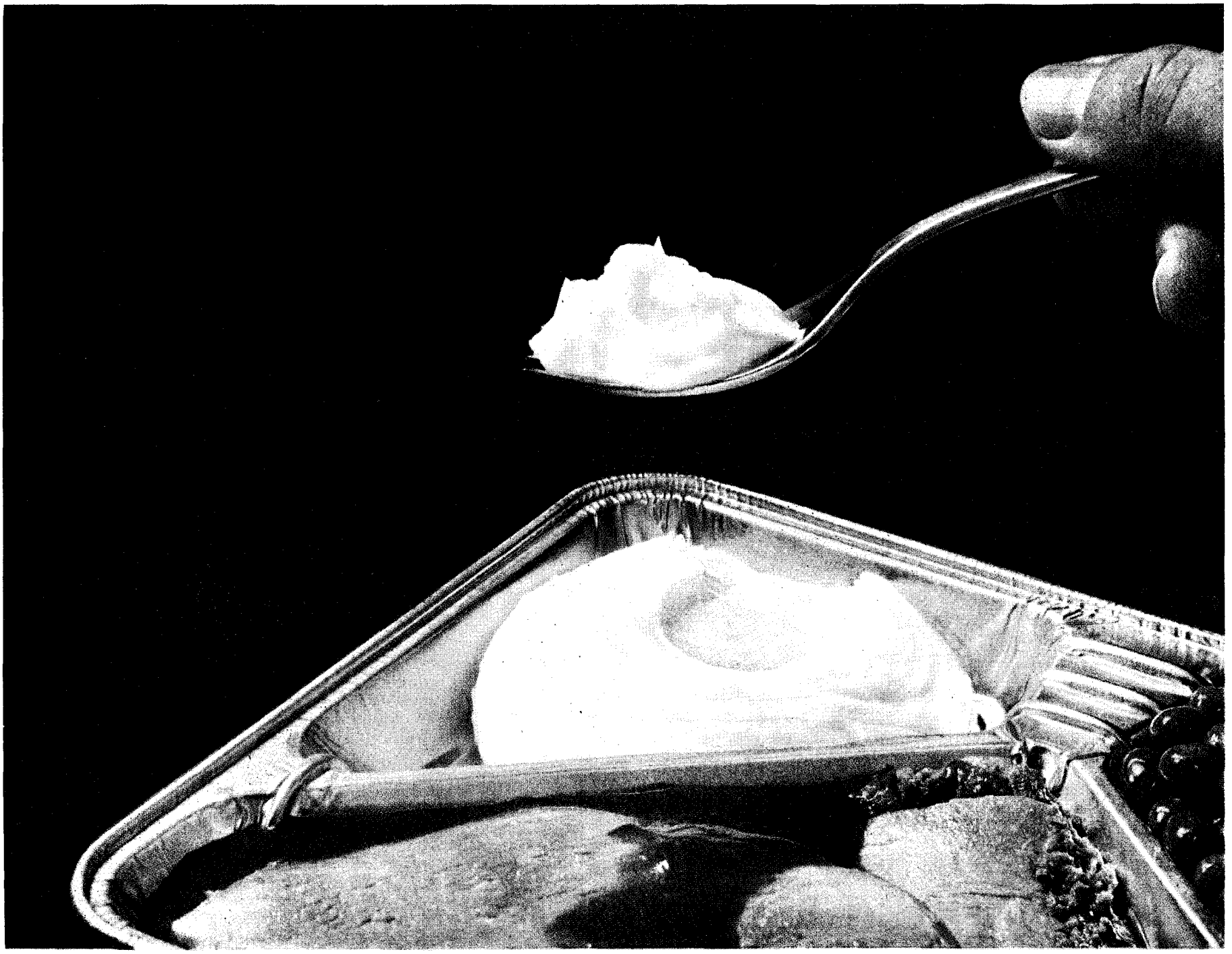
"To make the best, begin with the best–then cook with extra care."



Why we made mashed potatoes 200 ways

With our Swanson TV Brand Dinners, as with all our foods, Campbell always keeps trying to improve the recipes

It may surprise you to know anybody could find 200 ways to make mashed potatoes—but that's what Campbell did when we first began making our Swanson TV Brand Dinners.

First came the matter of finding out which of more than 100 different kinds of potatoes were best for mashing—no small job in itself. Then there were other questions, such as whether to use milk or cream or both, exactly how much and exactly how long to cook and whip, and even whether to use black or white pepper—and how much.

The work started in July one year, and we arrived at Batch 103, which was excellent, the following December. Since then, other improvements have been made, so that now the mashed potatoes you get in Swanson TV Dinners are the best from more than 200 recipes.

Campbell is the first to admit these sometimes were mighty small improvements in an already good recipe. But when it comes to Campbell Quality, nothing is too small to be of major importance.

In fact, that philosophy is the sum and substance of the creed Campbell works by: "*To make the best, begin with the best—then cook with extra care.*"

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We blend the best with careful pains
In skillful combination,
And every single can contains
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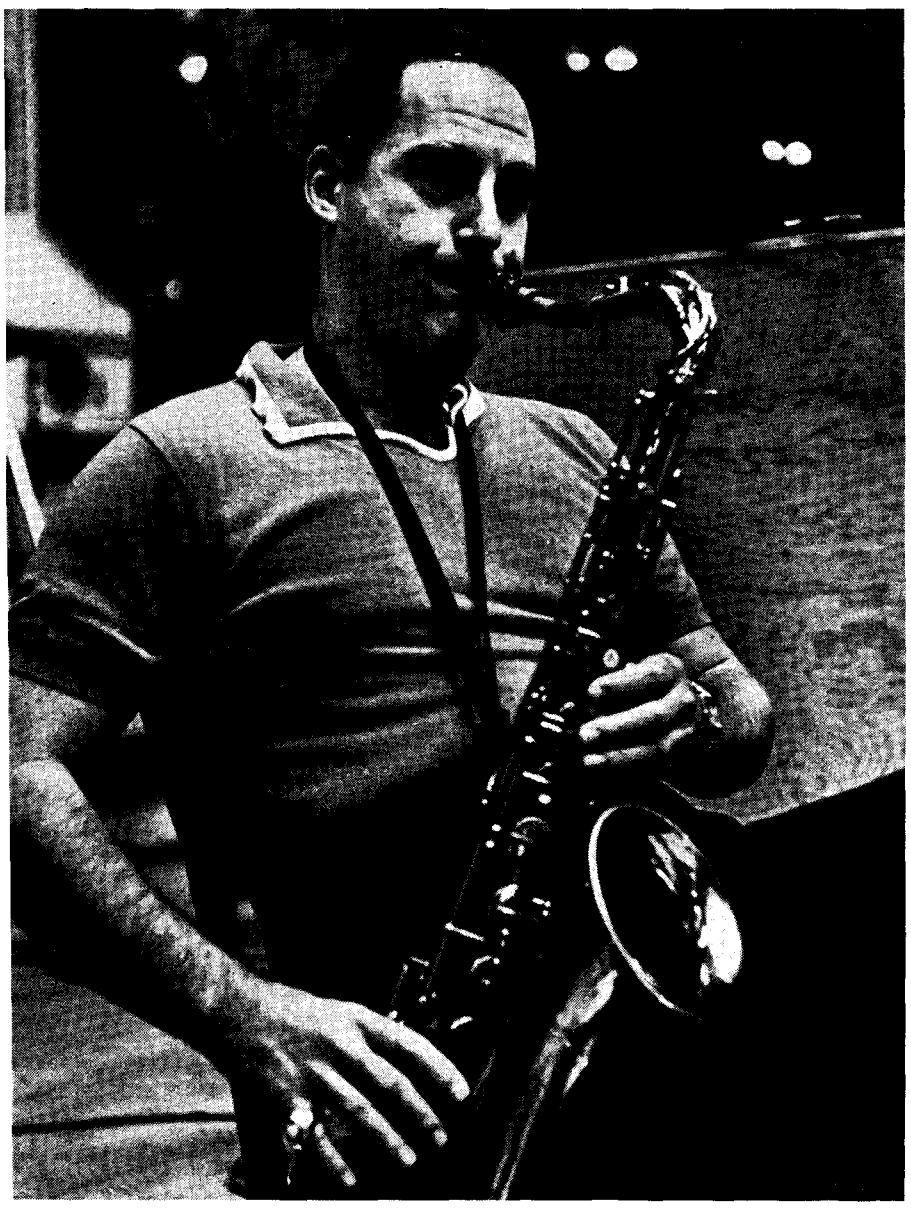
Sid and his wife Florence have a dip in a California pool.

Caesar

"One guy who can't play it cool is a comedian. If he does, he's dead."



Saxophonist Caesar plays during "Little Me" recording session.

Sid worries constantly and about almost everything: credit buying in America, Stonewall Jackson ("Such a schizoid, saying nobody should fight on a Sunday, then running out of church to make a sneak attack"), nonobjective painting and global peace ("The world is like a baby with a loaded shotgun").

He also chafes. During the final preparations for *Little Me*, he chafed long and hard—not because of all the exits, entrances, cues and split-second changes but because he had to stick to the dialogue exactly as written.

"I'm going nuts," he groused to a visitor before the show arrived on Broadway. "All the notes they come back with after every show! Two, three, four pages what I done wrong: 'In this scene you put the left foot one inch too far in front the right foot. In this scene you fiddled too much with the left sideburn of the wig. In this scene, don't say "thuh"—say "thee." This scene this. That scene that.' I say, 'Hey, how'd you like my new piece of business in the *Boom Boom* number? Pretty good, hah?' And they say, 'Take it out!' They're right—sure they're right—but I'm going nuts."

Nevertheless his manager, Leo Morgan, is convinced that the *Little Me* experience has been salutary for Caesar, heretofore a performer notorious for his disregard of the formalities of a script.

"He's needed this kind of discipline for a long time," says Morgan. "I'm sure that if he had known how demanding it was going to be he never would have agreed to do the show. Thank God he didn't know!"

Yet despite his lack of discipline Sid can be a meticulous perfectionist. Last year, after scoring handsomely in a nightclub date at Las Vegas, Caesar was haled in by Stanley Kramer for work in the epic comedy movie *It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World.* One day during the shooting at a seaside location Caesar came up to the director with a worried look and said, "Excuse me, Stanley. Maybe you didn't notice, but yesterday there was a destroyer patrolling up and down out there while we were shooting. Maybe we ought to have it back today so the background will match up with yesterday's shots?" Kramer, who hadn't noticed the vessel, put in an immediate call to the Navy, and the destroyer promptly was dispatched to resume her vigilant but gratuitous picketing. Noted Kramer after Caesar had completed his role in the picture, "This is the most thorough craftsman in the business, as conscientious a worker as anyone who ever did comedy."

This sort of contradiction has led many observers to the suspicion that there may be as many Sid Caesars offstage as there are onstage in *Little Me.* Among other things, he might be tabbed a humble autocrat, a gun-carrying pacifist, a thrifty big-time spender and a hip square.

At home, for example, Sid has been described by a woman friend in this fashion: "He likes to maintain the old-fashioned tradition where father's word is law. You know the bit—'The supper must be on the table!' I think Sid is finally resigned to the fact that teen-age girls do go on dates in 1963, but he has never accepted the idea that they *should.*"

Caesar himself puts it this way: "Kids are growing up too fast. Fourteen, fifteen and going steady already! Sixteen, they gotta have a car! My older daughter, Michele, she's only fifteen, but it's a Federal case with her when I say I should interrogate the boy taking her out—see what the kid is like, what his father does, the names of everyone who'll be there with them, the least a parent should know. But with Michele you'd think I was the Gestapo or something.

"When I was a boy if I made a buck and a half I brought the money home. That was family income, not to spend. Then when I was seventeen, eighteen, maybe once in a while—wow, what craziness!—I'd blow four bits on a dame! Two seats inna balcony for a movie, two sodas after, home late—eleven o'clock. Take her in your car? It was the height of luxury if your family had a car. The big event in our life was a day's excursion to New York, all the way from our home in Yonkers. A full half-hour train ride. I mean an occasion! My mother would rush us into the Roxy before the prices changed. Then we splurged. Six-course dinner, fifty-five cents a person. But one thing—I learned to appreciate every good thing ever happened. That's what my kids must learn. A father's got to be strict or they get outa control."

Nevertheless this same autocrat of the manor, less than six months after the storm over his daughter's date, was rendered a virtual idiot on meeting his idol of the silver screen, Spencer Tracy. Sid tells the story on himself: "I was in Stanley Kramer's office in a story conference, and I was hammering and hollering along with everybody else when this stranger comes in the room. I do a double take. It's Spencer Tracy in person! Stanley says, 'Hi, Spence,' and goes right on with the conference. Next thing I know I hear Stanley asking, 'Sid! What were you saying?' and I'm sitting with my mouth hanging open, afraid to talk, being in the same room with Spencer Tracy, and all I can say is 'Duh—uh—nothin.' And Stanley is worried maybe I suddenly don't feel well."

Freezing to the touch

He was even more overcome with "humbility"—to borrow a coinage from *Little Me*—the time he was introduced to President Kennedy at the National Press Club. At the touch of the presidential handshake Sid froze stiff. The color drained from his face, and he could barely move his lips. Manager Morgan, who was close to the scene, was afraid for a moment that Sid might faint dead away. Thanks to Kennedy, who covered very nicely, he didn't.

Still another contradiction lies in Caesar's attitude toward violence. A few years ago he went hunting for the first time and shot and killed a deer. When he saw what he had done, he cried. He has never gone hunting since.

Caesar is also deeply disturbed by violence on television. "You know what TV is teaching our kids?" he says. "'Violence is not painful' is what it's teaching. Bad Guy pulls the trigger. Wham! Good Guy gets hit inna shoulder, always inna shoulder. He don't say 'ouch,' just makes a face. What's a couple of torn ligaments, a shattered bone, a hemorrhage of the artery, maybe a little tetanus? Then the guys tear into each other, chairs crash onna skull, bottles smash across the face, bullets rip through the guts, and who ever yells for a doctor or screams for an ambulance? Whoever does is a dirty, rotten, psychopathic coward. How are the kids gonna learn what reality is when realistic characters like Matt Dillon or Eliot Ness don't ever cry?"

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Yet Caesar, the advocate of nonviolence, is an absolute nut on the subject of guns. He owns a vast collection of small arms, ranging from .22 revolvers to powerful big-game rifles. Firing at targets is Sid's favorite recreation. Every chance he gets he gathers up his "shooting friends"—none of them in show business—and goes up to his uncle's 1,500-acre forest estate in the Catskills. The daily schedule there is starkly simple: up before daylight, breakfast on steaks, shoot until dark, back for more steaks, pinochle until bedtime. The mountainside is rigged with targets, standard types as well as tin cans and bits of paper hung on trees—anything discernible from the shack below. So much ammunition has been pumped across this range over the years that the place has come to be known as Lead Mountain. It is at Lead Mountain booming away, that Caesar spends the most contented days of his life.

He is by nature a theoretical pacifist, but there is no subject that fascinates him as deeply as military history. In this field he is a one-man army of preoccupation, questioning, theorizing, arguing and impersonating everybody from Darius the Great to Douglas MacArthur. But—another reversal—any discussion about World War III leaves him cold. "Strategy, tactics, surprise landings, naval campaigns, sieges, heroes, goats, bravery, chivalry—all obsolete," says Sid gloomily. "Just push-boom-plop; the button, the bomb, annihilation. Don't talk to me about World War III."

Another contradiction lies in his attitude toward money. It offends Sid to the point of nausea to see people squander cash, and he will rant at length about it. "The worst is the way parents—at least in the suburbs—indulge their kids. 'You want it? You can have it!' That's the only consideration. When I was a kid and something was bought for me—not handed down and patched up—this was some craziness! The day my mother said to my father, 'Maybe Sidney ought to have a new suit,' was the biggest day of 1935, believe me."

But although he decries the folly of other people's extravagance Sid himself can be a pushover for a salesman. When he was preparing to play the Copacabana in New York recently, he thought it would be relaxing to browse among the East Side shops and galleries between rehearsals. But browsing without buying was impossible. His strolls got daily more expensive, until he decided one day he had to kick the shopping habit the hard way: From then on he always went forth unshaven, wearing dark glasses and a sport shirt, with his hat pulled down over his eyes.

Caesar the art buyer presents another side of the man, but that side, too, is tinged with paradox. Sid is hip in the sense that he is aware of everything around him—fine arts, jazz, world politics, medicine, electronics, current literature, teen-age slang. He digs the whole scene. But by the standards of the professional hipster his reactions to the scene are hopelessly square.

"I'll tell you a tragic thing," he said recently, with fervid concern. "This business of 'playing it cool.' You take in colleges today. Brawn, muscles, football—that's no longer the status thing. Now it's intellect. Fine! Great! But too many kids are overcompensating with the brains. They think it's smart to play it cool. 'How's about going out tonight?' 'I'm beat—cool it, man.' 'Raise a little hell?' 'Cool it, man.' These kids don't

One of most serious craftsmen in the funny business, Caesar ponders during filming of "Mad World."

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Caesar

Seven roles in "Little Me": "If he had only known how demanding it is he would never have done it."

Dashing but doomed prince.

Tyrannical Prussian director.

Love-struck college student.

cry, they don't laugh, they don't applaud. The only way you can tell they get the point of a joke is they sit there snapping their fingers. This means you really broke 'em up.

"Take with the young Method actors. They won't show you their faces, only their shoulders. The dialogue they save for themselves. Nothing to focus on. No communication. Same with progressive jazz. Don't say anything—'Play it cool.'

"One guy can't play it cool is a comedian. He's got to say something—boom-one-two-three—or he's dead, especially a new comic or one like me coming back on the air. Two questions have to be answered when I do a TV show: Did they get something out of it? Did they laugh? Doing this Broadway show is different. How many laughs you get, believe it or not, is not important. What is, is putting the audience in a mood for pleasure, so without having to count the laughs you know they're having a night's fun, and nobody is sitting out front snapping their fingers."

A musician friend, who has known Caesar since his Broadway debut in *Make Mine Manhattan* back in 1948, said this of him recently: "Sid is a man with nothing average or in-between about him. He's either up or he's down. But don't get the impression he's withdrawn from reality when he's down, even if you think he's in a stupor—which is the way he usually looks at parties, which he hates. His eyes and ears never stop working, no matter how he looks, and everything he observes is stored up in that IBM memory machine of his."

These periods of silence—or recharging, if you will—are no late developments in Caesar's life. For the first three years of his life, in Yonkers, New York, he was vocally dormant, expressing himself only through infantile sign language. His parents and two olders brothers were afraid that Sid was a congenital mute until he relieved them one day by uttering his first word.

There is no memory of what that word was, but once he learned to speak he did nothing about making up for lost time. His life ever since has been a grope for, and grapple with, the English language.

In grade school he spoke only when spoken to, subsiding into long silences between vocal peaks. When he was in high school he found his first true means of self-expression: music. Specifically, it was a saxophone which an itinerant lodger had left behind in the hotel the Caesar family was running at the time.

By the time he was 19 Sid had become a very good saxophonist and began touring with big-name dance bands. It was then he found a second medium of communication: doing funny sound effects of such things as telephone dials, slot machines and airplane engines.

He was thus qualified for a job as musician-entertainer at a Catskill Mountain resort in the summer of 1943. There he made his debut as a comic—one of his routines was his durable re-creation of an aerial dogfight—and there he met Florence Levy. When Sid was called into the Coast Guard later in the summer he and Florence—each 20 at the time—got married. They now have three children—Michele, 15; Richard, 11, and Karen, 5.

The TV comic supreme

In the Coast Guard he added takeoffs on base VIPs to his comic repertoire and eventually landed in the Coast Guard revue *Tars and Spars*. The revue was such a success on its national tour that it was made into a movie. The director of *Tars and Spars*, Max Liebman, eventually lured Caesar into the TV program that came to be known as *Your Show of Shows*.

Qualitatively, Caesar was the supreme comic of early television, as Charlie Chaplin—in many ways his counterpart—was in the early cinema. Inevitably, thanks to the cannibalism of television, Caesar was deposed after 11 years. He was canceled off the air after his 1959–60 season. The medium's defense was trite and airtight: overexposure, low ratings, sponsor lethargy.

Sid went into abrupt, total retreat, the longest lapse into silence of his adult years. At the time of his withdrawal, he mourned that the world had closed in on him, that he was through, washed up, retired for good. TV offers came in, notably from Warner Brothers, Revue and Ziv, proposing situation-comedy shows, but Sid refused to acknowledge them. He kept on reading (the Civil War), taking potshots on his pistol range and brooding in his 18-room house on Long Island.

Actually Caesar's return was more of a bring-back than a comeback. With his wife Florence encouraging him and his manager Leo guiding him, he began to move—like a man undergoing physiotherapy after a bad crack-up. First night-club dates and then four stunning appearances on the Ed Sullivan show. When one of his former TV writers, Neil Simon, told him an idea he had for adapting the book *Little Me*, Sid agreed instantly to do it.

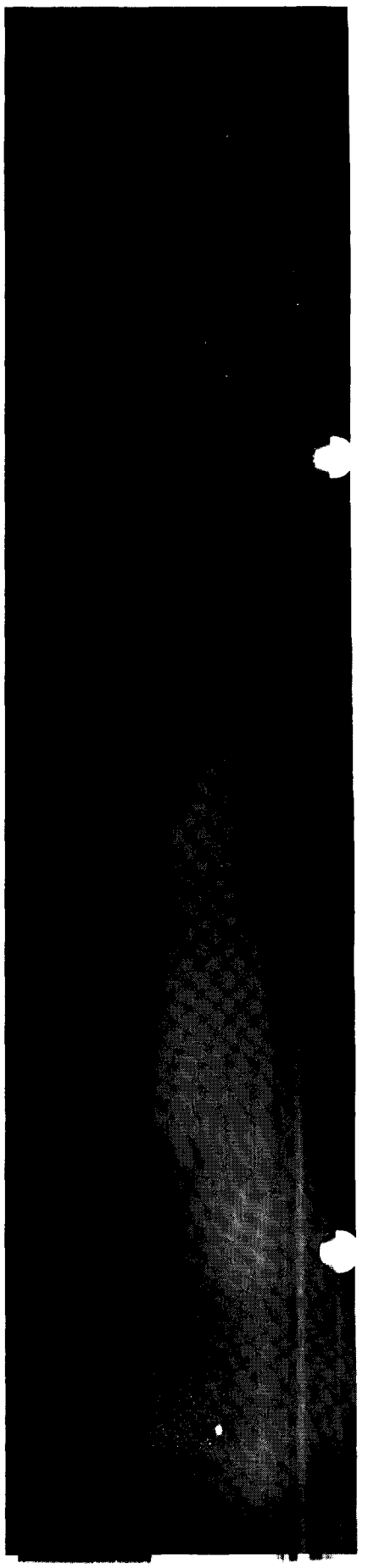
Then along came Stanley Kramer and his *Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad* script—also irresistible. The Broadway production was postponed so Sid could do the movie. Before shooting began, a third irresistible offer came along—a TV series.

This has been the upmost of Sid's up years. But in essence he is no different than during his downmost times. He still grunts and grapples with the language. Articulation is still a big mumbling block. It is not insignificant that his chauffeur and man-of-all-work at Kings Point is a deaf-mute. Nor that of all the plays Sid has seen recently he was most impressed by *The Miracle Worker*.

At the same time, when Caesar expounds on a subject he's passionately bugged on—the Soviet defeat of the *Wehrmacht*, Salvador Dali's *Crucifixion*, Alexander the Great's occupation policy, the unique benefits of a broiled-liver diet, a new type of telescopic rifle sight—he can be as persuasive as any pitchman. When words fail him, his face, his eyes, even his nostrils pick up the theme.

And, of course, there are his hands, meaty, strong, expressive. There is a story that Sid, while in Los Angeles last summer took his tall, serene wife (also a movie fan) to meet Marlon Brando. Immediately after introductions Brando asked, "Is it true that you once tore a sink out of a wall with your bare hands?"

Sid came close to blushing. Brando repeated the question. Sid grinned sheepishly and nodded. "Yah, yah, yah!" he said, his grin widening, "This was a rehearsal, a TV show, two, three years ago. They were driving me nuts with some bit of business I didn't like and kept doing wrong. Finally I had to walk away for a minute to cool off, and some guy onna set hollers, 'Hey, Sid, how about this?' and I holler back, 'Yah? How about *this?*' and I grab the nearest thing I can get my hands on, this sink there, and pull it—grrrrack!—clean offa the wall." His eyes lighted up with beatific pride as he went on. "Boy! What a mess! The pipes all busted, the water gushing out all over the stage!" Suddenly Sid put the memory back and chuckled apologetically. "Don't ask me why I done such a crazy thing," he said. "Who knows why anybody does anything?" **THE END**



Broken up by other comics, Sid guffaws on set of epic comedy "It's A Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World."

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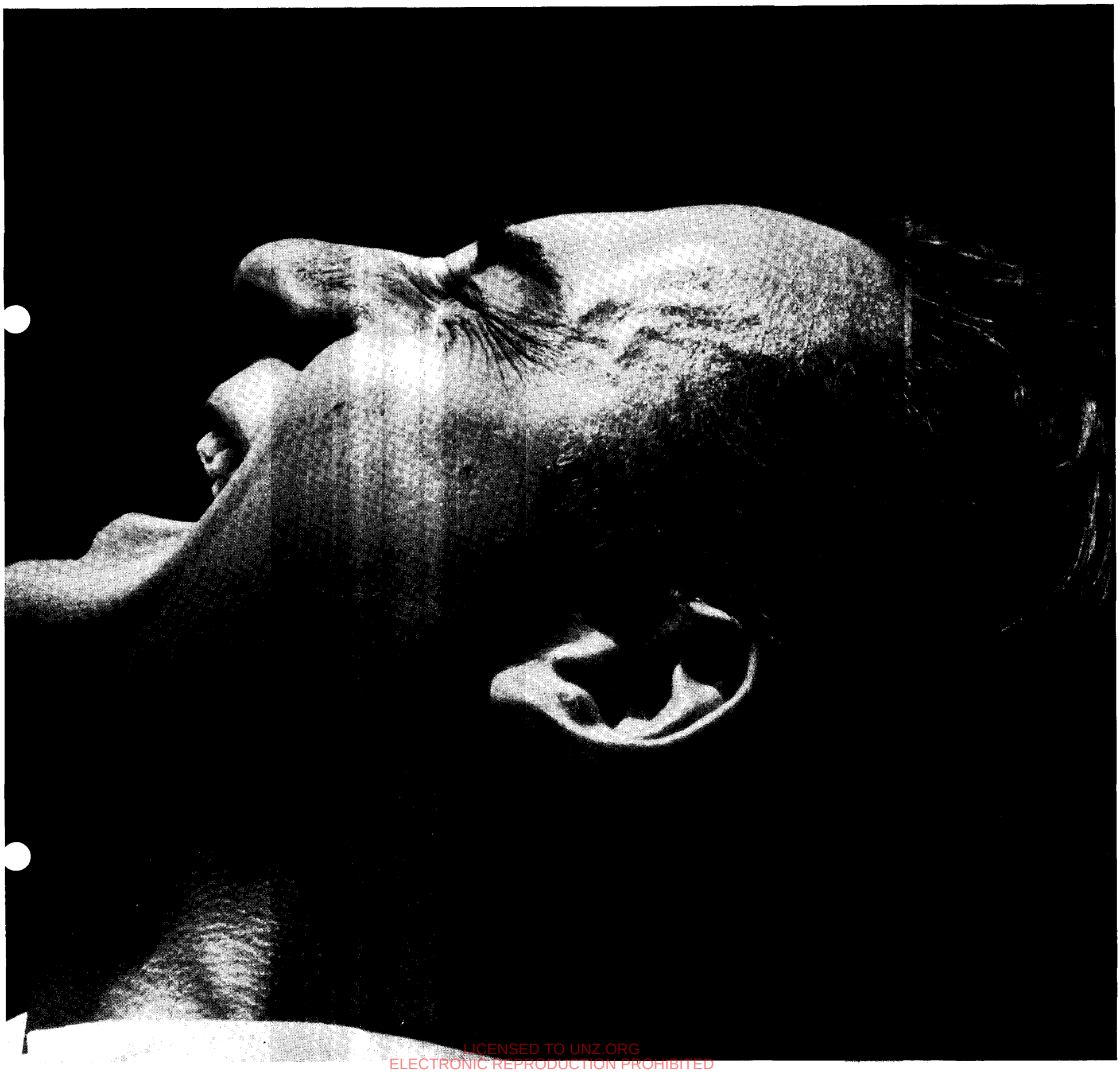
Debonair French cabaret idol.

Myopic World War I doughboy.

Rich, doddering skinflint.

Do-or-die hero turned bum.



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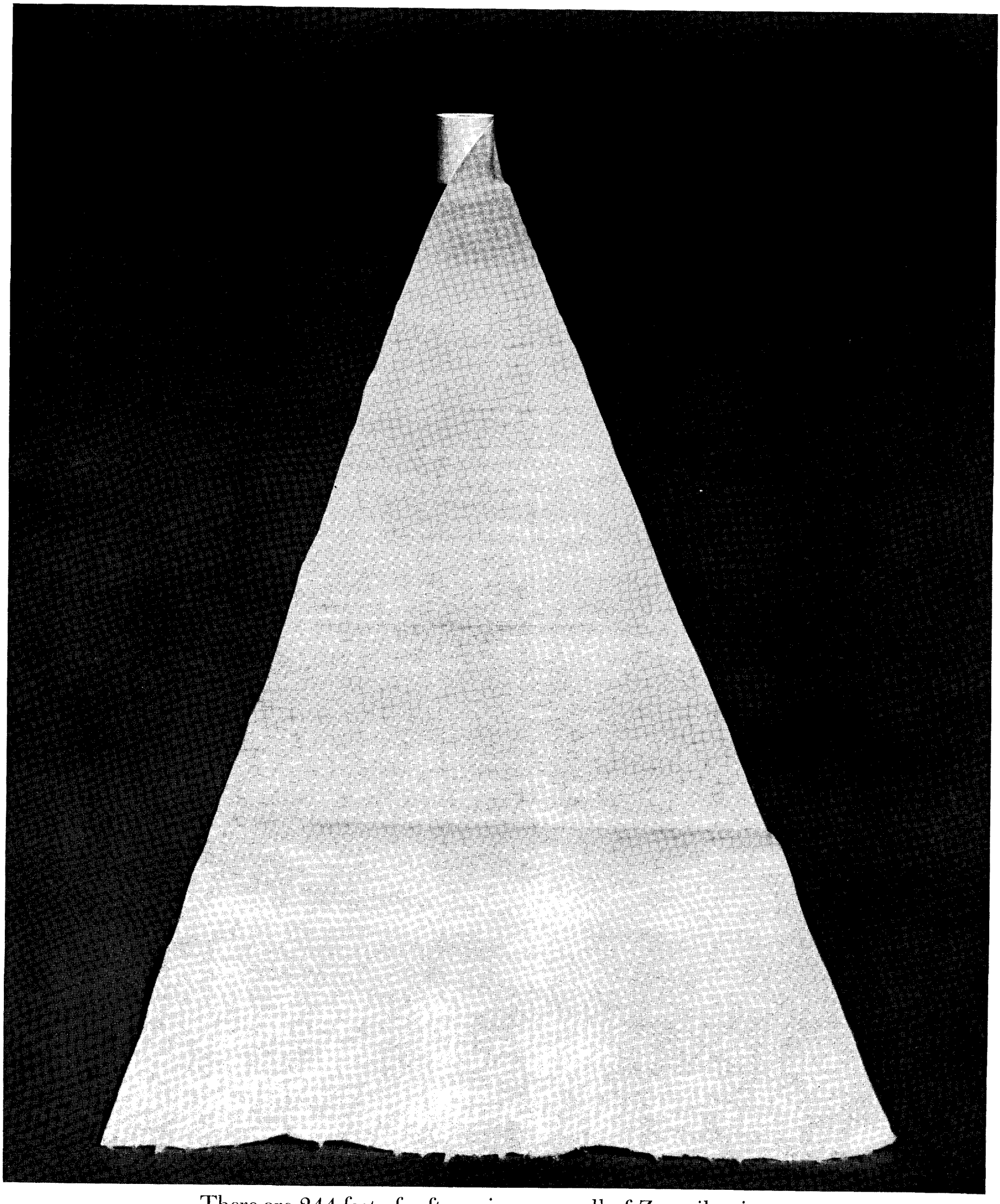

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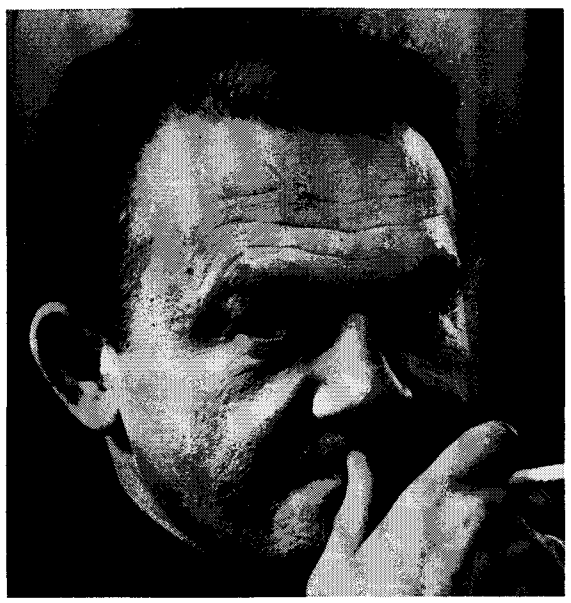
POST/FICTION

this week:

James Jones:



The Valentine

James Jones, a native of Illinois, served in the Army at Schofield Barracks, in Hawaii, and was wounded in action at Guadalcanal, where he fought for four months. In 1951 he burst spectacularly on the American literary scene with the publication of *From Here to Eternity*, which was based on his experiences of Army life. Jones's novel about bugler Private Robert E. Lee Prewitt, his buddy Angelo Maggio and First Sergeant Milton Anthony Warden was acclaimed widely and retained its stature in the motion-picture version. Jones's second novel was *Some Came Running*, a penetrating study of life in a Midwestern town; his most recent book is *The Thin Red Line*, a current best seller. Married in 1957, James Jones now resides in Paris with his wife and daughter.

Garson Kanin:

An Echo of Love

A celebrated theatrical man-of-all-talents, Garson Kanin began his career as an actor in such plays as *Three Men on a Horse* and *Boy Meets Girl*, went on to assist George Abbott with the direction of *Room Service* and *Brother Rat*, and—on his own—to direct a movie version of *They Knew What They Wanted* and other successful films. *Born Yesterday*, a play he both wrote *and* directed, brought stardom to its then-unknown leading lady, Judy Holliday. More recently he directed the Broadway production of *The Diary of Anne Frank*, a drama about the victims of Nazi persecution that scored successes all over the world. The versatile Mr. Kanin has also written an English libretto of *Die Fledermaus*, which he has directed for the Metropolitan Opera Association.

• *Turn page for James Jones's short story. An Echo of Love begins on page 42.*

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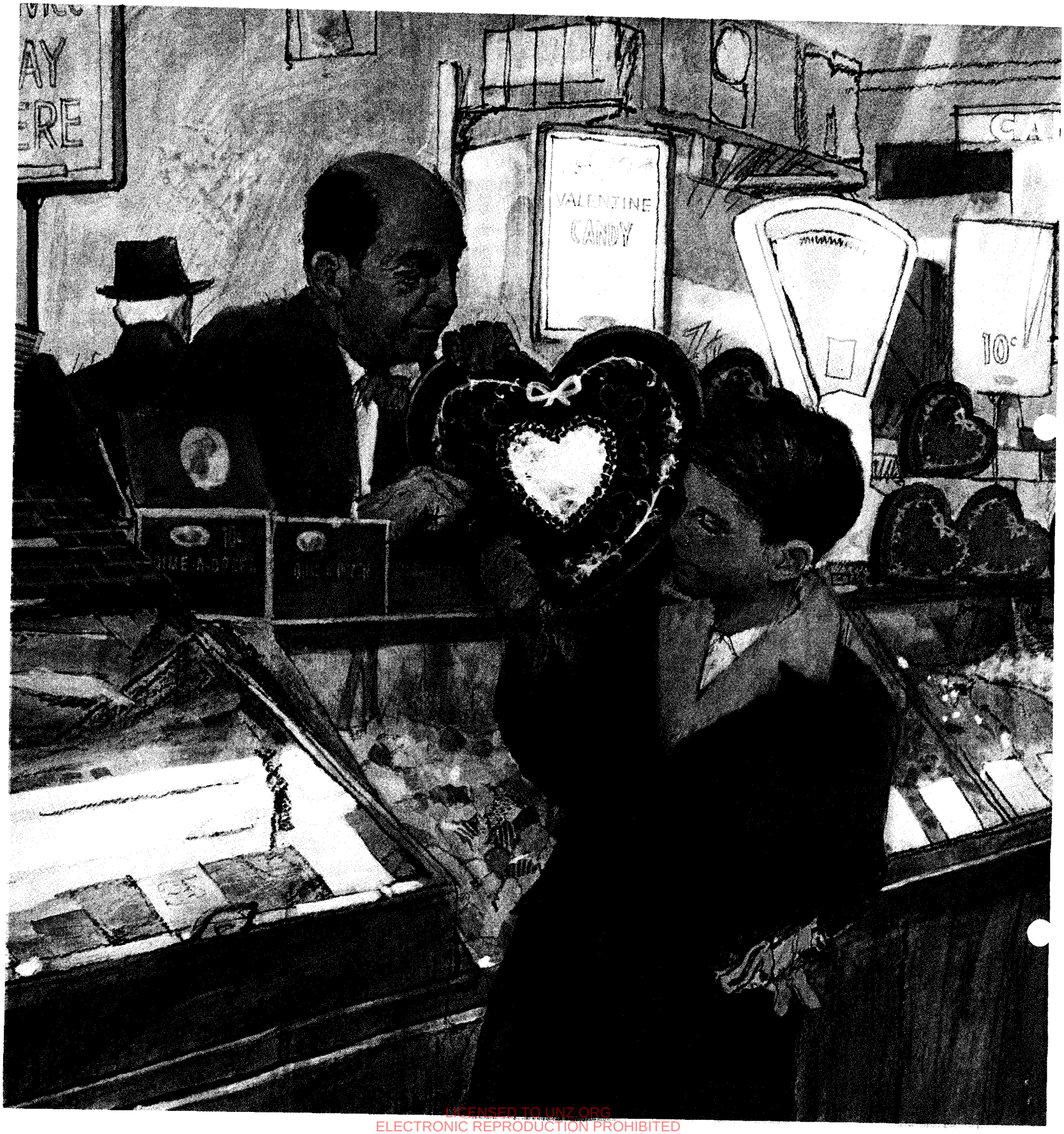
by JAMES JONES

The Valentine



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A story of a boy's most embarrassing purchase—his first gift for a girl.

John Slade had not meant for it to become such a big operation, such a production. But from the moment he had first stepped into Woolworth's with his mind made up and had gone up to the candy counter and picked out the box, that was what it seemed to become. And now, the last day before Valentine's Day, with Woolworth's ready to close in just a few minutes, everything couldn't have been worse.

In the first place, there were two other paper boys from the newsstand standing there at the candy counter. And the man behind the counter was a man he knew. He was sort of the assistant manager. He had squinchy eyes and liked to needle the kids. And the two other paper boys from the newsstand were both freshmen, while he was still only an eighth-grader. It couldn't have been a much worse situation to try and buy the box in.

And this time he couldn't go away and come back another time, as he had already done three other times during the past week when he had come in and found other people standing at the candy counter. Either he had to do it now or not do it. Unless he went somewhere else, like the drugstore, and he didn't want to do that, because he knew the box he wanted, had in fact picked it out as long as two weeks ago, and it was, for the money, which was $6.95, the best box in town—all hearts that interlocked with each other within the big heart that was the box itself, and with two small paper cupids in the center of the white paper lace in the middle of that striking, eye-stopping, deep, deep red. A really beautiful box. And if he didn't take it now, after having promised himself that he would, he felt quite strongly that there would be no way out of having to face the fact that he was afraid and a liar to himself, and a coward.

It was the first time in his life that John Slade had ever really bought anything for a girl, and he wanted so bad for it to be right, as if he had done it a thousand times. Especially since the girl herself, whose lovely beautiful name was Margaret Simpson, didn't know anything about it at all yet, and wouldn't until he handed the box to her tomorrow. He wanted it to be a surprise. And he wanted it to be a secret. As far as that went, he was forced to admit, he didn't have nerve enough to do it any other way. Because he couldn't just go up to her and mention it. She might refuse. And now ——

Some secret this would be! he thought. And he stood irresolute just inside the door in his corduroy, sheepskin-collared Mackinaw, despairing.

What did those guys have to be there for? And why did that sort of assistant manager have to be behind the counter? Any clerk in the store would have been better. Hell, he would have been better off if he'd gone ahead and bought it one of those other times when he'd chickened out. He didn't want it to be a big operation. But everybody made it that.

There wasn't any possibility of waiting those two guys out. They obviously weren't leaving, and there was less than five minutes left till closing. And he knew that Woolworth's weren't going to stay open one minute after five for any 13-year-old kid. Unless he could succeed in covering it up from the two big kids some way—and how could he do that with that loudmouth needler behind the counter?—it would mean he would take an awful lot of razzing at the newsstand for the next month or so.

ILLUSTRATION BY FRED MASON

The newsstand was a good place to work, the best of the several possible paper-carrying jobs in town, and it was not, in this town, at any rate, the kind of poor-people, low-class idea of a job that most people had of paper boys in a city, for instance. The boys who worked at the newsstand were a cross section of the whole town, from the very poorest, like Otis Cole, to the most well-off; one of the boys at the counter was a doctor's son and the other a lawyer's, and he himself was the son of a dentist. But that, just the same, did not mean they weren't capable of inflicting the most roasting kind of humiliating razzing, especially when it came to anything like girls. Sex was one thing, and it seemed that almost everybody talked about that, but when it came to girl friends and being in love! That was something else again, and you were liable to get yourself laughed and razzed right out of the back room of the newsstand in the predawn early mornings when everybody folded their papers before taking off. And if they found out about anybody buying a girl a great big heart-shaped box of candy for Valentine's Day!

In his case it would be even worse, since Margaret Simpson (gee, what a lovely, beautiful name that was) was not his girl friend and never had been, and had never had any dates with him (he had never had any dates with anyone, in fact). Margaret was known to have dated freshmen in high school and even a few sophomores this past year; but he was going to ask her for a date as soon as he gave her the box tomorrow. Still, nobody knew now that he had fallen in love with her. That would make terrific news at the newsstand, after tomorrow, and it wouldn't do him any good to deny it, although he would. It wouldn't even matter if the whole thing wasn't even true, for that matter, once the guys got the idea in their heads.

For a moment, as the seconds ticked agonizingly on toward five o'clock and the hanging moment of ultimate decision, John seriously considered the luxury of just abandoning the whole project, of just turning around and going off and forgetting the whole thing and just buying her a cheap little box someplace else. Nobody would even notice a small, cheap box. Just the idea of it was an enormous relief. But he knew he could never do it. Not after having exacted of himself a solemn, faithful promise that he would go through with it. He would never be able to trust his promises again. That was the very reason he had made himself promise. So he couldn't back out.

With a feeling of acute desolation, he took hold of himself mentally, so to speak, and placed both hands in the center of his own thin back and shoved himself slowly over to the counter as if he were shoving a friend on roller skates, and mumbled.

"What is it, boy? What is it? Speak up."

Louder, John said, "I said I want that six-ninety-five one there. How much is it?" His hand was in his pocket, nervously fingering his money, and he knew his mistake immediately and cursed himself for it. Old squinch-eye was staring down at him from across the counter with the beginning of his evil grin.

"How much is it!" the assistant manager said loudly, laughing. "You just told me yourself. It's six ninety-five. What do you mean how much is it?"

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VALENTINE

"I'll take it," John said nervously, fighting to keep his eyes looking straight at the squinchy ones. "Wrap it up." Down the counter he could see the two guys from the newsstand nudging each other.

"Yes, *sir*, Mr. Slade!" the Woolworth man grinned, his eyes squinching up even further. "Right *away*, sir!" He grinned down the counter at the other two guys. "Will there be anything else, sir?"

John tried to make it sound offhand, but he could tell his voice was shaky: "Nope. I guess that'll be all."

"Got yourself a new girl friend, hunh?" the assistant manager said loudly, as he began to wrap the box. "Man, you really must be stuck on her. Six ninety-five for a box of candy." He lowered his voice. "Want to tell me who she is?" he said slyly. The other two guys from the newsstand were sidling down the counter, grinning in that way John knew so well, since he himself had done it so many times with other guys, when they knew they had some guy in a corner. The Woolworth man winked at them.

Inspired by embarrassment, John came up with an idea. "It's not for a girl," he lied; "it's for my mother." He managed to look at old squinch-eye steadily, but his voice gave him away and he knew it. Just the same, he knew that not even these guys would dare make fun about anything as sacred as a guy's mother, so it was a good lie.

The Woolworth man seemed to be a little nonplused. There was a short pause as everybody stopped riding him and thought solemnly of their own sacred mothers. It made John think suddenly of how Catholics looked when they passed a church and stopped and crossed themselves. Then old squinch-eye, having paused respectfully, winked at the two guys and said, "Aw, come on, Johnny. You can tell us. Who is she? Really."

"Yeah, come on and tell us," one of the guys, Ted Wright, said.

"Yeah. We'll find out anyway, Slade," the other one, Hank Lewis, said, grinning.

"I told you," John said as stoutly as he could. "I ain't got a girl. This is for my mom." The box was wrapped now, but old squinch-eye was reluctant to let go of it and spoil the fun. John took the folded bills, seven dollars in all, that he had been saving out of his route (he had even made a special trip around, when he wasn't carrying, to collect some of the back bills, so he would have enough) from his pocket and extended them, and at the same time held out his other hand.

The Woolworth man passed over the package with his right hand and took the money with his left, but then he would not quite let go. His hand clung to the box of candy teasingly.

"Is she in your room?" he asked. "Is she in 8A? Come on, you can tell *us*."

"Maybe she's in 8B," one of the guys said. "Maybe she's from down in Sacktown."

"Yeah. Maybe it's one of the Linder girls," the other one grinned. "Is it one of the Linder girls, Johnny?"

"I told you," John said. "Can I have my change, please?"

Finally, reluctantly, old squinch-eye let go of the box. "Your change? A whole nickel? I'm not sure I've got that much on hand." But he turned around to the register, and then finally the ordeal was over. How could any guy get to be so mean, in just thirty years or so?

Trying hard not to walk too fast, aware of his chest rising and falling fast and his arms and legs trembling, and hoping none of it showed, John went to the door with as much dignity as he could muster up.

"We'll find out anyway, Slade," one of the guys called after him. "We'll find out anyway; tomorrow."

And they would, too. It was a threatening promise of what he could expect.

Outside, he laid the wrapped package carefully in the basket of his bike, kicked up the stand and pushed off, swinging his leg over the rear wheel. Well, to hell with them. Let them find out. Let them find out he was in love with (oh, sweet, lovely name!) Margaret Simpson. He didn't care. He was proud of it. So let them find out. They would anyway.

At home, he went straight upstairs to his own room and put the wrapped box carefully away in a drawer of his dresser, and he did not tell anybody, neither his parents nor his kid sister, about it. But that night, after supper and the radio and homework and some reading, when he went to bed, he lay with his arms behind his head and thought about it. Finally he got up and took it out and unwrapped it (He could put it in a paper bag tomorrow to keep it clean—and hidden) and looked at it. He was both excited and scared about tomorrow. He wished there *was* somebody he could talk to about it. He hoped it would be all right, and he *thought* it would. Certainly it would be the best, the most expensive valentine any girl in the class would get. That was for sure. But you couldn't be sure with Margaret. She was a pretty sophisticated girl. Love and desire for her welled up in him at the silent pronunciation of her name, and he put the box carefully away and climbed back into bed.

Actually, he had never spoken to Margaret about his feeling for her. Maybe he should have. His *love* for her, he corrected himself. (And of course there were some things he *couldn't* speak to her about. Sex thoughts. The very idea made his face feel flushed and made him feel guilty. He shouldn't even feel that about her. But then, the two things were entirely different, weren't they? They didn't really have anything to do with each other at all, did they?) His *love*, he said again. Actually, she was easily the most popular girl in the class, and had been elected most popular girl last year in seventh grade, and undoubtedly would be again this year in eighth grade, as well as being the best-looking. She wore lots of skirts and sweaters, with the sleeves pushed up, and she had the best-developed chest in 8A. Actually, she came from a very poor family, and lived in a very poor tacky little house on the far side of town. Her mother was dead and she kept house for her father and those of her five big brothers who still lived at home, which was two. Actually, she was really much better-off than that sounded, because old Mrs. Carter, who was rich and had a sort of estate right next door to Margaret's home, had taken her under her wing and paid for all her clothes and things and was going to send her to college. Also, all her five brothers were musical, as she was herself, and played instruments and had played in bands around town, and so Margaret herself had been singing with a band that one of her brothers ran, at places like the Elks Club and the Country Club, ever since she had been in sixth grade. That, right there, probably accounted for a lot of her sophistication. Everybody said she was really very talented as a singer and might have a chance to go a long way someday. Also she made excellent grades; always.

Well, he bet she had never had as expensive, or as big, a valentine as this before, even from a sophomore; and thinking about her in the warmth of the bed, under the warm covers, John rolled over and, still worried, curled himself up and went to sleep.

Once, almost two years ago, during the summer after sixth grade, he had tried to make love to another girl. This girl was two years younger than him, the same age as his kid sister, and she lived across the street and they all used to play together a lot, with all the other kids from the block. But one night, after dark, just the three of them—his sister, this girl and himself—were sitting on this girl's porch across the street. The porch light was out, so it was dark, and he and the little girl were in the swing, and his sister was in a chair not far from them. All afternoon and all evening, when they'd been playing, this little girl had been poking him and pinching him and grabbing him and tickling him and accidentally falling against him, and then giggling. He had assumed from this that she liked him and was giving him a sort of invitation, so in the swing in the dark, strangely excited, he put his arm around her and whispered to her to let him kiss her. Actually, he didn't even get his arm completely around her because she moved away from him before he could; and though she had been warm and practically rubbing herself against him, she was now suddenly cold and untouchable. Still excited, in a way he had never felt before, he slid over after her in the swing and tried again, tried several times, whispering for her to please let him kiss her, with the same result. So, knowing vaguely that this was what adults did in similar circumstances and feeling dimly that there must be some magic open-sesame in the words themselves, he whispered, "I love you." It was the first time he had ever said the words, except possibly to his mother. They did not, however, open any doors for him. The girl's reaction was forceful and immediate. "You're lovesick," she said accusingly in a voice full of contempt. "That's what you are. You're lovesick." It was a word he had never thought much about or paid any attention to, although when he heard her say it he knew it was a word he had heard before somewhere, and it was clear to him that it was a word she had learned only recently and was using, with a sense of surprised discovery, for the first time. Lovesick.

He had got up out of the swing and left the porch immediately and gone home, leaving the two girls, his sister and the other one, giggling. But instead of going into the house, where he would have had to face his parents, he had gone around behind to the vacant lot next door, where the kids of the block all played, and sat down by himself on the terraced hillside of it, filled with a strange mixture of emotions he had never felt before, but the sum total of which was bad. Very bad, and very sad, and very unhappy. And whenever he thought of the two girls giggling, he felt sick mad all over. It was a beautiful warm summer night, and the stars shimmered overhead with marvelous clarity, and even the Milky Way looked bright. Lovesick. It was like some strange and terrible new disease he had discovered in himself, and he kept saying it over and over to himself: "I'm lovesick. I'm lovesick. I'm lovesick." And he was afflicted with a sense of terrible doom that brought terror and helplessness into him through some opened gate, together with a vague but sure knowledge of forces at work in people that would inevitably, someday, destroy him.

Finally he got up and went into the house to bed, and after that he did not think about the incident often, but whenever he did it brought a sense of shame, and a flush to his face; and the terror,

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"We ain't got no complaint department, Fatso."

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diluted now, would creep back into him, and when he woke up on the morning of Valentine's Day he did not know whether he had dreamed about it during the night or whether he had thought about it just as he was dropping off to sleep, or whether it had just popped into his head for no reason as he was waking up. But he was still worried.

The alarm clock was still ringing, its luminous hands showing four-thirty in the dark, and he shut it off and switched on the light. It was always exciting. Nowhere in the silent, dark house did anything move or stir, nor were there any lights, any movement in any of the houses he could see through his windows as he dressed. Savoring the excitement he felt every morning, he dressed himself warmly—flannel shirt, two sweaters under his Mackinaw, warm socks inside his boots, knit cap down over his ears, heavy scarf—then picked up his heavy fleece-lined leather mittens and tiptoed down the stairs to the front door.

Outside it was steely cold, and the handle bars and sprocket and chain of his bike creaked when he moved them. The air burned his nose like dry ice, and when he tucked the scarf up over it and put on his goggles, his eyes were already watering. The freezing cold air flushing the last threads of sleepiness and reluctance out of his mind, he took off on his bike, giving himself joyously up to, and embracing happily, the discomfort which always made him feel important and as though he were accomplishing something, riding the bike downtown along deserted streets of darkened houses where nothing moved and people slept except for a few boys like himself, scattered across town, converging on the newsstand, where the city papers would already have been picked up off the train by the owner.

Actually, nothing disastrous happened at the newsstand that morning. He was razzed unmercifully by the two who had seen him buy the box the night before, and of course their ridicule was immediately taken up by all the others as they stood at the benches folding their papers and stuffing their paper-bags under the bare bulbs in the back room, but he kept his mouth shut and did not get mad. It was easy to do because he kept a mental picture of Margaret Simpson happily opening the box in the front of his mind, as a shield. Nobody could touch him when he thought of that. Anyway, folding the papers and stacking them took only ten or fifteen minutes, and then the paper boys were outside and separated, spreading out across the town, and he was by himself again, free to enjoy again the physical discomfort that he suffered not only because of the money it made him but because it made him feel he was strong and had will power, and also free to dwell upon, and to worry in nervous excitement over, the valentine and his happy picture of Margaret, as he made his route. Then it was back home for breakfast and to change for school.

As he was dressing, and as his excitement mounted to almost unbearably unpleasant heights as the time slid away, he almost decided to drop the whole thing. He could leave the box right here in his drawer and gradually eat the candy up himself. But once again his ironbound promise to himself, which it was against his private rules to break, would not let him, and sustained him; that and his happy picture of Margaret Simpson's face, warm and loving as she opened up his box, and the natural sequence which automatically followed: of him telling her how much he adored her, and always had, and her warm understanding of his adoration, and then his hands touching her. When he took the box downstairs, hidden in the paper bag, and his mother asked him what it was, he told her it was only a couple of books he was taking back.

On the way to school, as the other kids converged, it was harder to say that. He knew, of course, that the moment would come (it seemed to be rushing down on him swiftly, in fact, like a freight train) when it would have to be made public, when there would be no avoiding saying what it was, or who it was for. So, gradually he was forced back to saying simply, "Aw, nothing," or "Nothing that would interest *you*." Everybody, of course, knew by now that it was a valentine.

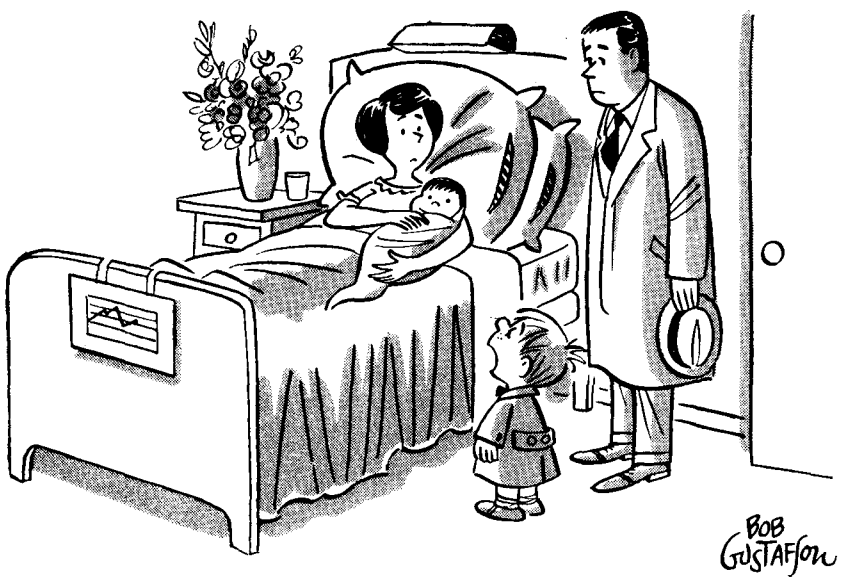
There were several valentines on his own desk in the 8A room when he got there, two of them from girls in the back of the room who thought they were stuck on him but whom he didn't like because they both came from Sacktown and were poor, and not very smart, and often not even very clean. These valentines he opened and looked at, in a kind of daze, hardly even seeing them, and then put them down. Then, painfully aware that he was being watched, he carefully pulled the big box out of its paper bag and laid it on his desk. Big—it was huge! It looked monstrous to him. He had attached a little card which said: *To Margaret, with love, John Slade.* He stared at that awhile. It had cost him deeply in pride and fear to even dare to write it. That word. But he couldn't stare at the envelope forever. Margaret Simpson had not yet come into the room, and the bell wouldn't ring for three and a half minutes. Abruptly, suddenly, he knew he couldn't stand it, just could not wait any longer; he hadn't made a promise to himself he would *hand* it to her, had he? And besides, if he waited to give it to her himself, the way he was now he wouldn't be able to say a word, not a single solitary damned word. Panic had enveloped him. He wanted only to be out of sight of everyone. The valentines on his own desk had given him an idea. Jerkily, cursing himself for looking so foolish, he picked up the box and walked across the room with it and laid it on Margaret Simpson's desk, and then went out into the cloakroom pretending that he had forgotten something in his overcoat.

There was a little buzz, sort of, that he could hear from the cloakroom, and when he peeked around the door there were several kids standing around her desk looking at it, admiring it maybe. He stayed in the cloakroom. How he could manage to stay three whole minutes in the cloakroom he didn't know, and once, as a subterfuge, he went back in to his desk and got some things out of it, pretending he wanted to put them in his coat to take home.

Then, finally, one minute before the bell would ring, Margaret Simpson came into the cloakroom with two boys who were on the grade-school varsity basketball team, and they hung up their coats and went inside. He pretended to be busy with his own coat and did not look at them. Completely demoralized now, no longer able to control what he did, he sneaked to the door and stuck the top half of his head around it, grinning foolishly. Margaret Simpson was just showing the card, his card, to the two boys. She said something he could not hear, and then laughed and gestured with her head toward the cloakroom where he was hiding, and the two boys laughed. Then she looked down at the big red box with amusement.

He had seen enough and he jerked his head back and crept back to his own coat, pretending to himself he had to get something out of the pocket. But then he leaned his face against his coat sickly and shut his eyes, trying to shut out not only the light but his own existence too. He put his hand in the pocket of the coat so that it would look like he was hunting for something in case anybody came in. When the bell rang, how could he ever go back in there? How could he possibly? Sickness ran all through him, all over him, in long waves. And everybody had seen him peeking around the doorjamb like a silly idiot. He had ruined it. He'd messed it all up. He should have made himself stay and hand it to her. Then it would have been all right. He stood that way, clenching and unclenching his fists, knowing the bell would ring, listening for it.

When the bell rang, he forced himself to walk to the door and to his desk. He sat down, trying hard not to look at anybody. Before the bell rang again, he would have to sit at that desk for fifty whole minutes of his life. **THE END**



"Is it a girl or bunk beds?"

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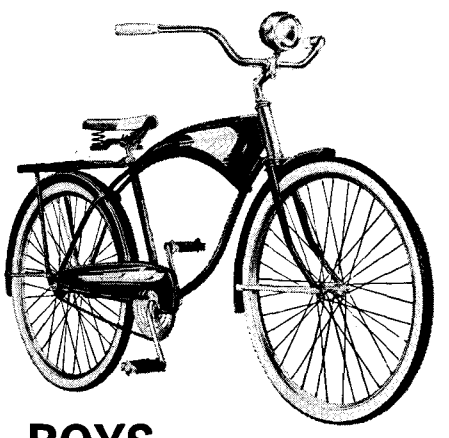

BOYS . . .

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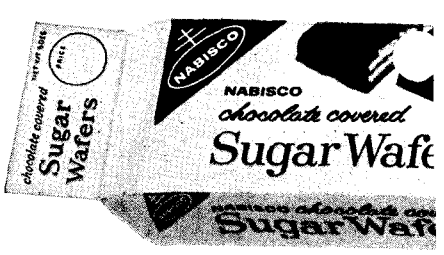
CHOCOLATE COVERED SUGAR "big" on chocolate yumm two munchy layers of drea drenched in everybody's fa



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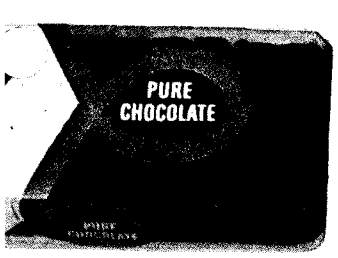

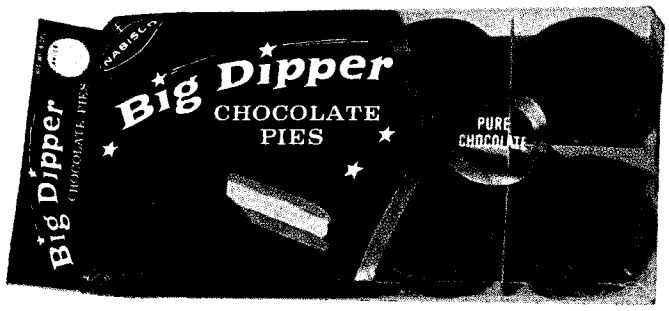

CHOCOLATE LOVERS: look for the packages with the Golden Swirl.

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by GARSON KANIN

AN ECHO OF LOVE

Had it come too late? Was she too beautiful . . . and too young?

He stood by the window of the sitting room of his suite and looked down at the bug-people scurrying along Fifth Avenue. It was lunchtime, and the fact that he was still in pajamas and robe made him feel guilty. His breakfast—a pot of coffee—waited on the low table in front of the sofa. A copy of *The New York Times* and a tray holding his morning mail lay beside it. He glanced at the table and considered diving into the day. Not yet. He looked down into the street again.

"The public," he said aloud. "Bless 'em."

He poured a cup of coffee and settled easily into his morning routine: spreading the newspaper on the floor, sitting on the sofa's edge, turning the pages of the paper with his left hand and torturing his tongue with hot coffee from the cup in his right hand. A name, his name, sprang up. WESLEY PRIEST. He read:

Theater Tonight

"ON WITH THE NEW," a comedy by Wesley Priest. Presented by Hal Evers. With Joe Blake, Amanda Storrs, Susan Olefen, Blane Thomas and Girard Jeffers. Directed by Joseph Pulaski. Settings and costumes by Rene Lemaitre. Curtain at 7:45 P.M. Cort Theater, West 48th Street.

The announcement made it seem irrevocable. A perverse part of his brain had hoped, through the fitful night, that something might happen to stave off the event: illness, death, a fire, some thoughtful act of God.

He flipped through his mail. No phone messages. With his hand over his eyes, he organized his day.

Lunch with his ex-wife at 1:30. Leave here at 1:15. Lunch. An hour? More. She would be late. Make an appointment for three o'clock. Escape. Back here to dictate opening-night wires to Mrs. Donnell? Hold it. What time was the final run-through? Three. Perfect. Frances would have to understand that. Then the wires? No. Florist first. Then the wires. Ask Mrs. Donnell to stand by for last-minutes. Ask her to dinner. Here? No. A good, noisy, impersonal place. Frankie and Johnnie's. Yes. Reservation. Last great steak for some time to come. Be sure to reach the theater by seven.

A boat whistle sounded mightily, reverberating across Manhattan. Wesley smiled as he congratulated himself on his plan.

Out there on the Hudson his luggage was already aboard the *Queen Mary*. After tonight's performance he would thank the cast, the director and the management and go directly to the ship, which would sail at midnight. He had insisted upon a Saturday-night opening so that no reviews would be available until Sunday night, by which time he would be breathing pure sea air as he sped farther and farther away from the point of tension. Whatever the verdict, it would seem less important out there.

He felt strong and in command as he went into the bathroom and began to prepare for the day.

Shaving turned out to be a problem, because his hands were shaking. He felt perfectly calm. Why, then, were his hands shaking? He spoke sharply to his face in the mirror—"Cut it out!"—and went on trying to shave.

He reviewed—not for the first time this week—the situation. This would be his ninth Broadway opening. Until now he had had one smash, two successes, one so-so and four failures. Not a bad record, better than most; but tonight's play was in a new key, and the question was: Would they take it from him? At 51 he was telling his first love story. Why not? He thought of his play, felt its strength and stopped shaking.

He was on his second tomato juice when Frances arrived. He glanced at his watch, and at her, but said nothing.

"Sorry," she said. "I'm in the middle of a nightmare day."

"Aren't we all?"

She kissed his cheek briefly and sat down. "What's that? A Bloody Mary?"

"No, just plain."

"Oh, Lord! Not again!"

The waiter approached. "Vodka Martini," she ordered. "Double."

"Why not triple?" Wesley suggested.

Frances dismissed the waiter with a look and pointed her lighted cigarette at him. "Don't rag me, Wes. Not today. I'm in no mood."

"You're in *quite* a mood, far as I can see."

"I know your trouble. Opening night and all that. You have to wait till Monday morning to find out whether you're a genius or a bum. Poor boy! It's a strain, and I feel for you. Only don't take it out on me with those ever-so-sly jokes."

"Well, it's no compliment to me that you start banging on double Martinis the minute you see me for the first time in—what?—four months?"

"Five."

"Five, then. And considering you've had one or two already."

"My, what a long nose you have, Grandma!"

"Yeah."

Frances giggled. "That damned chlorophyll chewing gum doesn't fool you, does it?"

The waiter served her drink, took her order. While Wesley ordered, she finished the drink and tapped her glass. "One more."

Illustration by Joe De Mers

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ECHO

Wesley stared at her.

"Single," she added.

"See?" Wesley said as the waiter left. "You should have taken the triple."

"Why, dear?" she asked archly. "Is it cheaper that way?" He blushed and tried to smile when her drink was served.

"How do you feel about tonight?" she asked.

"The usual willies. It's a good play, though. And a good show."

"I heard you were very large in Washington."

"Yes," he said. "Philly too."

"Well, then?"

"Doesn't seem to count anymore. Out-of-town fuss. Anything can happen."

Lunch was served. "I need an extra ticket, by the way," Frances said.

"No," Wesley said.

"I need it."

"I got you three," he reminded her.

"It's for my third beau," she said, winking. "Wait till you see us."

"Question: Are you really going to my opening with three escorts?"

"Why not?" She shrugged. "Kicks, I suppose. Break the monotony. I may as well say it, lad; that's one thing I never knew with you."

They ate in silence for a while.

"What's with you?" she asked. "Got a girl?"

"No."

"What happened to You Know?"

"Well," he said. "You know."

She laughed, but stopped abruptly. "Poor guy. I'm sorry for you. You don't believe that, but I am, truly."

"Don't be."

"We none of us ever make it with you, do we? Never have. Never will."

"All right, Fra." His upper lip glistened with sudden moisture.

"Because we're all competing with Miss Perfect."

There were tears in her eyes. "Emotional release," she said. "Best thing in the world for the digestion."

She began to talk about her plans for a winter holiday. He nodded and made occasional sounds, but his mind was in another time, another place. . . .

. . . Miss Perfect. No. Miss Barr. Rebecca.

He was 26, she a few years younger. They were employed by Columbia Pictures in Hollywood. He was a junior writer; she, a contract player. The art and business of films consumed their lives: stories and scripts and previews and options and tests and gossip and the Big Chance that lay a day ahead.

Rebecca Barr was unique. "A young Irene Dunne" was the casting director's quick label, but Wesley could not see it. Rebecca had her own sort of distinction. She reflected the joy and, at the same time, the terror of living. Every moment was of consequence to Rebecca, every person, place, thing. She was never bored, never boring. She had soaring ambition and poetic legs; an unmistakable, unforgettable laugh and a sense of wonder. Wesley loved her. She accepted his love humbly and with respect but made it clear that she could not, or would not, return it. He wooed her gently and waited. Her eyes —— You felt as though you could walk right into them. . . .

". . . Wes!"

It was Frances's voice. She went on. "Do you honestly think you fool me with all that automatic nodding and that ugly grunting? I know when you're not listening."

"Would you like me to repeat everything you just said?"

"No, thanks. I've just heard it."

He spoke softly. "Fra?"

"What?"

"I'll get you that extra ticket."

"I knew you would, honey."

"And I have to go. Run-through."

"Drop me?"

"Sure. . . . Check, please!"

He sat in the dark, almost-empty auditorium, watching the final run-through of his play. Without makeup and costumes it had an air of unreality; further, the director had told the company to accelerate the pace. "The audience'll slow you down tonight," he said.

The sound from the stage faded in Wesley's ears; the action became a kaleidoscope. He took advantage of the interlude to think.

Was Frances right? Was he doomed forever to fail with women because of Rebecca? Had he idealized her out of proportion to reality? The truth was that he and Rebecca had been the closest of friends, nothing more. But almost, once. . . .

. . . Arrowhead Springs. The enormous new hotel had just opened, and one of the studio heads had invited 40 of his employees to a weekend party. Wesley and Rebecca had driven up together.

The company-party mood embarrassed them both, and amid the planned gaiety of the second evening they escaped, separately. Wesley overtook her by chance in the woods, half a mile from the hotel.

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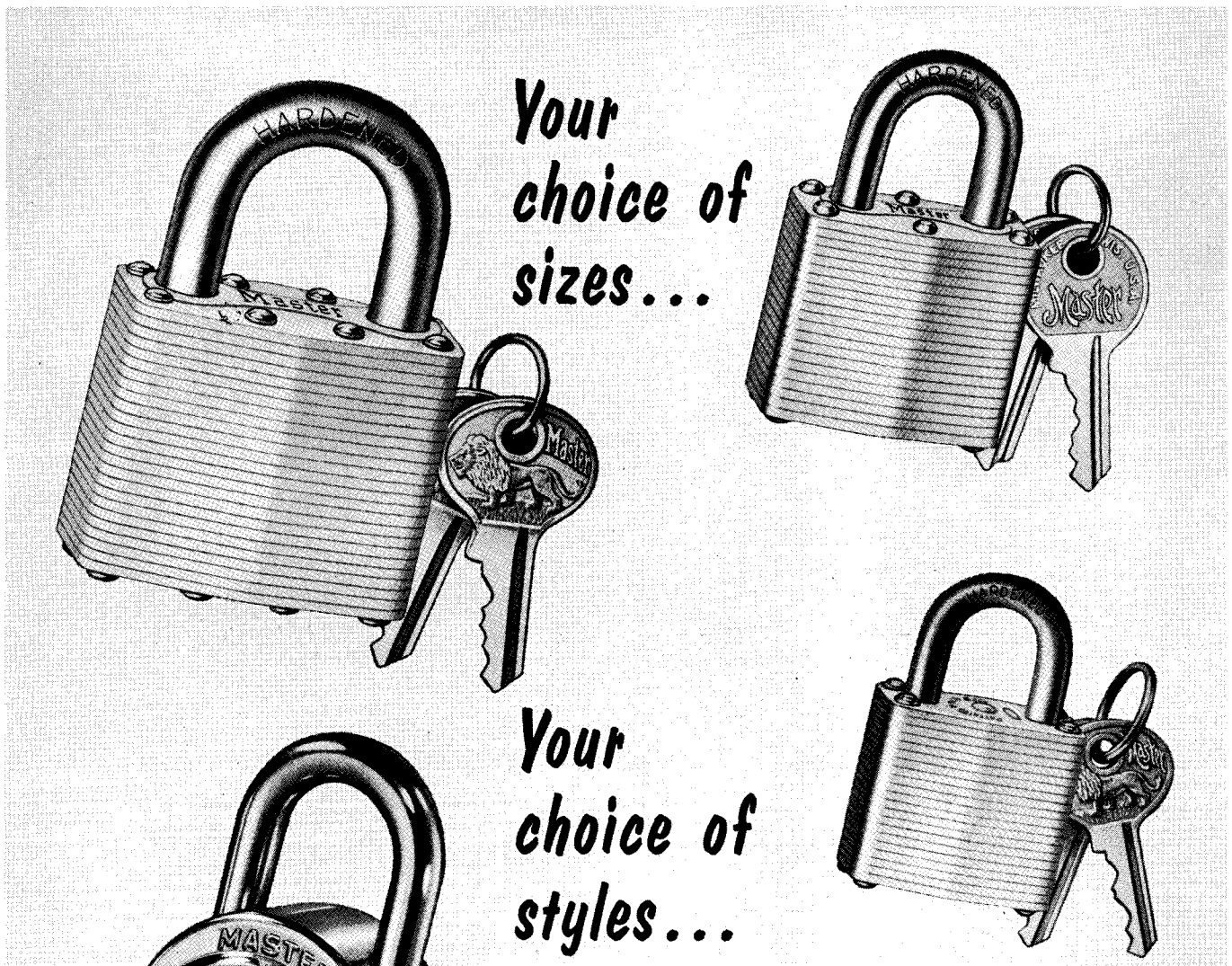

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She turned when she heard his footsteps behind her, and he stopped.

"I hate being followed," she said testily.

"I swear," he said. "I had no idea."

"Sorry. I believe you." She held out her hand. He took it, and they continued the walk together.

"I'm one big exposed nerve tonight," she said. "What about this occasion? It's humiliating."

"Exhausting. Everybody's knocked out trying to show him what a good time they're having."

"I'm glad you turned up," she said. "They say there are bears out here."

"Bears out here and wolves back there. You dazzlers lead one hell of a life."

"How come *you* sneaked out?" she asked. "Don't you care if your option gets picked up?"

"I'll never be missed," he said. "Not in that powerhouse clan."

She shivered. "We'd better go back. This damp."

"Here." He slipped off his jacket and put it on her. She spun gracefully, modeling it, and said, "We ought to live together. We could wear each other's clothes."

"I'm game."

She took his arm and held it tightly with both her hands as they walked back to the hotel.

"You're my best friend, Wes. A beguiling fella. I count on you."

He was grateful for the darkness that masked his instantly perspiring face.

She went on. "Don't think I don't think about it. I do. There are times I want it to be. But you're a serious guy, and I wouldn't dent you for the world."

"I think we should go to bed together and see what *that* tells us."

"I've considered that. But it would only make things worse."

"All right, then. Let's get married. And that's my final offer."

"I can't joke about it, Wes. It means too much. I'm flattered. And touched."

"But?"

"But."

"Give me one reason."

"No. Because the best thing in my life out here is your friendship, and if I told you—we wouldn't be friends anymore."

They had reached the hotel. She said, "Come on up to 732 in ten minutes."

"Gladly."

"Big Chief sent up a bottle of champagne. In a bucket. And just one glass."

"I'll have mine out of a toothbrush mug," he said. "Or out of your sneaker."

He went to his room, undressed, showered, put on fresh clothes and made his way to 732. He noticed that the room had taken on her personality. It was imaginatively arranged. A rare scent pervaded it. The flowers were artfully set. The lighting was soft and restful.

Rebecca pointed to a huge armchair. "That's where I planned for you to sit."

"I will if you promise to dolly in for a close-up once in a while."

She tossed a pillow to the floor. "I'll sit here," she said. "Will you open the champagne or shall I?"

"I've never opened a bottle of champagne in my life," he said. "Is that why you won't marry me?"

"Not exactly."

She went to the champagne bucket. He rose, went to her, turned her firmly and kissed her.

"Thank you," she said softly. "I enjoyed that. Now let me do the champagne."

They drank, and smoked, and talked in the open, intimate way they had found. Yes, he thought. This is the time. He made careful, practical plans.

They shared the sense of belonging together. Among all those who peopled this vast, remote hotel tonight, there was no one else for either of them. They shared interests, intentions and standards.

They had both begun in the theater, both hoped to return to it someday. His first play had failed, but his promise as a playwright had been noted by important critics. It had led to this job, which he would have turned down if he had been able to afford to. He had planned to write his second play on evenings and weekends, layoffs and holidays—but it had not worked out. The studio work was consuming and interesting, and his second play remained in notebook form for four years. It might never have been written at all if he had not been drafted early in 1941. When he was released from the Army in 1946 he had three plays in his footlocker. The second of these was his smash—but that night at Arrowhead Springs, the event which was to germinate the idea lay imbedded in the future.

Rebecca was saying, "You see, the trouble with me is ——"

"Cut!" he interrupted. "I never let anybody finish that particular sentence."

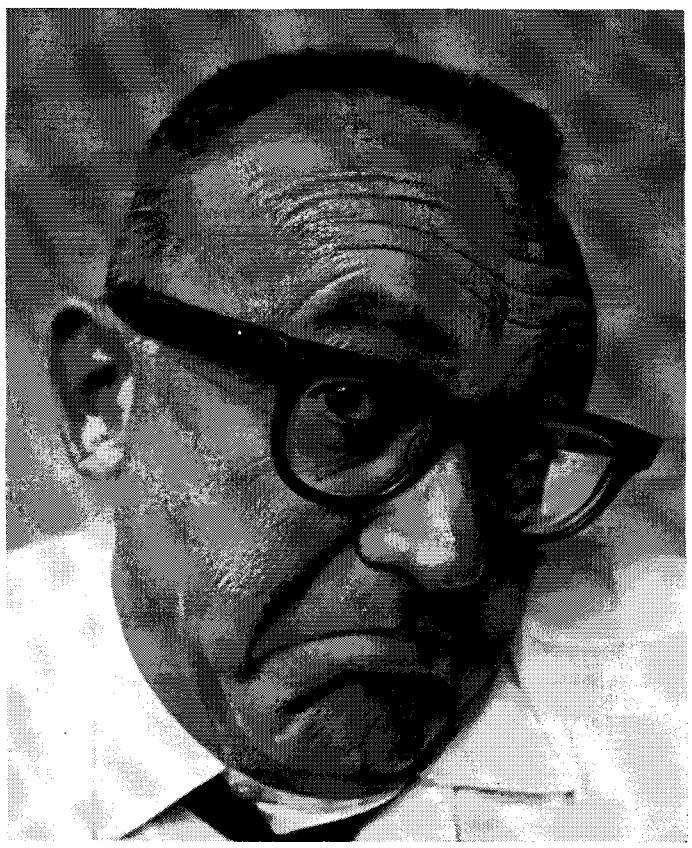
"Why not?"

"Always devious."

"Not this time."

"All right. I'll make an exception in your case, lady, because I'm hopelessly in love with you. I mean hopefully."

"The trouble with me is I'm a damn snob."



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WITHOUT PROFITS, all our nation's research and development on new and improved products would falter. In fact, practically every product your family uses owes its existence to profits. And every one of the 68½ million jobs in the country – public or private – is dependent on profits.

SO WHEN YOU'RE TALKING about our nation's economic growth and welfare, profit is not just a **part** of the system, it is the very **foundation** of the entire American economy. You simply can't have one without the other.

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Where water shortage cost 4000 new jobs

Once Bloomington, Indiana, was water starved. Its hopes for growth were wilting. Indiana University foresaw curtailment of its vast expansion program unless water was made abundant. Bloomington watched 4000 new jobs go to cities without water shortage. Here's what townspeople did to make water plentiful.

For most of the first half of this century, Bloomington lived without enough water.

At times Leonard Springs—sole water source—was so dry residents could walk across it. Another reservoir built in the twenties was soon outgrown. During the worst dry spells, patrolling "vigilantes" enforced sprinkling and car washing bans. Other times, pressure fell so low that residents who hadn't stored water went without. During a prolonged dry spell, fire insurance rates rose as much as 42% overnight because of increased risk. One man remembers lying in pain while nurses tried to find water enough to prepare him for surgery.

In one way or another, Bloomington's continuing water crisis affected the life of every one of her citizens.

The cost of too little water

Indiana University long has been Bloomington's leading "industry" and largest water user. University enrollment today numbers 17,800, about half the city's present population. By 1970, experts predict, campus population will double.

Yet, not too many years ago, University administrators reluctantly were thinking about other locations to expand—locations where there would be no water worry.

Bloomington was faced with the possibility of eventually losing the heart of its economy.

Water problems already had cost the city incalculable economic loss. During the forties, industries, attracted by its ideal geographical location and excellent labor force, came to Bloomington to choose new plant sites. A rubber company, a foundry, a metals processor, and a paint manufacturer in turn learned the water shortage facts—and built elsewhere. *Cost to Bloomington:* 4000 needed new jobs and substantial new tax revenues.

The time to act

Community leaders campaigned to bring the need for action before city residents. They presented plans for a new reservoir and an expanded waterworks. They asked for—and got—approval of a 3¼ million dollar revenue bond issue, to be repaid out of the water department's income.

Completed in 1955, the new reservoir ended the city's long history of water shortage. Even though the city now uses approximately five million gallons of water a day, there is plenty for everyone. In fact, there is enough water for everyone in the next 100 years.

Since Bloomington residents stopped their water famine, the city has acquired two major employers—an electrical appliance manufacturer, and an electrical equipment company. Another firm has expanded its facilities to make it the world's largest color television manufacturing plant. Today, Bloomington is annexing adjacent areas steadily—and industrial growth provides strong economic footing.

With water to grow, the University has a building boom of its own in Bloomington and plans still more expansion. Today the city offers its outstanding location with excellent labor *and* unlimited water for new industry to use.

The water problem at Bloomington is ended.

What's it like where you live?

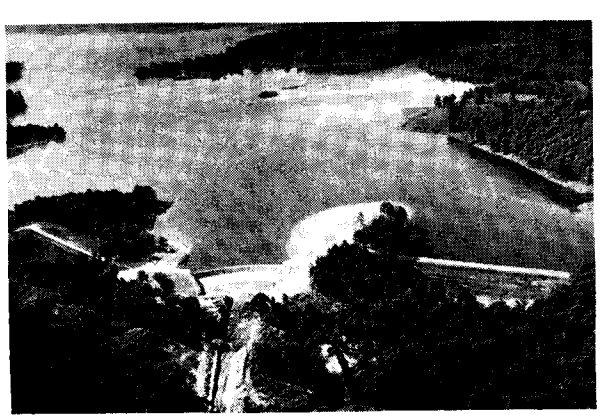
Water shortages are not limited to areas where rainfall is scarce. Even where it is plentiful, pollution can make it worthless. Or it may run off uselessly because the land has not been shaped to retain it. Yet, by 1980, we will need, as a nation, over twice as much water as we are using today.

The water problem is one that must be attacked and solved community by community—by men and women with the same foresight and energy as shown in Bloomington. Is someone doing the job where you live? If not, maybe it's time you took a hand. A good first step to understanding is our book, "Water Crisis, U. S. A." For a copy, write to Dept. N, Caterpillar Tractor Co., Peoria, Illinois, U. S. A.

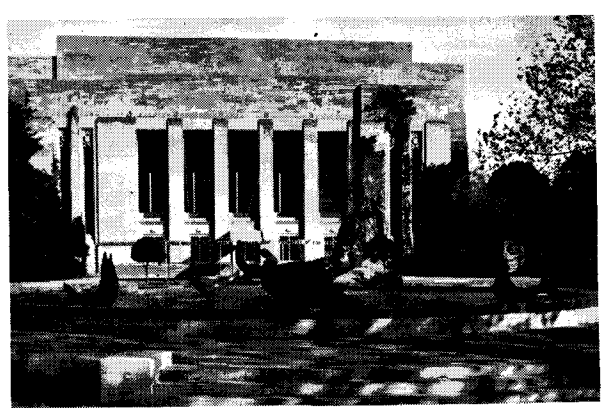
CATERPILLAR

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

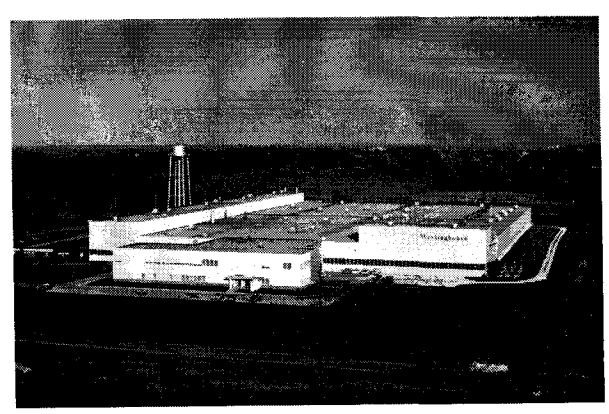
MACHINES THAT BUILD FOR A GROWING AMERICA



Completed in 1955, Lake Lemon reservoir added 5½ billion gallon water capacity to Bloomington, ended water shortage for "at least 100 years." Lake Lemon covers 1600 acres, is fed by 75 square miles of watershed area on Bean Blossom Creek.



Indiana University is city's largest "industry" and water consumer. Businessmen estimate that I. U. faculty, students and employees account for about $50 million annually in goods and services purchased in the city of Bloomington and immediate area.



Westinghouse, manufacturer of electrical equipment, came to Bloomington after water problem ended. "The ideal place for us," according to S. J. Merriman, Division General Manager. Without adequate water, plant would have located elsewhere.

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ECHO

"I've never noticed it," he said, "and my hobby is noticing things about you."

"Part of it comes of being scared, I suppose. For all my noise, I think there's a good chance I'll never get very far on my own. That's why I feel the need to hang onto the up-theres."

"Why not the going-to-be-up-theres? Like me."

"Look at the ones I've been hooked up with so far. You know the list."

"Sure. I go over it every night before I go to sleep—planning murders."

"I don't admire myself. I'd change if I could."

"What is it you're saying? That I'm not important enough?"

"Well, you put it ——" she paused.

"Crudely?" he suggested.

"No, but 'important' isn't what I mean."

"Dough?"

"It's some that, yes. I have expensive tastes."

"So if I were rich and up there, you'd love me."

"No, because if you were rich and up there you wouldn't be you."

He closed his eyes and gave his head a violent shake. "Put away those loaded dice. And give me another drink."

Pouring it, she said, "I know what I feel, but I can't put it into words."

"I can," he said.

"Of course. You're a writer."

"The words are 'bunk,' 'nonsense' and 'poppycock.' Also 'fiddlesticks.'"

She handed him his glass. "No. It's me—my weakness. My brother says I'm a product of my horrible upbringing. He says it's my mother's fault."

"Proposition," Wesley said. "Let's have a glorious love affair while I get rich and up there—and if I don't ——"

"Yes?"

"You get a refund."

"Oh, Wes!" she said.

Their talk ended there. He decided later that jesting had been a mistake.

He had gone on to middling success as a screenwriter. She had become mired in supporting roles. They had remained close friends, but neither his position nor her aim changed appreciably.

A few weeks after he began his military service she wrote him about her marriage. The man, a Bostonian, was chairman of the board of the largest banking institution in New England, specializing in motion-picture finance. He was often in the news as a possible gubernatorial candidate. Thus overnight Rebecca outranked even studio heads and their wives. It meant a good deal to her when she and her husband visited California. At other times she dwelt in that exclusive world beyond the world. Wesley often came upon her photograph in *Vogue*, *Harper's Bazaar* or *The Illustrated London News*. She grew more attractive to him through the years and still played the leading part in his fantasies of a somehow future.

A few months after his first success he married Frances, who resembled Rebecca in form and spirit. Frances knew and did what she could to deepen the resemblance, but, the closer she came, the more poignantly was Wesley reminded of his failure. Still the marriage lumbered on, collapsing only after 14 years under the weight of pretense and fatigue. . . .

. . . Applause. The run-through was over. The players took their rehearsed curtain calls and gathered on the stage to hear the director's final comments.

The producer approached Wesley as he stood putting on his overcoat. "Well, boyo," he said, "too late to get out of it now, what? Can I say one thing?"

"You bet, Hal," Wesley said.

"I've got no qualms. Not a one."

"All right," Wesley said. "I'll give you one of mine."

They shook hands, and Wesley left. Later, he dressed and had dinner with his secretary at Frankie and Johnnie's.

Mrs. Donnell was an attractive French widow of 40. Her husband had died shortly after he brought her, a war bride, to America, leaving her with an almost compulsive need to work; she seemed unhappy only when unoccupied. With her, Wesley discussed plans for meeting again in Paris in the course of the coming weeks.

"But before," she said, "shall I phone you the reviews on Monday to the ship? Or Sunday if I know something?"

"Send them airmail-special to Claridge's," he said. "But just the good ones."

"That will be everything." She saluted him with her wine glass. "I feel it."

"Remind me to give you a raise."

"Very well." She took a notebook from her handbag and made a note, mumbling, "Remind W. P. give N. D. substantial raise."

Before leaving for the theater he swallowed two pills, tranquilizers. His doctor had advised them, provided he had nothing to drink, but in deference to Mrs. Donnell he had ordered a bottle of wine and consumed half of it. The combined effect of the wine and pills detached him from the evening, and he spent most of it at the back of the house, watching Frances and her three escorts from the moment they entered until, at the end, they sat applauding enthusiastically.

He forgot even the critics. Mrs. Donnell brought him, periodically, what seemed to add up to 30 glasses of water, and he spent a good part of the second act in the men's room.

The backstage crush afterward was familiar, as though it were a rehearsed part of the evening. "Darling!" Overpraise. "Baby!" An embrace. "Darling." Whispers. And one worried face.

In the taxi on the way to the pier he asked Mrs. Donnell, "What did you think—no kidding?"

"The best performance. The best audience."

"But you didn't see much of it, did you, Gunga Din?"

"Pardon?"

"Water boy. Joke."

"But each time you looked at me you have made a motion—so—for drinking."

"Is that why you kept pouring water down me?"

"Of course."

"I meant, 'Let's go out and get a drink.'"

"I'm sorry for my sign language so poor. But why then did you keep on drinking the water?"

"I couldn't think of anything else to do with it."

They laughed for three blocks. He thought her remarkably attractive. The best secretary he had ever had, by far. The day he found her she had been one of nine candidates. He had been working on an adaptation of a French play, and the agency had sent over all available bilingual secretaries. He had chosen Nicole Donnell by instinct. Neither her résumé nor her interview personality was impressive, but he had felt relaxed only with her. A lucky day, he reflected. She was now an indispensable part of his life. He took her hand.

"Thanks for everything," he said. "All of a sudden I wish I weren't going."

"Don't then. Take the stateroom luggage off—and, in the hold, one trunk—nothing you need. They would return it as unaccompanied baggage, free."

He let go of her hand. "Don't encourage me," he said. "I'm weak as water."

She saw him to his cabin, a spacious one on main deck, gave his steward a list of instructions and checked the passenger list. "No one," she said happily.

He walked her back to the gangplank, kissed her on each cheek and put his arms about her. A ritual. But this time, for the first time, he was aware of her breasts against his chest. As he let go of her she smiled, and they kissed again. While it was in progress, he realized not only that it was thrilling but that he had not kissed anyone in many months, and that this was the first time he had ever really kissed Mrs. Donnell, who had been with him for seven years. The kiss ended.

"Bon voyage," Mrs. Donnell said, and left the ship. At the bottom of the gangplank she turned and waved.

Wesley made his way to the smoking room, his favorite bar of the many on this ship. He had postponed reading the current weekly publications and Mrs. Donnell had provided him with a large envelope containing everything he usually read. He ordered an especially prepared bourbon old-fashioned, skimmed through *Variety* until sailing time and then went up to the sun deck and watched Manhattan Island recede. It seemed glamorous all over again, the heart of his world, and he had to remind himself that he was doing what he had chosen to do in order to keep from sinking into despair.

He reviewed the curious farewell he had shared with Mrs. Donnell. Tension, no doubt. Opening-night excitement. Overemotional. But it had never happened before. He gave up as the Statue of Liberty waved good-bye.

The air of the open deck had chilled him. He returned to the bar and continued to drink, switching to hot whiskeys. They were especially pleasant and efficacious, and by 1:30 A.M. he felt cured of his chill and of all other ills as well.

He engaged the smoking-room steward in a long conversation about the time changes which were made thrice daily—a 20-minute advance each time—and realized contentedly that he would not know the correct time anywhere until the ship reached Southampton. Then he remembered that Mrs. Donnell had provided him with an extra watch for his left wrist which was to remain set at New York time. She's getting officious, he thought. There's such a thing as being overorganized. She went too far sometimes, like putting those laxatives in his medicine case. Hell. He saw that he was the only one left in the smoking room. He finished his drink hurriedly, got up feeling lightheaded, overtipped the steward and went to his cabin.

The cabin steward had followed Mrs. Donnell's instructions, and the room was prepared to suit Wesley's habits. A bottle of Malvern Water on the night table. A pad and three pencils. The book he was reading, James Joyce's *Ulysses*, and beside it a copy of Rolf Loehrich's *Secret of Ulysses* and a dictionary. Two pairs of pajamas—one heavy, one light; dressing gown, slippers—everything in place, including the Dramamine and sleeping pills on a piece of pink paper on which was typewritten, "IMPORTANT. DO NOT TAKE IF ALCOHOL HAS BEEN CONSUMED. IMPORTANT." Defiantly he took two sleeping pills, undressed, put on neither pair of pajamas, crawled into bed, and sank into deep, cavernous sleep.

He awoke with a hangover. Someone had opened one of the portholes. The sea air was bracing, but his head —— He rang, and soon the steward appeared bearing a tray on which stood a pot of coffee, a glass of tomato juice, a bottle of Worcestershire sauce, a vial of Alka-Seltzer and a tall glass of water.

"Good morning, sir. Lovely morning."

"What's all this?"

"Special instructions, sir. All in order?"

"OK. What's your name, by the way?"

"Peacock, sir."

Peacock placed the tray beside Wesley, picked up the Worcestershire sauce, poured a teaspoonful and offered it. Wesley gulped. Peacock shook a few streams of the sauce into the tomato juice and, as Wesley drank, poured a cup of coffee, and left the cabin.

Wesley felt better at once. He finished the coffee and showered: hot, warm, cold. When he came out he found Peacock preparing the Alka-Seltzer. Everything he wanted had been transferred to the night table by the bed he had not slept in. He got into the fresh bed and took the fizzing glass from Peacock, who went out and

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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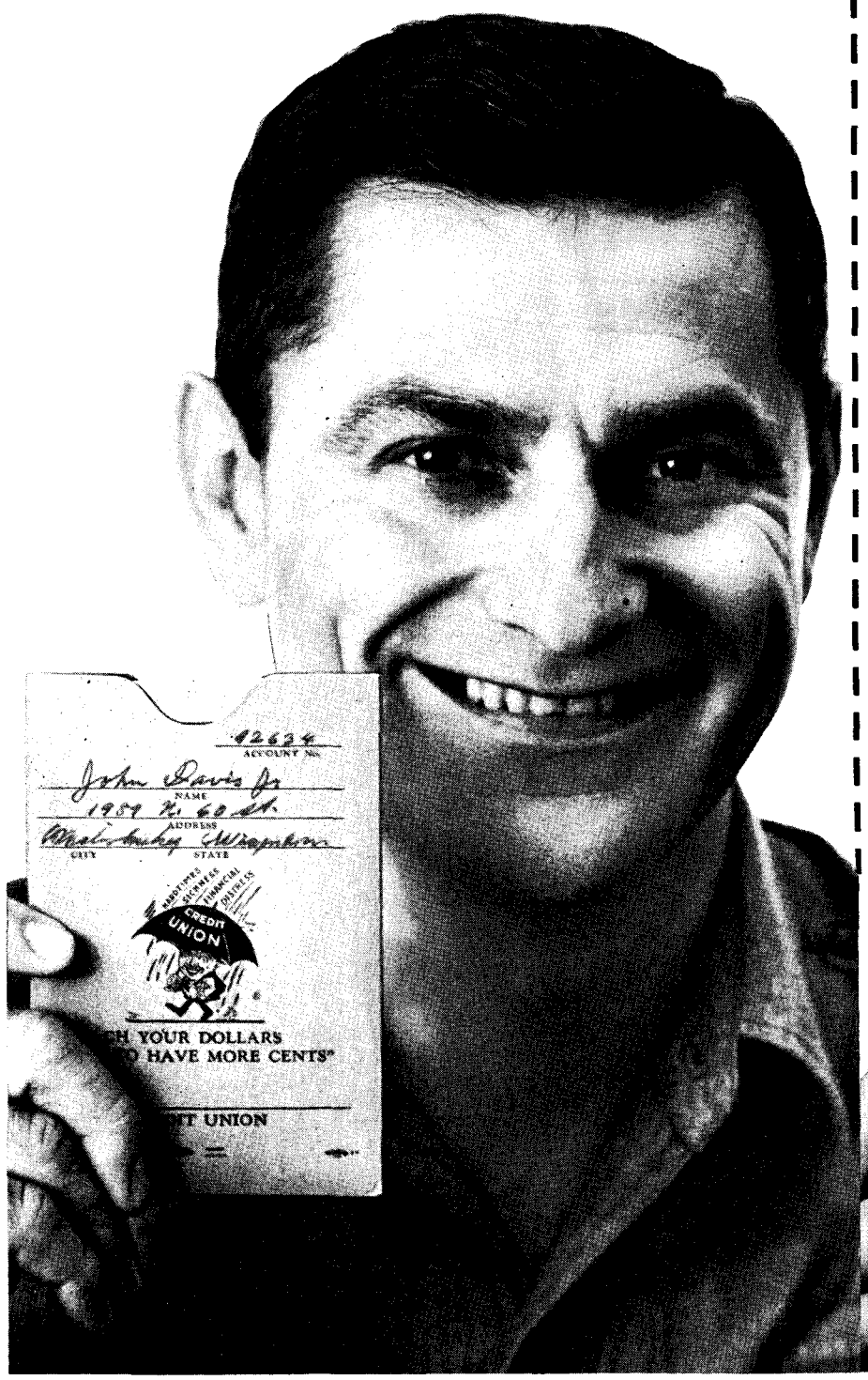

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HELLO, WORLD - I THINK I'M GOING TO MAKE IT!

When we first met Tommy he had lost all hope. He wouldn't even speak to us—let alone try to walk.

But hope is our business. So we coaxed and needled and loved him until he crawled out of his shell and stood up. Now he is walking, and talking, and full of hope.

Hope raises up crippled children. So does money. We've got hope. But we're looking to you for the money. Not a lot—just enough to put one kid one day closer to walking. That's about $5.

The Easter Seals you use enable the Easter Seal Society, at more than a thousand clinics and centers, to help people fight against these crippling disorders—crippling accidents, poliomyelitis, cerebral palsy, multiple sclerosis, muscular dystrophy, arthritis, birth deformities, speech defects and many others.

"Fight with them—against crippling"

EASTER SEAL FUND APPEAL

ADDRESS: "CRIPPLED CHILDREN," C/O YOUR LOCAL POSTMASTER

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returned almost at once with four massive New York Sunday newspapers.

Wesley frowned. "You must have had these last night—before we sailed."

"Yes, sir."

"Mrs. Donnell."

"Yes, sir."

Wesley laughed. Peacock gave him his reading glasses. "Will that be all, sir?"

"I don't know," Wesley said. "You'd better ask *her*."

Peacock left, and he started on the Sunday papers, his delight in the comics tempered by the fact that the ship's roll had increased and he was beginning to feel squeamish.

There was a gentle knock and Peacock ushered in two people dressed in white. "Doctor Morgan, sir."

"Good morning," said the doctor. "We just popped by to see if you might not want the nurse here to give you our new hypo against possible mal de mer."

"Sure," Wesley said.

"Righto," said the doctor. "Mrs. Donnell thought you might be wanting it."

The nurse came forward with her covered tray, and Wesley extended his arm.

"Your hip, please," she said.

"Yes," said the doctor, lighting his pipe. "Bottoms up!"

Wesley turned over.

The doctor's remedy was effective. His seasickness was gone in twenty minutes, but the shot made Wesley drowsy, and he alternated between sleep—dreaming wild and unfamiliar dreams—and reading the newspapers. At two o'clock Peacock brought him a chicken sandwich on Hovis toast and more coffee.

Sleep, read.

At 4:30 Peacock brought tea and cakes.

Read, sleep.

He was awakened by a messenger who brought him a radiogram. He tipped the boy a dollar (for luck) and got out of bed. He went to the open porthole, took a few deep breaths and opened the radiogram.

It read:

TWO CHEERS HAL.

Wesley sat on the edge of his bed and considered the message for 10 full minutes. What did it mean? Good Lord! No more plays with that bonehead! Two cheers. Did it mean that the general reaction was lukewarm? Or that so far there were two favorable reviews? Or that two reviews were good and the rest bad? Mixed notices—defined by George S. Kaufman as "good and lousy." He could pick up the phone and find out. No. But why, oh, why, couldn't that idiot have sent a clear, straightforward message?

The phone rang. "Mr. Wesley Priest?"

"Yes?"

"We have a radio call for you."

Noises in his ear—unearthly, magical, comical. Waiting, he stared at the message as if it were a riddle, hoping that the answer would break through if he concentrated long and hard. "*Two cheers Hal.*"

Mrs. Donnell came on the phone. "Hello? Hello? Can you hear me? Can you hear me?"

"Yes."

"All is well." She seemed to be speaking from the ocean's depth. "All is well."

"Go on."

"Sorry to call. Sorry to call. Hal told me message. I worried it would confuse you. I worried it would confuse you."

"It did. It did."

"*Times* good," she said. "*Tribune* excellent. *Tribune* excellent. *Times* good."

"Listen, Nicole. Just say it once. I can hear you."

"I'm not so sure *I* can hear *you*. It sounded —— You called me Nicole?"

"What else?"

"*Daily News* OK. Some reservation, but fine quotes. And that is all we have now. Carl says wire services good and affirmative hints from everywhere and for you not to wo-ah-leeoi."

"What?"

"Not to wor—not to worry."

"Oh."

"Congratulations. Congratulations. And don't forget my raise. Good-bye."

"Hello. Mrs. Donnell? Mrs. Donnell? Nicole?"

"Thank you," said the ship's operator. "Your party has left the line."

Smiling, Wesley reviewed the conversation, making notes on his pad.

Peacock came in with his dinner jacket, hung it up and began to lay out the rest of his evening clothes.

"Sir, Mr. Burke sends his compliments from the Verandah Grill and is looking forward to seeing you."

"I've just had some good news from New York, Peacock."

"Yes, sir," said Peacock as he left.

The Verandah Grill, although only half occupied, had never seemed so gay and handsome. "And how've you been keeping?" asked Mr. Burke, the chief steward.

"Fine, Mr. Burke."

"Got something new on, have you?"

"Very new. Last night. I've just heard it's a success. A great success."

"Well, then," Mr. Burke said, "you'll be wanting champagne. A half-bottle?"

"No," Wesley said. "I think it's good enough for a whole bottle."

Caviar, soup, guinea hen, salad, cheese and peach Melba, champagne all the way. He called for a cigar and brandy.

He went down to the cinema. The attraction was a new Peter Sellers film he had missed in New York, but he could not keep from dozing off now and then.

He was awakened each time by a girl's laugh—unforgettable, unmistakable—a laugh he had heard often before, but not for 20 years. Rebecca Barr's laugh. He reasoned that his ears were playing tricks on him. His ears and too much champagne. He left the cinema for the promenade deck, walked briskly for half an hour, felt sober, went back to the cinema, heard the laugh again, felt drunk again, went to his cabin and to bed.

When Peacock brought his breakfast the next morning, Wesley had only to glance at the festive little stack of radiograms on the tray to know that the news was still good, probably great. Failure, he had found, invariably bred silence.

The messages were from Joe Pulaski, the director, from Frances, from his agent, from the two stars and from the ingenue, who had made her first success; and best of all, from his friend the ticket broker, who cabled,

YOUR TICKET SO HOT HAVE TURNED OFF HEAT IN HERE THANKS KIDDO JOEY.

He replied by radiogram to each message—extravagant, but, oh, well—and went to the gym, worked out, had a swim and a sweat and a massage. After lunch, on a heady impulse, he went to his cabin, got out a stack of his green-tinted writing pads, found his box of favorite pens and sat down, giddy with excitement.

"Act One, Scene One," he wrote, and continued to release in draft form a play he had been carrying within himself for more than a year. He worked steadily, in a zestful trance, until tea was brought in. He worked while he had his tea and on through the dinner hour. At 9:30 Mr. Burke phoned to ask if he was coming up. Wesley said no and returned to his work. He did not stop until well after midnight.

He put the manuscript in a drawer and absently began his morning routine. Half an hour later he found himself dressed and ready for the deck. It was 12:45 A.M. Laughing at himself, he changed into a dark suit and went up.

In the smoking room he found himself thinking back on the shape of what he had composed. He began to drink to shut off the motor in his head—or at least to slow it down—and then he tried walking round and round the promenade deck. The glass-enclosed bow of the ship was in darkness at this hour, lighted only by the moonlight freed intermittently by swift-moving clouds. Several passengers stood here, and Wesley became increasingly aware of them each time he passed. He made a puzzle of it. Two couples. Three. And a single shape. Man? Woman? The fourth time around he identified the single one as a female—by scent. He made a side trip to the bar. Next time around, the girl was alone. He walked by slowly.

"Hello," she said.

"Good evening," he said and passed her. A few steps later he stopped and grasped the rail. His knees buckled.

The girl—or wraith—who had greeted him was the young Rebecca Barr. Inconceivable. He wanted to turn back and look but did not dare. He went once again around the deck.

The girl was still there when he got back—and still Rebecca. He heard her laugh, Rebecca's laugh, the one he had heard the night before in the cinema. At least *that* was explained.

She spoke. "You *are* Wesley Priest?"

"Yes," he said and fled.

In his cabin he tried to figure it out. Certainly he had not had all that to drink. Rule out plastered. He had been thinking of Rebecca a good deal these past few days, true enough. The power of suggestion? A girl who resembled her. Not so remarkable. But the look, the laugh, even the sound of her voice. Even the way she said his name. The way Rebecca had said it always. Wait. Rebecca had a daughter—but no. Not as grown up as this. Her daughter would be—what? Rebecca married in 1941. The child born '42 or '43, say. Twenty. Nineteen. Wow! Time. Daughter, then? If it is her daughter, she'll be listed under Follett.

He found the passenger list and studied it. No Follett. She was gone when he returned to the deck.

He searched the ship. Verandah Grill (at this hour a supper club), lounge, smoking room, library—he could not find her.

He went back to the Verandah Grill and drank, convincing himself finally that he had suffered an unimportant hallucination. He turned his thoughts to New York and his good fortune there. Suddenly he rose, went to a nearby table and invited a tall, lovely young woman to dance. He kept her in his possession for over an hour, returned her, and went to bed.

He laughed about it the next morning but decided, although it was a tempting story, never to tell it. He worked well, came to the end of a scene at one o'clock precisely and quit for lunch.

Waiting for his lamb chop, he went through the motions of scanning a magazine. Actually his mind was exploring aspects of his new project.

"I beg your pardon," Rebecca's voice said. "May I join you?"

He looked up. There before him, in indisputable flesh, stood his hallucination—Rebecca Barr, exactly as he had known her a quarter of a century before.

Words would not come. He tried to rise and pitched forward in a faint.

He came to in his cabin. Doctor Morgan, the nurse, Peacock and Rebecca were all there.

"All right now?" the doctor asked.

Wesley nodded. "What happened? Was I out long?"

"About twelve minutes," the doctor said. "Stand up. Walk about."

Wesley did so. "Fine," he reported.

The doctor and nurse left. At a nod from Wesley, Peacock went out quickly and closed the door.

Wesley faced his guest. "Who are you?" he asked. "I mean, who the hell are you?"

"Vanessa Follett," she said. "Shouldn't you go up and finish your lunch?"

"No."

"I feel awful. Spoiling it."

Wesley lit a cigarette. "You're Rebecca Barr's daughter."

"Well, yes. Rebecca Follett's. I wish you'd let me take you back to your lunch. And let me sit with you."

"How come you're not on the passenger list?"

"Oh. My other name. Vanessa Kemble. It's my stage name. Do you like it?"

"No. Yes. What's the difference?"

"After Fanny Kemble."

"How old are you, Vanessa?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

". . . And to my old Army buddy . . ."

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ECHO

"Twenty-one and four days," she said. "Which explains everything, doesn't it?"

"All right," he said, "let's go up to lunch and start all over."

She ate heartily and talked passionately, in the manner of young actresses—and disturbingly, to Wesley, in the manner of her mother.

"She talks about you. Always has. Not in front of dad, though. That's what gave me the idea you were a beau of hers."

"Depends what you mean by 'beau.'"

"I mean lover."

"No," he said. "Never that."

"Oh, blast!" She filled her mouth.

"You eat like her," Wesley observed.

"Was she any good? As an actress?"

"I always thought so, yes."

"She says she was, but the only time I ever saw her was in an old movie on TV, and she seemed awfully affected to me. Of course it was a tiny part. A sort of society tart."

"Probably *Skyline*."

"Yes!" she cried. "That was the name of it. How'd you know?"

"I wrote it."

"Oh," she said. "Yes." She wet her lips. "I thought it was quite—wonderful."

"It's improved with age, then. It was lousy when we made it."

Vanessa laughed. It was *that* laugh.

They had coffee in the deserted main lounge. She leaned forward intensely.

"Finally," she said, "I just got tired of arguing—or rather of listening. So I made my plans. To wait until my twenty-first birthday and meantime to work and study and practice and coach and not tell them a thing about it. They thought I was a French major, for heaven's sake! I've loaded up on voice, speech; I dance, play piano, sing; three acting sessions a week—what's more, I'm good."

"And what are you doing on this ship?"

"Chasing you."

He put down his cup. "Me?"

"You're my connection. And when I read that squib in *Variety*—I read *Variety* every single week—about how you were going to take off right after your opening—well, it struck me that this ship was sailing the day after my twenty-first birthday, and it all seemed to be part of some great sensible plan. Foreordained."

"Does your mother know where you are?"

"Yes."

"And what else?"

Vanessa smiled and shrugged her mother's shrug.

"I'd like you a lot better," he said, "if you weren't so much like her."

"No, you wouldn't," she said.

Wesley spent the rest of the afternoon trying to keep from falling in ridiculous love. They walked the deck and talked. He found her listening. Rare. He found *himself* listening. More rare. At teatime he told her his memories of this very ship as a troop transport, and of wartime London. It struck him that that was about the time she was born. He buried the thought.

At 5:30 she led him to a secluded part of the promenade deck. "I own this particular piece," she said, indicating two deck chairs, well blanketed. "And I'm trained to sleep at this hour. Could you?"

"I'll watch you."

"Please try," she said. "Good for you."

They covered themselves, leaned back and joined hands. A few minutes later she was asleep. He reflected that it was the first time he had been alone since coming out of his faint. Smiling, he began to sort out his impressions. What an adventure! He reminded himself that he must keep his head. This creature was, after all, a child. Moreover, the child of a friend. So young, he observed, studying her in sleep. He saw her as Rebecca, saw himself as young, and fell asleep.

He woke to find Vanessa looking at him. "Good morning," he said.

"You're better-looking than you were," she said. "I mean, back years ago."

"How would you know?"

"I've seen pictures." She yawned and stretched. "The inevitable scrapbook all once-were actresses keep. More pictures of you in hers than anyone."

"What's the time?" he asked.

"Seven-thirty, ship's time. Are we having dinner?"

"Sorry," he said. "I'm meeting a few chums at Sardi's."

"To celebrate *On With the New*? Isn't it—stirring?" He looked at her quizzically and she explained. "I've had messages. And Mr. Burke told me about the whole bottle of champagne by yourself. I was there opening night, so it's no surprise."

"Thank you."

"This is a dopey question, I know," she said. "But how did you happen to shift into such different subject matter?"

"I suppose I wanted to try writing something I didn't think I could do. What you do when you're fifty ought to be different from what you did at thirty, for instance. It's easy to grow old—what's hard is to grow up."

They left the chairs and strolled. When they reached her cabin she said, "Come on in. I'm quick at this."

She made him a bourbon old-fashioned, omitting the sugar, adding extra bitters, and with a single cube of ice. He looked at it, surprised that it met his exacting specifications. She explained. "I watched you, first night out."

With no apparent sense of impropriety she showered, changed and arranged her hair and makeup for the evening. She moved in and out of the dressing room and bathroom, continuing their conversation. In less than 20 minutes she was ready.

In his cabin she had a drink while *he* changed. He was unable to bring it off with the same ease of style she had; nevertheless he enjoyed it.

Cocktails in the observation lounge.

"I remember the day you were born," he said. "The day after, I suppose it was. There you were in *The New York Times*. I didn't like you at all—the idea of you."

"But you've changed your mind since?"

"I've got no mind—that's what makes me a successful playwright. Imagination, experience, sweat. But no mind."

"Ridiculous. *The Day After Forever* was created by a first-rate mind."

"It ran three weeks," he said.

"It ran two years in my head."

"Thank you," he said softly.

Dinner in the Verandah Grill.

"Isn't it funny you've never met my father?" Vanessa said. "All these years."

"What's he like?"

"Sweet—and square. He looks at me and I can hear him thinking, *Did I have something to do with* that?"

Her instant transformation into another character, projected clearly and wittily, told Wesley that she might have talent, at that. "Did he?" he said.

"You should see the suitable types he turns up for me, endlessly. Junior executives. . . . Gosh, the food's good here!"

"You bet. Tell me some more about Rebecca."

"I don't know much about her. She's a sort of secretive character."

"Happy?"

"I suppose. She had one great summer, years ago, a marvelous affair with ——"

"Shut up!"

They ate in cold silence. She was blushing. "Well," he said, "you might as well go ahead now."

"No. He's awfully high up in the Government, and I ought to be ashamed of myself, and I am."

They went into the cinema and sat in the back row, holding hands. The film, a mystery story, took itself too seriously. Half an hour was enough. They looked at each other, nodded and left.

They played bingo—and lost. They danced—and won.

At midnight they went up to the supper club, drank champagne and went on dancing. Wesley began to worry. The evening was drawing to a close, and he feared the coming hour. His heart was pounding, and his reason refused to operate.

They walked the deserted deck. Passing through the dark passage in the bow, he said, "This is where I first saw you last night and thought I was having a spell."

"I wondered why you wouldn't stop."

She was holding his arm with both hands, and he quivered, so clearly did the gesture re-create Rebecca by his side. And when, after a time, Vanessa said, "Mr. Priest, you're a beguiling man," he felt his face go damp. Since Rebecca no one had used that word to describe him. For a disconcerting while the girl beside him was more Rebecca than her daughter, time was a jumble, and he was someone else—that worried, pushing, toadying young man full of doubts and ambitions.

They reached the dark passage again. This time she slowed their walk.

"Tired?" he asked.

"No. It's just that I want to be kissed." She looked at him gravely.

He walked away, and she followed him. It was a long time before he spoke.

"When you get to be my age," he said, "you won't take things so lightly."

"I don't take them lightly now."

"You may be a minx, for all I know."

"I'm not sure what that means."

"Look it up."

"Where?"

"Well," he said, "I have a fine dictionary in my cabin. Let's both look it up."

He wished that he could have cut that last speech.

"Let's go to mine," she said, "where there are no dictionaries at all."

With a surge of dizzying feeling he wanted her more than he had ever wanted anything. At the same time he wanted to behave properly. The conflicting desires pulled in a tug-of-war.

Vanessa led him toward her cabin. The night steward sitting in the corridor said, "Good evening," and vanished.

She whispered, "Won't you come in? I'll make you some scrambled eggs."

She laughed, stepped into the cabin, held open the door, and he was drawn magnetically in. She closed the door. They stood in the blackness and she waited a full minute before turning on a light. She moved to the table and fixed two drinks. He said, "Not until I know who you are."

She handed him his glass and took a thoughtful sip from her own.

"My name is Vanessa Follett," she said, "and I'm sort of mad about you."

"Sort of."

"Really."

"Because I'm your one connection, as you put it a while ago?"

"It may have started that way, but this whole day—it's made it different. And I see now it's because I've thought and known about you, and seen your plays and admired them, and maybe too because my mother has told me that you were the one great mistake of her life."

He sat down heavily. "What's that got to do with it?"

"Everything and nothing."

She knelt before him and touched her forehead to his chest. "It isn't a crush. I've had crushes galore, and I know what they feel like, and this is different."

"Missy," he said, "I'm trying hard to do the right thing, but you are making it—arduous."

"I hope so." She moved away.

He followed and put his arms about her. "So far," he said, "you have provided the dearest few hours of my life. See you tomorrow."

"Wes!"

"What?"

"I won't sleep."

He left her and went to bed, but lay awake in a turmoil of thought. Audacious projections leading to apprehension. Daring plans, then sickening reservations. Encompassing the whole was the idea of marriage. Two days ago he would have bet his fortune that such an idea could never again concern him. *What would they say? Rebecca, Frances? What did it matter?* He played with arithmetic, taking himself and his young wife many years hence. He thought of the ludicrous old husbands in *The School for Scandal, L'École des Femmes, Desire Under the Elms.*

Why marriage? Call it a fling. The girl was of age and willing. Why not play the game and see? Circumstance appeared to be providing a monumental second chance. Why blow it?

He got up, dressed, put on his heavy overcoat and made his way to the open deck and cool night air. His head cleared. *Slowly now. Was this not the most dangerous period in a man's life? Was he attempting foolishly to latch on to the coattails of time? Easy to make a fool of yourself. True. Equally easy to cheat yourself out of life for fear of making a fool of yourself. What is all this? I've known this girl for a day. No, longer. That's the trap. This inner churning is the old Rebecca affliction. Nothing to do with this child.*

He experienced a five-second sensation of having solved the problem, and went back to bed and to troubled sleep.

Peacock brought his coffee at eight. He drank it and set to work, but the subject of Vanessa swamped him. Last night's solution had been left behind in sleep. He wanted to see her, to hear her voice, to walk with her—above all, he wanted to ask her to marry him. *What if she refused? She probably would. No matter. Woo her, win her. How? With time and attention and tenderness and*—he felt a wave of nausea as the next weapons came to mind—*with money, position, importance, with what he could do for her.*

He took a shower and returned to his work but found himself blocked. On a fresh pad he began a long, exploratory statement of his theme. It was changing in his fingers as he wrote. Why? He became aware that he was aiming the new work at the new girl in his life. *The part of the daughter could have more importance, couldn't it? One of those parts with one good scene in each act and ——* He got up suddenly, went to the bathroom and brushed his teeth hard for 10 minutes.

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ECHO

The phone rang. He looked at the clock. 12:45. "Yes?" he said.

"Lunch?"

"Good morning."

"I've been up for hours. Had two breakfasts and what they call elevenses, a swim and had my hair done. I'm trying to capture a rare man. All's fair."

"I wish you'd called earlier."

"I would have, but you told me you never talked to anyone in the morning when you were working."

"The observation bar? Ten minutes."

"I've found a new place. The cabin-class bar. Much jollier. Younger."

The pause which followed had a silent siren in it. "Good," he said. "So am I."

She laughed too hard. "Pick you up."

"No," he said as she hung up.

He put on his jacket and brushed his hair, and she entered. Instantly he knew that it was no longer a matter of Rebecca, but of this girl.

They drank sherry in Vanessa's newly discovered place. "I did an awful thing last night," she said. "I slept."

"Why's that awful?"

"Well, I'd rather have said to you, 'Not a wink.'"

"Why didn't you?"

"I don't lie."

"You'll learn. You'll have to."

"I won't to you. Not about anything. What about *you* and sleep?"

"Not much. Trying to figure out what to do about you kept me awake."

"I could tell you."

At lunch he asked, "Would you like some wine?"

"No, thanks," she said.

"Would you like to marry me?"

"No, thanks."

They ate two courses in silence. Smiling, she said, "I'm not going to marry for five years."

"All right," he said. "Will you marry me in five years?"

A wild, dramatic storm hit the ship without warning. Within 15 minutes, lunching became precarious.

"Oh, dear!" she said. "This is embarrassing. I'm getting sick."

"Come on," he said.

She had turned pale and shiny. "I'd rather go alone."

"Nothing doing." He led her out. Waiting for the lift, he steadied her.

"Please go away," she begged.

"What's the matter with you?" he said, out of patience. "You're on a ship in a storm. You're *supposed* to be sick."

The lift arrived, and they made it to her cabin. She was grateful for his help.

Afterward she lay in her bed, pale and weary. Doctor Morgan came with the nurse and saw that the proper injection was given. The doctor and nurse went on to answer other calls. Wesley stood by Vanessa's bed and stroked her brow. "Hello, friend," she said.

"You'll probably sleep for a stretch. I'll stick around."

"My diary's in the top drawer there. I want you to know me."

"I know you."

"You know my mother. People—you—think we're alike because we look alike, but we're not, we're very different."

"All right," he said comfortingly.

"Please love me," she said.

When she fell asleep he went to his cabin, returned to hers with his manuscript, and sat down to work. Here was an opportunity to retrieve the morning. Her gentle breathing soothed him, and her presence gave him strength.

He worked well until she awoke four and a half hours later. She sighed, stretching, and he came to the bedside.

"Feel just—oh, Lord—great!" she said. "I'm thirsty."

Wesley gave her a drink of water.

"When is it?" she asked. "Morning?"

"Seven-thirty P.M." he said.

"I'm hungry," she said with astonishment, and laughed. "I'm not sick at all. You took good care of me."

"Of course."

"Come here," she murmured.

"We'll have dinner," he said.

She sat up, looking so innocent in her schoolgirl's nightgown and with no makeup that he was unnerved. He began to gather the pages of his manuscript.

"Listen," she said. "I don't want to turn this into something clinical, but if you're worried about—you force me to say it—I'm not entirely without what they call experience."

"I didn't think you were," Wesley said. "I'll be back for you in half an hour."

"I'll be ready. I said *ready*."

The evening was joyous. Many things made it so: her recovery, his mood (work had gone well) and hers, his determination to stop taking it all so big. And the sea was calm now.

The ship's festivities offered little to match their pleasure and they took no part. Instead they traded autobiographies. He thought it odd that hers took so much longer to recount than his.

At midnight precisely she put down her brandy and said, "Please, let's go down. Too many people are floating in here."

As they reached the main deck she said, "Ten minutes."

"All right," he said. He went to his cabin, showered and put on fresh clothes.

Twenty minutes after he had left her, he knocked at her cabin. She opened the door, and he stepped inside.

"You're late," she said.

The lights had been arranged; she wore a floor-length negligee. He looked around for flowers. Yes. He breathed the scent. Different. Better? He looked around for the champagne bucket, and it was there. He laughed.

"You're not laughing at *me*, are you?"

"Hardly," he said. "Would you like me to open the champagne? I know how to now."

"What do you mean, 'now'?"

"There was a time I didn't."

"You sound different. Boyish."

"I am." He turned to open the bottle. He did it slowly, willing her to come to him. It worked. When he felt her hands on his shoulders, he let the bottle go, turned and took her into his arms. He kissed her. She moved to him, forward and upward—her whole body responding. She trembled. His hands soothed her, and then he released her gently.

"Oh, my," she said, clinging to him, whispering. "I knew you'd be like this. Special and grand. Important."

He broke the embrace, moved away and filled two glasses. Turning, he found her sitting hunched over, her head in her hands, on the edge of the sofa. He offered her one of the glasses. She did not take it, but kissed his arm.

"Here," he said.

She took the glass. He sat beside her and they drank.

He spoke slowly. "Now when you say 'important' ——"

"What?"

"That's the word you used."

"Are we going to be together?" she asked. "Please."

"Not please," he said, "but why."

"Because we want to."

"I do, because you're a dream—you're a lost time come again. I've got you all mixed up in my head with something I've missed most of my life—you're an echo of love. Of course I do—but the question is you. The why of you."

"I've told you."

"Tell me again."

"I'll sound silly compared to you."

"I'll do it for you. You're more Rebecca than you want to admit. You've had your first, some callow young man—you know there's more to it. You see yourself as not like the others. Someone—well, important."

She rose and moved away.

"Your mother. That summer. Someone high up in the Government, you said. She's set you an example—the ol' lion hunter. Or should I say huntress?"

She returned with the bottle of champagne.

"Now you're following her example, whether you'll admit it or not."

"What you won't face is ——"

"Don't interrupt. When you get to middle age, the future—the shrinking future—means more than ever. Because you've learned, my girl, that minutes aren't worth a damn—even days aren't all that important—it's the years that matter. So whatever you think I am—forget it. I'm not a character, or a personality, or even a somebody. I'm a man, trying to be. And what I can't be—won't be—is an object to satisfy your disgusting, still-alive, idiotic snobbery."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"You caught it. You clean it!"

Carefully she refilled her glass and his.

"You're a snob, Vanessa. Like your mother. Except she admits it and you don't, and before you say anything—remember you told me you wouldn't lie to me. That, at least, is a good idea."

"I won't lie to you," she said.

"Fine."

"But *please* let's be together!"

He finished his drink. "I have to make an important call."

"I don't believe you."

"Thank you for a lovely evening. Better than lovely. Explosive."

He went to his cabin and placed the important call. It came through at 3:10 A.M. Mrs. Donnell was startled.

"What is it?" she asked. "Are you well?"

"I'm fine. Did I wake you?"

"What is it?"

"Change of plans. I'd like you to fly right over."

"Tomorrow?"

"Just so long as you're there to meet me when I land. You said good-bye so nicely, I want to see how you say hello."

In the pause that followed they both heard the operator ask, "Are you through?" Together and loudly they answered, "No!"

Mrs. Donnell said, "Box office nine thousand yesterday."

"Bring some of it with you. And listen, Nicole—about that raise ——"

"The substantial raise?"

"I've got a better idea. Instead of a raise—now listen. Can you hear me?"

Silence.

"Sorry, sir," said a British accent. "But you are not connected."

"Well, connect me. It's urgent."

"Won't be for an hour, I'm afraid, sir. We don't have another rendezvous until then. Shall we try in an hour?"

"Yes!"

But the call did not come through. He tried all the following day, between abortive attempts to work, and remained in his cabin for the rest of the voyage.

Mrs. Donnell was waiting at Southampton when he disembarked, and his kiss said it all.

"Seven years," she said, her face flushed. "Why?"

"It's a long story," he said. "I'll dictate it to you."

They were married in Paris nine days later and spent their honeymoon in a small, perfect hotel two kilometers from Aix-en-Provence, Nicole's birthplace.

On their return to Paris they took Nicole's brother and his wife to Maxim's. It was a Friday evening, the gala, with everyone dressed up and on parade.

Wesley sat with his back to the dance floor, and Nicole on the banquette opposite him. All at once she frowned and put on her glasses. "There is a girl," she said. "Astonishing."

"Where?"

"She will pass again. She looks but exactly like the sketch in your study."

Wesley studied the mirror which reflected the dance floor. "By the way," he said. "Remind me to throw that sketch away."

"I already have," she said.

"You have?"

"Well—put it away. I always put her away when you are not there. I don't like the face. Ah! Look. Dancing with the blond boy. Is it not the same face?"

Wesley turned to look at the dancers and saw Vanessa. "Oh, yes," he said. "I see what you mean." He turned back to Nicole and smiled. "Come on, wife. Let's dance." **THE END**

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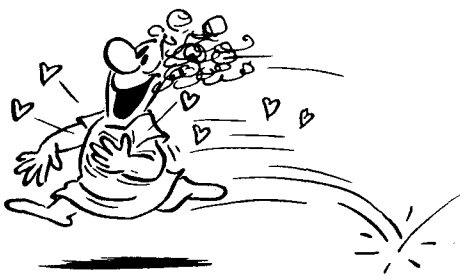
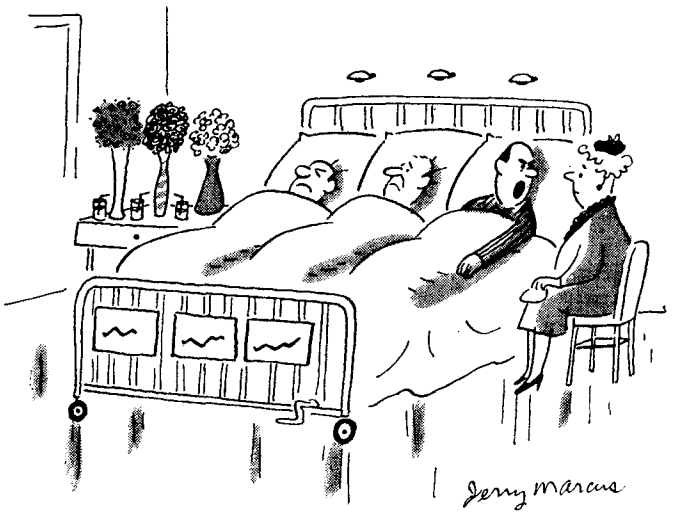
post scripts





"I want you to take another look at our group hospitalization plan!"

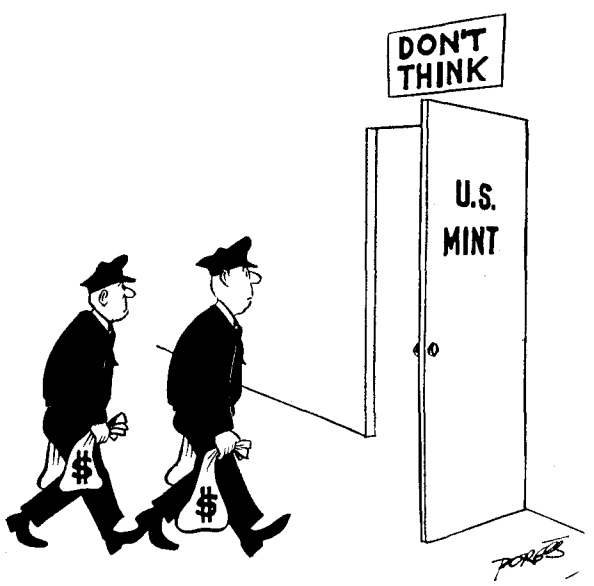
"Wilma has the distinction of being the only person captured by the Jivaro headhunters who was immediately released."

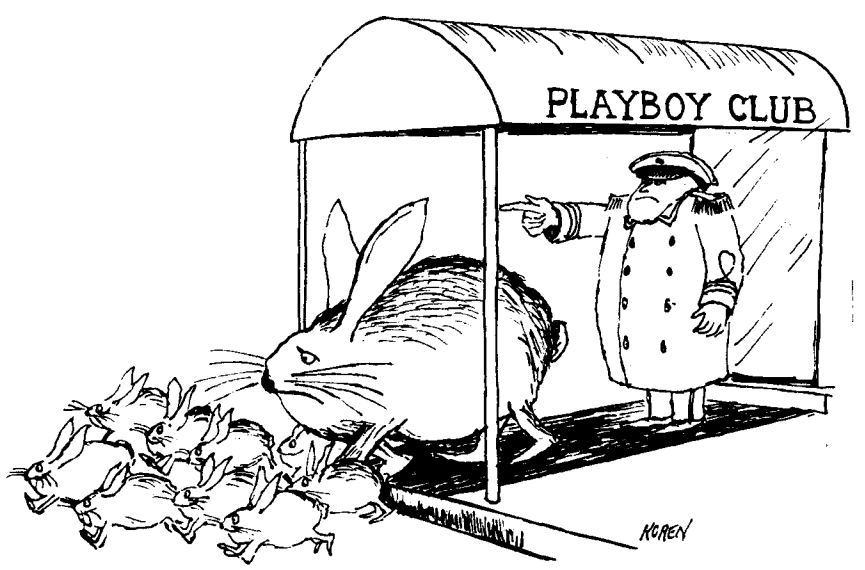
ADHESION

Two things attract each other:
They're dirt and children's skin.
  Dirt is, I've found,
  Not merely ground,
It also is ground in.

RICHARD ARMOUR

"Yes, I've been told that before."





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can you tell which Tempest is the tiger?

Easy. The one on the right gets its power from Tempest's "4"—you know, the 4 that runs around acting like a V-8. But you have to call it a tiger. The other one has Tempest's new 326-cubic-inch, 260-h.p. V-8 tucked away under the hood. That's good for two tigers. At least. (Optional at extra cost. Grr.) Both give you Pontiac's Wide-Track stability. Which are you going to get? Your Pontiac dealer can help you decide.

Wide-Track Pontiac Tempest

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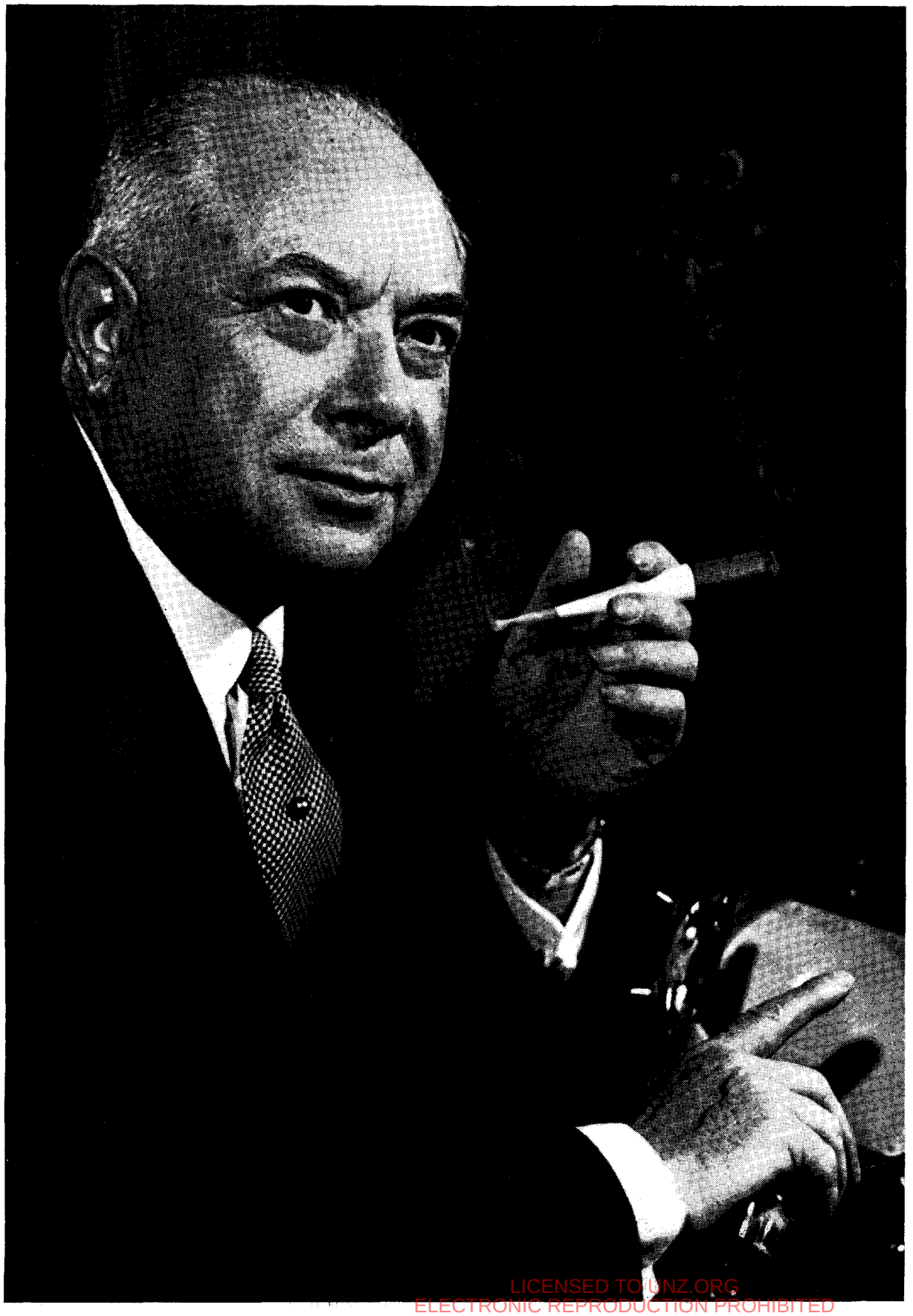
Immigrant son of a house painter, he has risen to a peak of U.S. industry by making the electron sing and dance. Now he dreams of how electronics will change our future.

DAVID SARNOFF'S VISION

by HAROLD H. MARTIN



In the year 1891 a British scientist named G. Johnstone Stoney gave the name "electron" to a minute particle of electrical energy which he believed to be one of the basic components of all matter. In the same year an impoverished White Russian house painter named Abraham Sarnoff gave the name David to a small bundle of kinetic energy who was his firstborn son. Thus the electron and David Sarnoff have grown up together, and between the two of them they have changed the lives of nearly everybody alive.

Out of the happy collaboration between the electron, which bears a negative charge and moves with the speed of light, and Mr. Sarnoff, who carries a positive charge and moves almost as fast, have come such blessings as the radio and the broadcasting network, television in both black-and-white and color, and tiny devices which enable men on the ground to give orders to, and receive information from, satellites cruising millions of miles away in outer space.

Mr. Sarnoff did not invent these things, nor did he discover the basic principles which make them work. He is neither a scientist nor an inventor. He is a businessman who over the past 30 years has guided the mammoth Radio Corporation of America through many financial crises—some of which, by his pioneer daring, he created himself. He is a reserve officer, now retired, who for his skill in communications rose to the rank of brigadier general, and he still likes to be addressed by his military title. He is also a philosopher, dreaming of a better world, and something of a prophet.

His greatest asset is a quality of mind which enables him to understand the abstruse language of the scientists, and to translate their laboratory discoveries into practical applications which the scientists themselves are often unable to foresee. His genius lies in his capacity to envision some electronic device which he believes will benefit mankind—and which RCA can manufacture and sell at a profit. He then orders his scientists and engineers to build it, often over their skeptical protests.

Sarnoff holds TV-camera tube which grew from 1923 prophecy.

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look carefully . . .

DO YOU SEE A FAMILIAR FACE?

It would not be surprising. For these are agents of Cal-Western Life. They, and hundreds of others like them, are performing a useful and vital service in communities throughout the West. And all have this common creed: "Your future is our career"! For skillful and dedicated help in planning your family's financial security, call your Cal-Western Life agent. Chances are you'll know him . . . or know *of* him through others he has served!

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America is a nation of scientific illiterates, Sarnoff claims. The trouble: "We do not regard science as a part of education."

DAVID SARNOFF

"I have always had more confidence in my research people than they have had in themselves," says Mr. Sarnoff.

A few weeks ago, in the six-story marble-and-brick town house on East 71st Street in Manhattan where he has lived in modest opulence for 30 years, General Sarnoff, as is his habit, turned his mind inward toward the atom and outward toward the stars. Around him, in glass cases, were a museum's hoard of medals, plaques and certificates, and honorary degrees from 30 universities, attesting to the scholarship of a man whose formal education ended in elementary school. On the wall hung framed letters from Presidents, prime ministers and the world's leading scientists, congratulating him on his past achievements. He was not interested, however, in talking about what had gone before. He was far more eager to discuss what is to come.

"No man is wise enough to predict the future," he said through a gray cloud of cigar smoke. "But I am sure of this: In the field of electronics the next ten years will see more progress than the past fifty. Global television in full color, relayed by orbiting satellites moving in a fixed position in relation to the earth, will relay knowledge throughout all the world. The delay in communications which troubled President Kennedy during his exchange of messages with Mr. Khrushchev at the time of the Cuban crisis will be eliminated. Sitting in their own offices, national leaders will be able to see each other face to face, hear each other speak and understand each other's language through automatic electronic translators."

Mr. Sarnoff at the moment was recovering from a gall-bladder operation, an experience which naturally has caused him to give much thought to the ways by which the electron can serve the medical profession. He visualized the setting up of a television Medical School of the World, enabling doctors in every country to watch surgical operations, hear lectures and observe demonstrations by the world's leading practitioners, over closed-circuit TV broadcasts in full color.

"Worldwide medical television would permit a heart specialist in London to examine a patient, display on the television screen his X rays and cardiograms, and discuss a diagnosis with heart men in New York, Paris, Berlin, anywhere."

He also foresaw the time when great central computers, storing medical data in their electronic memories, would serve as an instantaneous source of information for any doctor needing to know the latest developments in his specialty. Similar computers could also store away the medical records of every person who had ever been under a doctor's care. By dialing a patient's code number, he said, a physician in Seattle could obtain the complete medical history of a patient who might have received his previous treatments in Miami, Houston and New York.

The electron can serve the patient as well as the medical profession, Mr. Sarnoff pointed out. Several hundred cardiac cases today are living almost normal lives because a tiny electronic device, implanted in the body, stimulates a weak heart muscle to pump at a regular, steady beat.

"Some day," he said, "devices like this may operate other human organs—the lungs, for example, or the kidneys. In fact, it is probable that the time will come when there will be complete electronic substitutes for worn-out human parts."

A marriage of the electronic computer to fast electronic communications systems could serve the lawyer as well as the doctor, said Mr. Sarnoff. The great law libraries of the world could be codified and programmed into a computer, their information retrievable in any language the questioner might speak. Thus a lawyer in New York or San Francisco could tune in on Buenos Aires or Stockholm and have instant access to whatever laws, regulations and court decisions might be pertinent to the international case in which he was interested. Research scientists could benefit in the same way, if the status of experiments going on in laboratories all over the world were channeled into a central computer's memory.

"The ultimate in communications, of course, will come when men anywhere on earth can talk to each other face to face, as easily as we sit here talking across this desk," he said. "A man equipped with a vest-pocket receiver-transmitter will connect with a nearby switchboard and be able to see and hear another man, similarly equipped, anywhere in the world. The channels available for this run into billions, and each individual will have his private frequency, just as he now has his private telephone number."

The drama of science

Mr. Sarnoff's confidence in the rapid realization of these goals dims somewhat when he contemplates the apathy with which many young Americans today look upon the sciences as a profession. We are still a nation of scientific illiterates, he points out, and our great achievements so far have been the work of a relatively few men. To meet the challenges of the expanding universe, we need a great outpouring of young scientists.

"To me it has always been a curious fact that we, as a people, do not regard science as a part of education," the general said. "No man can be considered educated, in the sense that this age must think of education, if he does not know why an airplane flies, or how his telephone works, or what happens when he turns his radio on.

"Science is changing the world," he went on, "and most Americans neither know nor care how these changes are being brought about. Today every officer of government, every lawmaker, is confronted with all sorts of scientific and technical developments which affect the political, economic and social problems that are a government's main concern. A businessman, no matter what his field, is confronted every day with technical and scientific breakthroughs that may threaten him with disaster—or hold out the promise of great achievement. Yet lawmakers and businessmen alike must turn for advice to technical people whose language they may not even understand."

One way to bring up a generation of scientifically literate Americans, Mr. Sarnoff said, is to catch them young and expose them early to the high drama of scientific exploration—to inspire them by bringing them in contact with top scientists from the great research laboratories, where the frontiers of science are forever expanding.

"I know what my association with Marconi meant to me when I was young," he said. "I remember how patiently he explained to me the theory of the propagation of electromagnetic waves in space. 'David,' he said, 'we know *how* things work. We don't know *why* they work.' That is the exciting quest—the search for the *why* of things, the ultimate truth. That is a career to which a man can dedicate his life."

Mr. Sarnoff feels that he has hit upon a plan which will stimulate a great many young people to dedicate their lives to science, and he hopes that the heads of other big industries will follow his example. Since last October, on his orders, scientists and engineers from RCA's research laboratories at Princeton, New Jersey, have been giving a series of 50 lectures and seminars at four junior and senior high schools in Brooklyn. The presentations are tailored to the curriculum, but their purpose is to stimulate intellectual curiosity, to go beyond the textbooks to the edge of the unknown, where the excitement and the challenge lie.

In making RCA's top research people available for this teaching project, Mr. Sarnoff's reasoning is simply this: More than 60 percent of all American scientists work for industry or the Government. Their laboratories and workshops are scattered across the land, in close proximity to school systems where youngsters are often denied a scientific education because of a shortage of teachers. He feels sure that thousands of these research scientists would be happy to give a few hours of their time to schools in their own communities, and that their companies would be glad to bear the expense of such a project. He will not know whether his plan has succeeded until school starts again next fall. If there is an appreciable increase in the number of students in the test schools who go on to further study in the scientific field, his idea has paid off. If not, he'll seek some other way to motivate them.

Mr. Sarnoff himself was neither nudged nor prodded into a scientific career. He fell into it by purest accident at the age of 15, and his only motivation was the basic urge to survive—to keep himself and his widowed mother alive in the dog-eat-dog world of Manhattan's Lower East Side at the turn of the century. In 1895, when he was four, his father left his family to come to America seeking work, and young David was sent to an uncle, a rabbi of sternest orthodoxy who set him to work memorizing 2,000 words of the Talmud every day. Five years later David and his mother and two younger brothers followed his father to New York, traveling steerage and carrying their kosher food for the journey in a market basket.

Even before he learned English he went to work, selling newspapers and running errands for a butcher in the early mornings and after school. On holy days he picked up a few dollars singing in the synagogue. When he was 15 his father died and, to support his widowed mother and the young brothers and sister who had been born in America, he quit school to find a steady job.

A fateful wrong turn

Here chance stepped in to change his life—and indirectly the lives of millions of others. When he entered a downtown office building to ask for a job on the old New York *Herald*, he turned through the wrong door. He was promptly hired as an office boy by the Commercial Cable Company, at $5.50 a week.

The first thing he learned about the cable business was that a telegraph operator earned a great deal more than an office boy. Saving $1.50 out of his first week's salary, he bought a telegraph key and set out to learn the Morse code. A few months later, feeling confident, he applied for an operator's job with the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company. The traffic manager laughed and hired him—as an office boy.

Six years later, however, he was one of the fastest operators in the business, with a "fist" that could send 45 words a minute in staccato Morse for hours on end. His head was full of technical knowledge, gleaned from home study, and of business knowledge gained by watching and questioning the traffic and commercial managers under whom he had served. He was also friend, confidant and worshipful errand boy of the great Guglielmo Marconi, the father of wireless telegraphy. But he was still an operator on April 4, 1912, when his big break came. At the Marconi station atop the John Wanamaker store in downtown Manhattan, his key began to chatter, and out of the stormy Atlantic came the story of one of the world's great sea tragedies. The "unsinkable" *Titanic*, on her maiden voyage to New York, had struck an iceberg and was going down. For 72 hours, while President Taft cleared the air of all other wireless traffic, Sarnoff stuck to his key, the only link between the world and the rescue ship *Carpathia*.

The Titanic tragedy propelled both young Sarnoff and "radio"—a new-coined word—into the limelight. Sarnoff became, in swift succession, assistant chief engineer, assistant traffic manager and commercial manager of the Marconi Company. In 1915 he submitted to the company's general manager a memo that has become a legend in the business:

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"I have in mind a plan of development which would make radio a household utility in the same sense as a piano or phonograph," he wrote. "The idea is to bring music into the home by wireless."

The country was moving toward war, and Mr. Sarnoff's suggestion was ignored. After the war, when the British-owned Marconi Company had been absorbed by a new company called the Radio Corporation of America, controlled by Westinghouse and General Electric, he brought up the idea again. The directors, dubiously, appropriated $2,000 for its development. With this slim push Mr. Sarnoff's radio music box was off and running. Sales in the first three years, from 1922 through 1924, were $83 million. But, as millions of householders huddled raptly over their new radios, Sarnoff's restless mind was pushing on to new frontiers. In 1923 he wrote another memorandum:

"I believe that television, which is the technical name for seeing as well as hearing by radio, will come to pass in due course."

"Due course" proved to be a long and rugged route. It took a quarter of a century of experimenting and $50 million in research funds before television sets went into mass production in 1948.

Mr. Sarnoff was not idle, of course, while waiting for his new brainchild to gestate in the laboratories. To bring to the radio-listening public the great music and the cultural programs he felt they ought to hear, he had organized the National Broadcasting Company in 1926. He hired Dr. Walter Damrosch to conduct his famous *Music Appreciation Hour*. He created the NBC Symphony Orchestra and hired Arturo Toscanini to conduct it. He bought the Victor Talking Machine Company, married the radio loudspeaker to the record player in a radio-phonograph combination, and thereby saved the dying talking-machine business.

Television in its first three years earned back the $50 million he had invested in it. Before the black-and-white image was perfected, however, Sarnoff was already prodding his scientists to develop a color television set that would also receive images in black-and-white. After 13 years of research and development, at a cost of $130 million, sales of color television sets finally began to show a profit in 1961. And in 1962 the company sold more than twice as many color sets as it had during the preceding year.

With color television now safely over the financial hump, Mr. Sarnoff's main interest today is in electronic data processing. RCA has spent $100 million in computer research and manufacture, and it will be 1964 at least before it begins to get its money back. In this field Mr. Sarnoff knows that he is going up against IBM, the champion, but the prospect of a great competitive battle does not disturb him. He has faced stern challenges before. When he took over as president of RCA in 1930, the whole radio industry was beginning to stagger under the impact of the depression. RCA's income in 1929 had been $182 million; by 1933 it had dropped to $62 million. In 1932 the Government had struck the sprawling company another blow, ordering it to sever itself from General Electric and Westinghouse, its parent companies. Unperturbed, Sarnoff kept on pushing huge and costly research programs, while steering the newly independent company skillfully through the economic shoals. In 1937 RCA paid its first dividend, and its overall operations have never shown a deficit since. Today, with Sarnoff, at 71, still its chief executive, it is the 26th largest company in the United States, with annual sales of more than $1.5 billion. Its profit margin in 1961, the last year for which final figures are available, was a thin 2.3 percent, but the figure for 1962 is expected to be substantially higher; and even this should improve once the computer business moves into the black.

Mr. Sarnoff has always been willing for his corporation to skate on thin financial ice, despite the warnings of more careful men, so long as he himself had clearly in sight the outlines of the farther shore. Nor has he ever been too much concerned with the state of his own finances.

"Not money, but the opportunity to express the forces within me is my motivation, and will be till I die," said Mr. Sarnoff. "Whether a man is a plumber or an artist, a musician or an industrialist, his mission on earth is to express the creative forces within himself. Too great a concern with making money deflects a man from this purpose.

"I have made many millionaires. I have not made many millions, for money has never been my main concern. I pay many men in my company more than I make. [The general's last published salary was $200,000 a year.] That's not important to me. That's not of interest. I don't want to mislead you, though. I am doing all right."

His years of living on the frontiers of science have brought to Mr. Sarnoff a great serenity of spirit, born of a deep religious faith.

"Science begets humility," he once wrote. "Its every discovery reveals more clearly the divine design in nature, the remarkable harmony in all things, from the infinitesimal to the infinite."

Religion and science, he has said, are in no sense antagonists. They are partners in man's constant effort to learn the truth about himself and the universe—two potent and compatible forces through which, in time, a world of peace and brotherhood may be achieved. "But the mortar of brotherhood is not a product of the laboratory," Mr. Sarnoff said. "It must come from the human heart and mind, and therein lies the crux of man's dilemma. He has not yet learned, as a social and economic creature, to keep step with his science. He is technologically mature, and a spiritual adolescent. Having conquered nature, he must now learn to conquer himself.

"The devices which science has given us are neither good nor evil in themselves. Their capacity for good or evil lies in the use we make of them. Thus, not in the laboratory, but in the human heart, in the realm of the spirit, lies the challenge of the future." **THE END**

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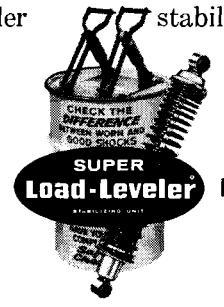

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For athletes battling epic obstacles, Continentals spare no emotion.

WILD WORLD OF EUROPEAN

Soccer matches, like this one in Florence, Italy, often touch off riots. Players have been pummeled, stoned and shot.

On its 18th day, with most of the contestants already exhausted, the Tour de France bike race moved over Restefond Pass, nearly 9,300 feet high—the highest road in the Alps. That day's stage had started at Antibes—sea level. As soon as the road began to climb, a Belgian named Eddy Pauwels sprinted ahead of the pack.

Up and up Pauwels pedaled, pushing hard, and as he neared the pass he was minutes ahead of the others. He'd climbed above the clouds now, the air so fine a man could scarcely breathe. As Pauwels crossed the pass, sweat streamed off him; he gasped for breath, and his eyes were glazed by fatigue.

Then down into the valley he plunged, sometimes at 60 miles per hour or more, the frail bike shivering with strain as he wrenched it around turns; then up, up again, over other passes. He still led, but he was so tired that he began to falter. Three times, on simple turns, he was thrown to the ground. And the road surface tore his tires to bits. He got five flats, frantically fixing them himself, his fingers fumbling with valves, pumps, spokes. Each time he remounted, half-dazed from exhaustion, wiped the blood from his face, and pedaled on.

The flats and the crashes took all that was left out of Eddy Pauwels. After leading the race over the Alps' highest road, he was caught and passed by the pack in the final few miles of that day's leg of the race. For nearly nine hours he had led; in the end he got nothing.

Except that he was the hero of all Europe, loved for "attacking" Restefond Pass, loved for the flats, loved for the crashes and for the way he sobbed so bitterly at the finish. Newspaper stories called him "valiant," as "magnificent" as the mountains themselves. TV cameras closed in on him. "What I have done, no beast would have done," he said, and the tears rolled down his face. Europe wanted to hold him in her arms.

Emotionally as well as literally that day was the high point of the 1962 Tour de France, and also of Europe's sports for the year. It was a day of terrible effort, of suffering and pain, of raw danger, of man tiny and lost amid the towering mountains, and yet conquering them. It was a day of grandeur.

For, in contrast to Americans, what Europeans really admire in sports is individual exploit: one man against some sort of terrible adversary. This does not mean another man. To excite a European, the adversary should be brute nature at its most fearsome: the sheer wall of a mountain, the sea, a wild beast, tremendous distance, the speed of a race car hurtling past walls and trees. And, secondly, the adversary should be the man himself: his weaknesses as a man, his fear, his fatigue.

There is violence in sport everywhere, even if only the limited violence of the home run, but in Europe it is a different kind of violence, and there is much more of it. To begin with, there are more sports in Europe than in America, because Europe has so many countries so close together. All engage in certain common sports—such as car racing and soccer—but they also guard sports out of their own past: bullfighting in Spain; bare-knuckle boxing bouts still fought clandestinely in Britain; bareback horse races round and round the cobblestone piazzas of Italian towns.

And there is more violence, because Europe, though an orderly place, is a continent of intense passions. If there were little order—as in Black Africa and parts of Asia and South America—there would be little sport or none at all. And if the people of Europe were as friendly and secure as most Americans, there would be less violence. But the people of Europe are not friendly and secure. They keep expecting eruptions. They have lived with violence a long time. They are used to it.

So they find violence in their sport—and when it is not already present, they put it there. With one exception, games are too tame for them. The exception is soccer, a diversion akin to baseball in that there is little violence, little body contact on the playing field. There is often more than enough violence in the grandstand, however. Three or four times a year, in countries as widely different in temperament as Poland, Italy, Austria and Spain, fans go berserk at soccer matches. In some cases they have shot players or kayoed them with rocks, but the usual form of violence is a riot. Some riots are colossal in size. Fans tear out seats to fling at players and officials—and at one another. Entire stadiums have had their fixtures uprooted, destroyed. And while the riots last, players barricade themselves in dressing rooms in fear.

In any sport, Europeans cannot wholeheartedly admire team spirit, team play or team victory. Only Britain is strong on the *team;* teamwork is taught in the schools there during daily recreation periods, and many team games flourish. But for centuries schoolboys on the continent have had all work and no play. School lasted all day, and there was no organized recreation.

Every boy for himself

Boys, being boys, still found ways to play, but this meant mostly running, jumping, climbing, something a boy could do on his own. Teams were rare, and boys learned nothing about teamwork. It was every man for himself. This often became a national attitude and carried over into national taste in sport. To the European, sport must be individual and, if possible, terribly challenging.

Recently a 50-year-old Frenchman named José Meiffret pedaled a bicycle behind a windbreaking Mercedes at 128 miles per hour. This is insanely dangerous, of course. The record Meiffret broke was his own, for no one else would try such a stunt. Meiffret won no prize of any kind, monetary or otherwise. He said he did it because he was sure he could do it; therefore he had to. The attempt cost Meiffret about $1,000, and he has small chance of getting any of this money back. All he has earned is fame, via television and newsreels. He has also acquired the sympathy and admiration of nearly all Europeans.

All over Europe individuals, on their own, constantly attempt feats which are bizarre, incredibly difficult and completely without significance. A 56-year-old Englishwoman hikes 1,000 miles from the Scottish border to Land's End in 23 days. A Frenchman drives his motor scooter 7,000 miles virtually nonstop from Rheims to Jerusalem and back in 15 days.

America would likely be amused by a few of these people. But not by many. Americans would consider every one a nut of some kind. Yet the 56-year-old Englishwoman, Dr. Barbara Moore, hiking south from Scotland, drew such crowds that she held the front pages of Europe for weeks. Later, expecting a similar triumph, she marched from San Francisco to New York—to the massive indifference of most Americans. This

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SPORTS

by Robert Daley

confused Doctor Moore mightily, for her shorter hike in Britain had made her the heroine of 18 countries. When she arrived home, she tramped about making petulant speeches, declaring her distaste for the New World.

Even on the organized level, European sports still lean heavily on the individual. For Europe is not so much interested in watching skill as in watching its heroes cope with epic hardships. The bike race is ideal. It came into prominence in an era when everyone pedaled to work. Today bicycle transportation is dying out in Western Europe; each year Europeans buy more cars and fewer bikes. Nonetheless, bike racing remains the queen of European sports, precisely because it satisfies all that a European demands of sports. Just to finish one is an exploit—meaning that at every finish line the fan has 50 or 70 or 100 heroes to applaud.

The 22-day, 2,600-mile Tour de France bike race is world famous. But dozens of other tours extend nearly as far—the Tour of Italy, Tour of Spain, Tour of Yugoslavia, Tour of Luxembourg. The Communists run a "Peace Race" from East Berlin to Prague to Warsaw. Consider the most recent Tour of Italy, which lasted three weeks. Its route climbed over Alps, Apennines and Dolomites for 12 days, often along dirt roads soaked by spring thaws. For two weeks nothing much happened, beyond a few crashes, a few fights, a few accusations of collusion, doping and other chicanery. The mountains were docile. Then, in the Dolomites, a blizzard struck.

For seven hours the racers pedaled upward through wind and snow and bitter cold. Shivering riders begged sweaters, pants and gloves from coaches, officials and journalists following in cars. Hour after hour the storm beat down on the race, the thin wheels of the bikes running ever deeper, ever more slowly in the snow.

Riders dropped out by the dozens, many of them suffering frostbitten fingers. The world champion, Rik van Looy, led 20 men into a farmhouse, where they huddled around a fire, drinking wine and grappa. In all, 55 men abandoned the race during that one hallucinating stage, refusing to pedal any more under the driving blizzard. Europeans, reading about this the next day, were moved, excited, thrilled. To them, this was sport. This aroused the kind of emotion which no game, played according to rules in some stadium, could ever give.

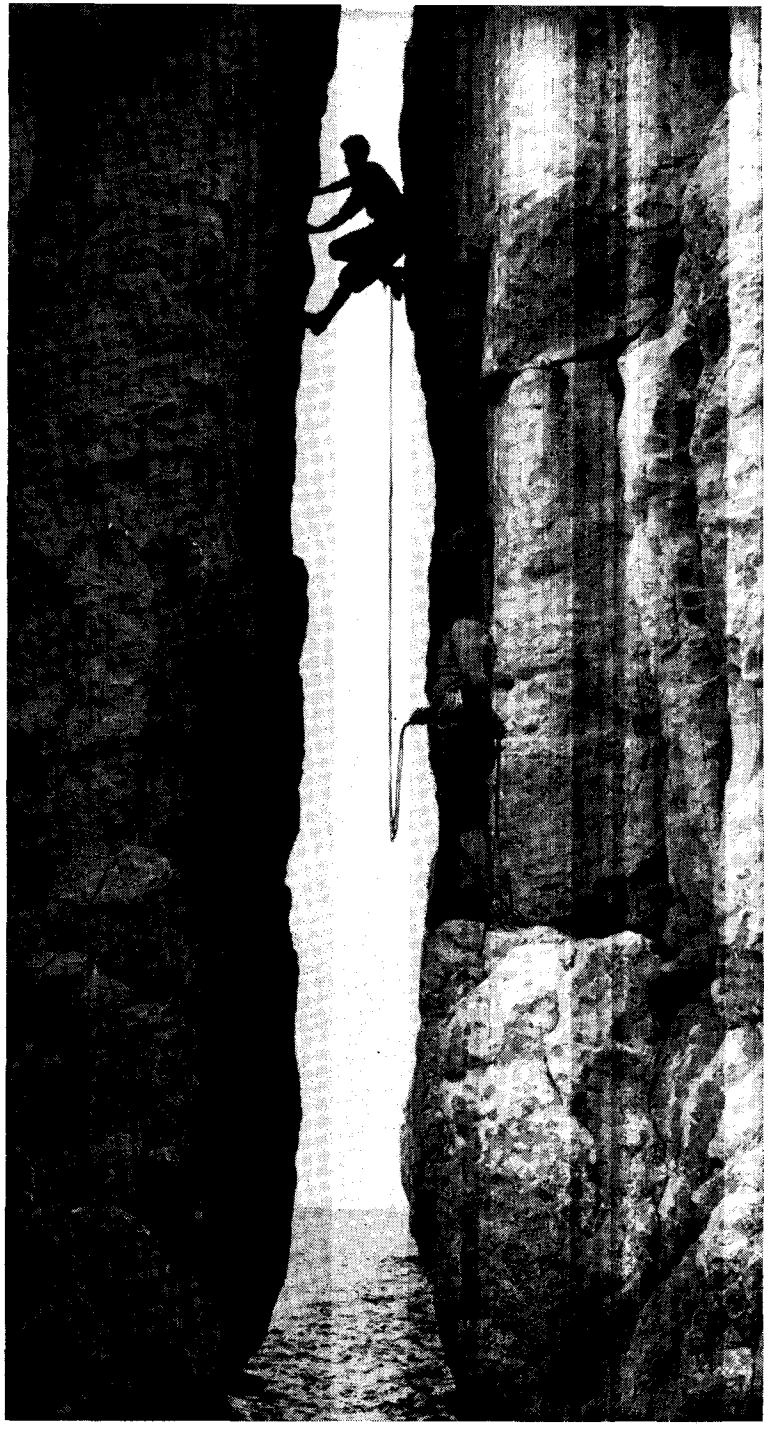
I do not mean to give the impression that Europe as a whole is bloodthirsty. I do not think it is. Few if any Europeans attend the blood sports (so-called) hoping to see blood. They have seen enough of that in their own towns, on their own doorsteps. No, the European audiences go to watch man cope with the brute enemy, with his own nerves—to cope with being a man.

This can take any number of forms. The European is fascinated by speed, understanding the lure. He is fascinated by weight lifting too, understanding that beneath the ponderous load thick-thighed man is at his most frail, for his tendency to overreach himself is irresistible.

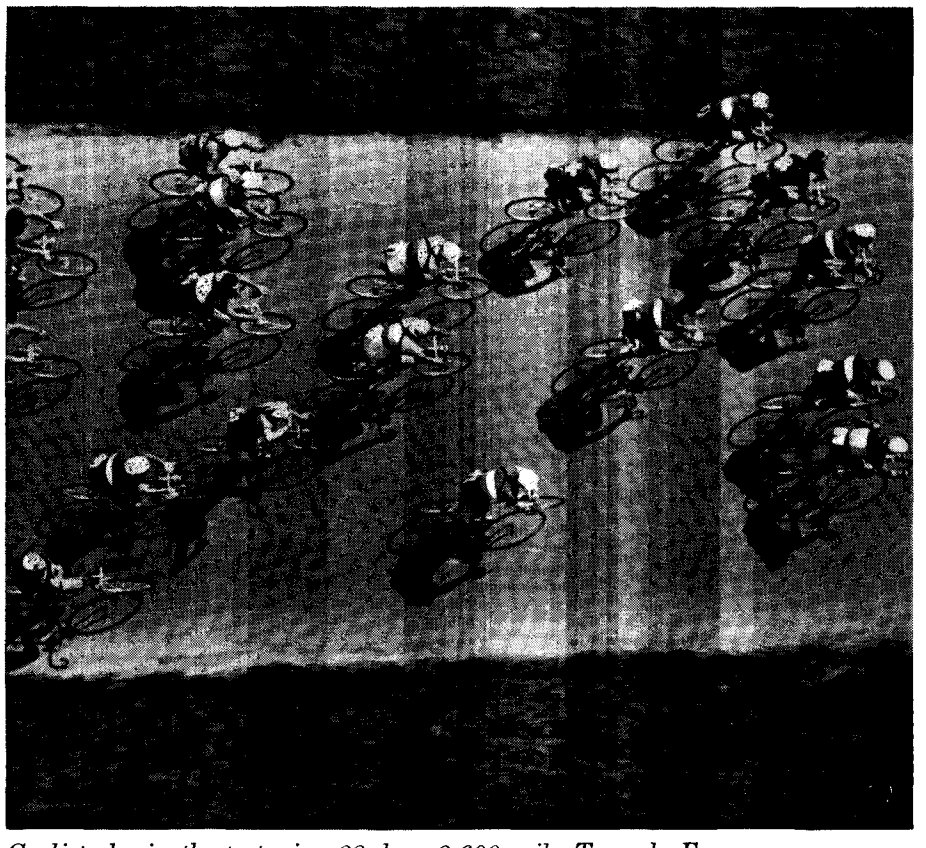
Above all, the European is fascinated by suffering. Most years, in spring, walkers race 285 miles from Strasbourg to Paris nonstop. For three days and nights they struggle up and over a "wall of sleep." Each summer hordes of people swim, or fail to swim, the English Channel; in the East, swimmers are hauled shivering and exhausted out of the Bosporus and the Caspian Sea.

In the Alps nearly every climbing expedition lasts two days or more. An Italian, Walter Bonatti, once scaled the Aiguille du Dru alone. It took him seven days. For most of six nights he rested in a sleeping bag hanging by a rope over the black void. Each day he inched a little higher. The skin peeled from his hands, cold numbed him, thirst tortured him. Terror and exhaustion fought for control of his soul. On the seventh day he clawed his way to the peak.

At the top he found his friends waiting for him. They had come up the mountain easily by another route. They were wildly delighted at his triumph, seeing no irony in the fact that Bonatti had risked his life in a needless, even pointless, effort. They would, in fact, deny that it was pointless, asking what is the "point" in a home run, a touchdown pass, a last-second basket. Bonatti had battled nature and himself, the only adversaries worth battling, and he had won. **THE END**



Mountain climbing provides the heroic struggle against nature which Europeans love. Antagonist here: the cliffs of Marseilles.



Cyclists begin the torturing 22-day, 2,600-mile Tour de France. Such events make bicycle racing the queen of Europe's sports.

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My Secret Swiss Stake

A status-seeking investor tells how a deposit of $25 got him a Swiss bank account with a lucky number.

BY MARVIN KITMAN

"The secret number built up my ego, but not my wife's."

One morning last summer I read an item in a newspaper that Swiss banks were trying to discourage foreigners from opening new secret-number accounts. So much money was already pouring into Switzerland—$42 million in outside currency arrived during a single lunch hour one day last July—that banks reportedly were even planning to halt the old Swiss custom of giving interest to depositors.

I don't know whether the news would discourage any nervous dictator, financial wizard or rich playboy, all of whom traditionally prefer to bank in Switzerland, but I know it discouraged me. All my life I had dreamed of being the first one on my block in Leonia, New Jersey, to own a Swiss bank account with a secret number.

It isn't that I have anything to hide, like some of those other people. It's just that most rich people probably have the secret-numbered accounts, and I am an uncringing status-seeker.

There are many status symbols I haven't acquired yet: a yacht, a Dual Ghia, a stable of race horses, a mistress. But those things all cost money. Maintaining a Swiss bank account with a secret number costs money, too, but at least you have something that can't turn to dross like many other status symbols.

When enough people on your block get something, it ceases to have status. The beauty part of a Swiss bank account is that your neighbors can't copy what they don't know for sure you have.

Under the Swiss banking secrecy act of 1934, bank vice presidents, auditors, tellers and even charladies can be sent to jail or heavily fined for revealing the names behind the famed numbered accounts. They can't even tell a man's wife. Naturally this has led to speculation about just who does own the secret accounts. It's almost common knowledge that Juan Perón has one. And a lot of people think Billie Sol Estes, Edward M. Gilbert, King Saud and Nikita Khrushchev have them. They are obviously status symbols worth having.

I began by telephoning the commercial attaché at the Swiss consulate general in New York City and asking for the name of a reliable Swiss bank.

"We have 1,500 banks in Switzerland," the attaché said.

"I'd like a safe one, please, where I can put something away for a snowy day."

"They are all safe, Monsieur," he said. "Swiss currency is backed by 150 percent in gold. United States currency is backed by only 32½ percent."

"Just give me the name of your largest bank," I said, "and I'll take my chances."

The attaché said that was a secret and he didn't see why he should risk going to jail just to help me out.

"What's the name of *your* bank?" I asked.

"Why, the Swiss Bank Corporation in Basel, of course," he said. "But they're trying to discourage new business. They already have more accounts than any other bank in Switzerland."

On the old mercantile theory that money talks, I drafted a check and a letter addressed to the Swiss Bank Corporation.

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"Enclosed please find my check for $25 with which to open my savings account in your bank," I wrote, feeling rotten about the puny size of my check. "Recently I have opened savings accounts in American banks, and it is common practice for them to give their new depositors gifts. Can you please send me a list of the gifts your bank offers? I am particularly fond of milk chocolate and watches.

"As you know, in America the usual rate of interest is approximately 4½ percent. I hope you can at least match that. Also, please send me a supply of bank-by-mail envelopes because it is inconvenient for my secretary to stop by your bank on her lunch hour."

To let the bank know I could turn into a windfall if handled right, I told them I'd be willing to throw them my special-checking-account business if they'd assure me of one thing: I didn't want my name imprinted on my checks; I only wanted my secret number.

"And, speaking of my secret number," I said, "I would prefer one that has several 4's and 6's in it, because they are my lucky numbers."

Two weeks later my secretary handed me a plain, white envelope from Switzerland. It contained five sheets of onionskin paper, which brought tears of joy to my eyes as soon as I had read the first paragraph:

"We thank you for your letter from which we have been pleased to learn that you wish to maintain an account with us. We have opened for you on our books a Swiss-francs deposit account. Your account bears the number 53189*-III. You would oblige by quoting the above-mentioned number whenever you give us instructions in writing, or when you call on us."

No bank-by-mail envelopes

The letter came from "The Managers/Private Secretary" of the mighty Swiss Bank Corporation and patiently set down answers to all my questions in single-spaced typewriting. It was not customary, the Managers/Private Secretary said, for banks in Switzerland to distribute gifts to their clients. My secret-numbered account would bear interest at 2½ percent a year. And I would have to bear the cost of either bringing in my money in person or mailing it in. The Swiss didn't believe in bank-by-mail envelopes.

They'd be glad to open a checking account for me, and the checks would bear only my secret number. (But, I realized, how would Macy's know who was paying the bill if I signed only my secret number?)

The letter closed with the flat assurance that "we shall spare no effort to serve you at any time to your entire satisfaction."

Well, as I strode around my office feeling secure, status-wise, for the first time in my adult life, it occurred to me that MY Swiss bank had, indeed, spared some effort in seeing to my entire satisfaction. So I called in my secretary and dictated a second letter.

"The account you have opened in my name is satisfactory," I explained, trying not to sound too much like a rich American. "The secret number you have assigned to me, however, leaves something to be desired. In my last letter I requested a secret number that contained as many 4's and 6's as possible. The number you sent me had many digits, but none of the desired variety. Would it be at all possible to have my secret number changed?"

"Who should I send it to?" my secretary asked.

"Whoever signed their letter."

"You read it," she said. "I don't speak Swiss."

I studied the signature block on the last onionskin sheet. Actually two individuals in the office of The Managers/Private Secretary seemed to have had a hand in the signing of the letter. Each signature was so flagrantly illegible, the mail must have been brought in for signing during the cocktail hour at my Swiss bank.

I had the signatures photostated and pasted on to the new envelope, and signed my letter properly, "53189*-III."

A week later, just after concluding I never would have had so much trouble getting the secret number I wanted if I had been an expatriate movie star or a defrocked dictator, another plain, white envelope arrived from Switzerland.

"Your remarks as regards your account number have had our full attention," my Swiss bank wrote. "Yet we wish to inform you that, for technical reasons, numbers outside the running series can as a rule not be assigned to newly opened accounts. However, in order to oblige you, we are exceptionally prepared to designate your account with a number consisting of the figures you asked for. Therefore your account will henceforth be kept under the new account number, 66444*-III, which please quote in all your future communications to us."

I was really walking around on Clouds 4 and 6 now, until my secretary ran her letter-opener through them. "You don't have a head for numbers," she said. "I have to call information for your own sister's telephone number. What will you do if you deposit a million Swiss francs and the number slips your mind some day?"

She was right. Even though I now had one of the least complicated secret numbers in the history of Swiss banking, I dictated another letter. But not before writing another check to convince my Swiss bank they weren't wasting their time paying attention to me.

"Please find enclosed a draft for $25 for deposit in my secret-numbered account in your bank," I wrote. "Unfortunately, I have forgotten my account number. I realize it is against the regulations, but could you make an exception and tell me my secret number again?"

Ten days later another plain, white envelope arrived from my Swiss bank. I was becoming rich in Swiss airmail stamps.

I also was becoming famous at my Swiss bank, if the salutation was any clue. The letter called me "Dear Mr. Kitman." In the past, I had only been "Dear Sir."

"We have converted the proceeds of your draft into Swiss francs," the letter said, "which we credited to your account No. 66444*-III. For your information we might mention that the account number is used for technical purposes."

I recognized immediately that something had gone wrong at my Swiss bank. The familiar two illegible scrawls signing all the other communications from Switzerland had disappeared. They had been replaced by two different illegible scrawls. Obviously, my account had become too important for the two original signers to handle. I only hoped the two members of The Managers/Private Secretary hadn't been sent to a Swiss jail for giving me the secret-numbered account in the first place.

But that was the Swiss Bank Corporation's administrative problem.

But my wife began to worry

While the history of my negotiations for a secret-numbered account may already have become a case study in Swiss banking schools, I was having my own problem. I had been so relaxed and obviously satisfied with my lot in Leonia, New Jersey, that my wife began to worry.

"Why don't we buy anything anymore?" she asked, looking out the living-room window at the steam rising from our neighbor's brand new Turkish birdbath.

"We have everything we need," I said. "More food than we can eat, plenty of gas in the car——"

"I mean we always used to try to keep a step ahead of everybody," she said. "Now we're twenty behind. What's come over you?"

"Nothing," I lied.

"It's some other woman," she said. "Tell me now while I'm still young. Don't wait until I'm forty."

"Look, I'll tell you if you promise not to tell everybody on the block." I read the Swiss banking-secrecy act of 1934 to her.

"So what?" she said.

"I own a Swiss bank account with a lucky secret number."

"Why do you need a bank in Switzerland?"

"It's thrifty," I said desperately. "A dollar goes further when you throw it into a Swiss bank account."

For some reason, however, the secret-number account didn't seem to do as much for her status feelings as it did for mine. I could tell by the way she cried softly whenever a truck drove down our block carrying a new appliance.

I've been making a number of withdrawals from my Swiss bank account recently. Last week I bought my wife a beautiful sterling-silver frying pan at Tiffany's ($320). Next week Hammacher Schlemmer is delivering an auto seat belt covered in chinchilla ($100) for our car. And I'm getting a bulletproof vest ($195) all the way from Neiman-Marcus in Texas to protect me from my Swiss bank's public-relations man when he reads the way I've spilled all these beans. **THE END**

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Five Recipes

GEFILTE FISH

3 lb. carp
2 lb. whitefish
1 lb. yellow pike
3 onions
salt, whole peppercorns
2 eggs
¼ cup water
salt, white pepper
1 tablespoon cracker meal
2 carrots, scraped

Have fish dealer fillet fish, reserving heads and bones for stock. Salt fillets and refrigerate. Cover heads, bones, two peeled onions, salt and peppercorns with 1 quart water; bring to boil, simmer 20 minutes. Meanwhile put fish fillets and 1 onion through grinder with fine blade. Place in wooden chopping bowl. Add eggs, lightly beaten with water, salt, pepper and cracker meal. Chop mixture till light and well blended. Moisten hands with cold water and shape into loose balls. Slip into boiling stock with a spoon, add water if necessary to cover and simmer 1½ hours. Add carrots and cook another half hour until fish balls are white and about twice original size. Lift fish balls out with slotted spoon. Remove carrots, slice and set aside. Strain stock and pour half over fish. Pour remainder into jar; refrigerate to set. Serve cold, garnishing the fish with sliced carrot and chilled stock. Serves about 12.

SWEET AND SOUR POT ROAST

6 lb. beef
2 large onions, sliced
1 clove minced garlic
¾ cup of water or stock
2 bay leaves
2 tablespoons lemon juice or vinegar
1 tablespoon brown sugar
3 tablespoons ketchup
½ cup raisins salt

Brown meat in hot fat on all sides, using heavy pot. Add onions and garlic, cook till brown. Add water or stock and bay leaves; cover and simmer one hour. Add lemon juice and brown sugar. Cover and simmer another hour. Add ketchup, raisins and salt. Cover and cook ½ hour. Serve hot with potato pancakes, noodles or brown rice. Serves 6 to 8 persons.

NOODLE FRUIT CAPON STUFFING

½ lb. broad noodles, cooked
4 tablespoons fat (preferably chicken fat)
1 medium onion, minced
liver and gizzards, chopped
1 tablespoon salt
1 teaspoon paprika
¼ teaspoon pepper
¼ teaspoon ginger
2 tablespoons minced parsley
1 cup minced apples
1 cup prunes, stewed and cut
grated rind of 1 orange
1 beaten egg

Cook noodles, drain, rinse with cold water and drain well. Toss with one tablespoon of fat. Heat remaining fat, add onions, liver, gizzards, seasonings and parsley; brown. Stir in apples, prunes and grated rind. Add mixture to noodles in a large bowl, toss. Stir in beaten egg.
Pack stuffing loosely in cavity of 6-to-8-pound capon, truss. Rub outside of capon with oil, place breast up in shallow roasting pan and bake in 350° oven for two to two and a half hours, basting with oil from time to time.

SABBATH CHOLENT

3 to 4 lb. of beef
1 lb. dried Lima beans
3 large onions, sliced
¼ cup chicken fat
salt, pepper and paprika
1 small clove garlic
½ lb. barley
2 tablespoons flour
boiling water to cover

For the meat use flanken or brisket. Soak beans overnight; then drain. Using heavy-duty pot, brown onions in hot fat, remove. Rub meat generously with salt, pepper, paprika and garlic. Brown well in hot fat. Add all ingredients; sprinkle lightly with flour. Add boiling water to cover. Cover tightly and bring to boil. Taste, adjust salt, pepper. To finish cooking, place covered pot in 250° oven overnight and until noon next day or cook in 350° oven for 3 to 4 hours. Serves 10 to 12.

RICH NOODLE PUDDING

½ lb. medium egg noodles
3 tablespoons butter
1 package (8 ounces) cream cheese
½ lb. cottage cheese
½ cup sour cream
3 eggs, separated
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup sugar
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 cup sliced peeled apples
¼ cup broken walnut meats
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
½ cup white raisins

Cook noodles in boiling, salted water. Drain. Toss with butter in large bowl. Break up cream cheese with fork, add cottage cheese and sour cream and beat until light. Add egg yolks, beat well. Pour over noodles in bowl. Add remaining ingredients, except egg whites, and mix well. Beat egg whites stiff, fold in. Pour into greased casserole. Bake in 350° oven about 45 minutes, or until browned. Serves 6.

JEWISH COOKING

by Sylvia Schur

"Eat a little something," that familiar, age-old Jewish welcome, is an almost unnecessary invitation. In the presence of good Jewish cooking, it is nearly impossible to stop eating. "And it isn't just the food itself," explains one young matron. "It's partly the mood and the memories. I remember that as a child in our New York neighborhood, with the aromas of *gefilte* fish, roast chicken and yeast cake coming from every house, I couldn't get home fast enough. It was the same every Friday. And the baking of *challah*, that wonderful Sabbath bread, has as much religious fervor as cooking skill. Even now such smells seem to me like Peace and Love and Warmth. You know what I mean. If Betty Crocker could put those smells up in box mixes, we could end juvenile delinquency."

Jewish cooking today is an amalgam of contributions, picked up by generations of merchants and migrants who wandered the countries of the earth. In the melting-pot processes of the big city these culinary contributions have simmered down to a tasty heritage known as "New York-style Jewish cooking." In the more than three centuries since the first Jewish pioneer group arrived in New Amsterdam, thi influence has spread till most cities in the United States today can enjoy its specialties.

Like most housewives, Jewish cooks are constant adapters, borrowing a cup of technique here, a spoonful of tradition there. In the mid-1600's it was Dutch immigrants to New York who brought the recipes for such back-home favorites as cucumbers pickled with garlic and dill, hearty cabbage dishes and a variety of herrings. A wave of newcomers in the 1800's added to the menus: *gefilte* fish, special pancakes, sweet-sour stews and strudels from Germany, eggplant salad from Romania, dumplings and dishes with poppy seeds from Czechoslovakia, noodle puddings from Italy and special ways to cook with fish and olive oil from Spain and Portugal. The English brought recipes for holiday puddings similar to plum pudding; French Jews translated *pâté de foie gras* into a more thrifty liver delicacy—chopped chicken livers with *schmaltz*—rendered chicken fat of rare sweetness. Russia contributed borscht soups (beef, cabbage and red beet) and *babka*, a mushroom-shaped yeast bread. Hungarians brightened the cooking scene with pungent clouds of red paprika.

And each group brought those essentials for orthodox family dining, the *challah* knife, goblets for wine and candlesticks to light the Sabbath—all part of a tradition that focused almost religious importance on food. According to the dietary laws of orthodox Judaism, permissible foods are divided into three categories: meat, dairy and *parve*, the latter meaning foods such as fish, fruits, vegetables and seasonings. *Parve* may be eaten with either meats or dairy meals. Dairy foods should not be eaten with meats, or served at the same table (or even from the same dishes, in strict orthodoxy). Thus, for practical purposes, meals were divided into meat and dairy types. Certain foods including shellfish, pork and the rear quarters of animals are forbidden to orthodox Jews who carefully follow the kosher rules of cooking.

Some of these rules, originally based on health and safety regulations, date back to the Old Testament. They were later elaborated in a complex table of laws. Inventive Jewish cooks have arrived at many ways to create outstanding flavor and quality within this code.

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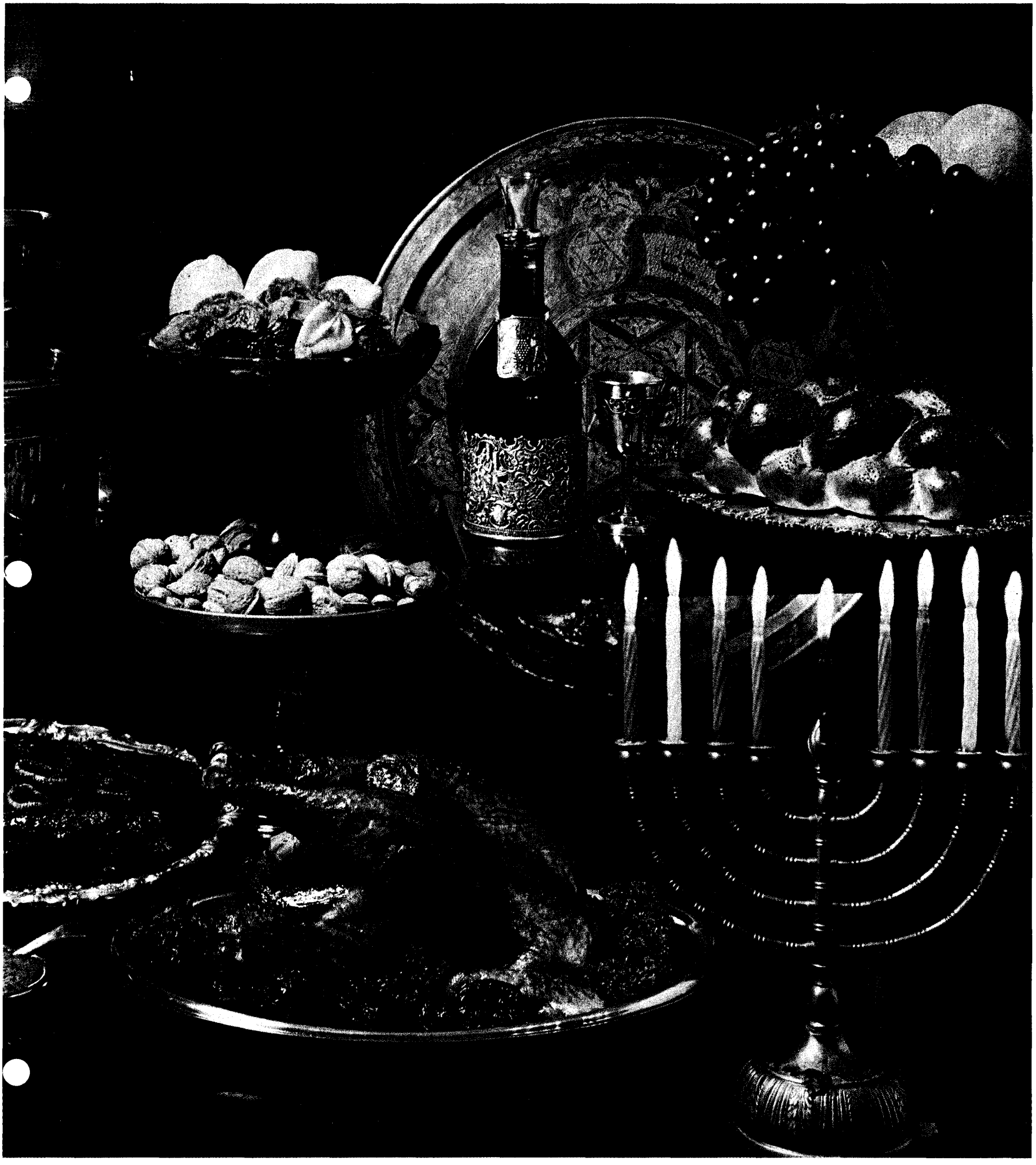

Stuffed chicken, Concord wine and challah bread play starring roles at a Sabbath dinner.

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"Eat a little something" is invariably the prelude to a gigantic repast.

JEWISH COOKING

Because only the forequarters of animals up to the seventh rib are used, kosher butchers have learned to cut beef in special ways, making the most of chuck and of brisket, a long, flat strip well marbled with fat. This is used fresh, or pickled for corned beef, or spiced and smoked for pastrami. Chuck has inspired a number of excellent recipes, including one for Dutch pot roast in which half a cup of grape juice is used in simmering the meat. The good *balabusta* (efficient housewife) uses every permissible part of the animal. Even intestines are scrubbed and filled (large beef intestines are used) with a savory, onion-scented flour or cereal and suet blend, oven-browned and sliced. This baked *kishka* (or stuffed Derma), is a richly flavored dish related to Scottish haggis.

Since dairy foods often become the main course for a meal, cottage cheese and sour cream are used to make special dishes. A family can make a main-dish meal of golden noodles tossed in butter and served with mounds of cottage cheese and sour cream. With the dietary laws in mind, ingenious cooks have even come up with an excellent recipe for "dairy liver," which is a combination of sautéed mushrooms and onions, chopped together with hard-boiled egg.

Chicken plays a starring role on Sabbath evenings—Friday—when the classic meal consists of chicken soup, followed by boiled or roast chicken. *Gefilte* fish and *challah* bread are almost invariably on the menu. Before sundown, homes are scrubbed and polished and the table spread with a stiffly ironed cloth and lighted with Sabbath candles, to welcome the day of rest with the traditional meal.

First comes the sweet grape wine, a deep purple, the color of the Concords from which it is made. Then comes the blessing and cutting of the *challah*; then *gefilte* fish is served. Perfectionist Jewish housewives once made it a point to select carp for this dish alive and swimming in a tank, to be cut to order. This on-the-fin shopping is disappearing as more and more *gefilte* fish is sold prepared in delicatessens or jarred in supermarkets; but a few old-time New York markets still offer tanked carp. *Gefilte* fish should be served with freshly ground horseradish and *challah*, or *matzo*, the unleavened, perforated Passover bread. *Challah* loaves may be bought in many New York supermarkets any Friday or Saturday or in Jewish bakeries. The bread is braided or made with strips of dough set crosswise to symbolize a "ladder to heaven." At Jewish New Year it is baked in a plump round swirl to symbolize the fullness of happiness.

Sabbath chicken is usually a plump bird, boiled in the soup and then browned in the oven, or a roasted capon with noodle fruit dressing. (As a tip from the Hungarians, rub a roasting chicken with salt, pepper and paprika before stuffing.) In Jewish cookery a chicken can be used almost literally from feet to tail feathers. A bunch of white chicken feathers, for instance, was an old-time choice for brushing *challah* dough with beaten egg yolk before baking. Chicken feet, well scrubbed, add strength and flavor when cooked in soup. Chopped chicken heart and gizzard can be added to egg-and-bread-crumb dumplings; leftover meat makes fine filling for chicken *kreplach*. The skin of the neck, cleaned and stuffed with seasoned *matzo* meal and egg, is often roasted in a pan with the bird. And rendered chicken fat, yielding a rich *schmaltz* to be used for flavoring, or as a cooking fat, is also the basis of a Jewish specialty called *grebenes*. This is made by removing and washing fat and fatty skin from chicken, duck or goose. Finely cut fat and skin are then cooked over low heat until almost melted. For each cup of fat to be rendered, one slice of apple and one-fourth cup thinly sliced onion are added and simmered until brown. Cool and strain. The clear fat is *schmaltz;* onion and solid bits are *grebenes* (cracklings) to be served with chopped chicken livers, mashed potatoes or *kasha* (buckwheat groats), or spread on rye bread.

HAZEL, starring SHIRLEY BOOTH, may be seen on NBC-TV Thursday Evenings

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

New Yorkers of all backgrounds have accepted variations of Jewish cooking as a rightful part of their city's cuisine. In midtown luncheonettes toasted, buttered bagels, a small, doughnut-shaped bread, approach classic doughnuts and "Danish" as breakfast favorites. Cheesecakes run the variety gamut from three-inch-high fruit cakes (strawberry, pineapple, apricot, prune) to "cheesecake plain," cut to individual portions, lunch-pail size and sold in many groceries.

Plush eateries, such as "21" often include modifications of Jewish specialties on their menus. And restaurateur Toots Shor carries his brand of palsmanship to the culinary end by keeping on his chophouse menu chicken-in-the-pot with *matzo* balls, chopped chicken livers, hot corned beef and pot roast with pancakes.

Down on lower Second Avenue stands Moskowitz and Lupowitz, a sedate old Romanian restaurant, redolent with good cooking and a-twang with gypsy violins. For nearly a century their Jewish food has lured gourmet New Yorkers with such attractions as *kasha* groats, spiced-watermelon pickles, stuffed cabbage with yellow-raisin sauce, sweet-and-sour pot roast and much, much more.

Among a long list of classic Jewish recipes is *cholent*, a dish which usually takes twenty-four hours to cook. Since religious Jewish people are not allowed to cook on the Sabbath, *cholent*, which can readily be prepared in advance, has long been a favored Jewish meal. It is primarily a bean dish; slow cooking improves the flavors. It was called *cholent*, as a contraction of "*shule* end," meaning "after *shule* (synagogue) services" when it made a delicious hot dish for a hungry family.

Along the section of New York's Second Avenue where Jewish specialty food shops abound, almost everyone seems eager to swap recipes. The following suggestion for "instant borscht with improvements" was offered, unsolicited, by a cab driver who happened to pick up a fare carrying a package of garlic salami and kosher dills. He was a "widower by divorce," the cab driver explained, and had complete custody of three children. Hence he was attempting to cook for them traditionally, but "instantly."

"For instant borscht like I make it," he said, "you take a full cup of canned red beets and a cup of that juice they come in. Put that in a pan with a couple of cups of canned consommé. Make it hot till it boils and add two tablespoons of sugar and some salt and pepper. If you got one lemon, put in one lemon. If you got more, put more. Let it all cool and put the beets and some liquid in the electric blender and spin it soft. Then blend in a cup of sour cream and an egg, mix all that with what's left in the pan and make the soup real cold. The 'improvements,' I call them, are chopped hard-boiled egg, chopped cucumber, chopped boiled cold potatoes and a lot of sour cream. I put the improvements in bowls in the middle of the kitchen table so the kids eat in there and get an education away from television once in a while."

Neighborhood bakers have helped keep many traditions of Jewish breads alive, including the sour ryes and heavy black pumpernickels of Russian origin. These come as much as three feet in diameter, dark as coffee beans. Recently raisin pumpernickels have been introduced as New York Jewish bakers keep up with the general American trend to more varied flavors in breads. There are also flat corn breads, onion-flavored ryes and a selection of rolls ranging from hard-crusted poppy seeds, small braids like miniature *challahs*, flat, chewy rolls of Russian origin known as "Bialys" or "Baileys," to bagels—which get their glaze through boiling before baking.

With the advent of home food freezers New York Jewish bakers report a thriving mail-order business in breads. Mosha's Bread of Brooklyn, for example, ships five-pound, thirteen-inch pumpernickels or ryes at $1.75 a loaf.

What goes *on* the Jewish breads is important too. And what goes on the breads for meatless meals is often bought in a New York phenomenon called "the appetizing store." These shops specialize in herrings of all kinds, as well as other smoked fish. And, of course, lox—which may be a plain smoked salmon or the more expensive Nova Scotia salmon. Rosy in color, this finely flavored fish is usually delicatessen-cut in precious packets of as little as "half a quarter" of a pound.

The appetizing store is also well stocked with spices and herbs, and such imported delicacies as strings of dried mushrooms and Israeli orange slices. Other sweets include two special "candies": flat sheets of dried, pressed prunes or apricots known as "leather," and *halvah*, a crumbly Eastern sweet made partly with ground sesame seeds which stick deliciously to the teeth.

Now the chants of food peddlers once heard on the streets rise above the piped-in music of many supermarkets, as the man behind the counter cries, "Taste my herrings, girls," or "Nice hot chickens here." And those chickens will be a little rosier with paprika, a little sharper with garlic, touched with the extra flavor that Jewish cooking brought to New York from all over the world. **THE END**

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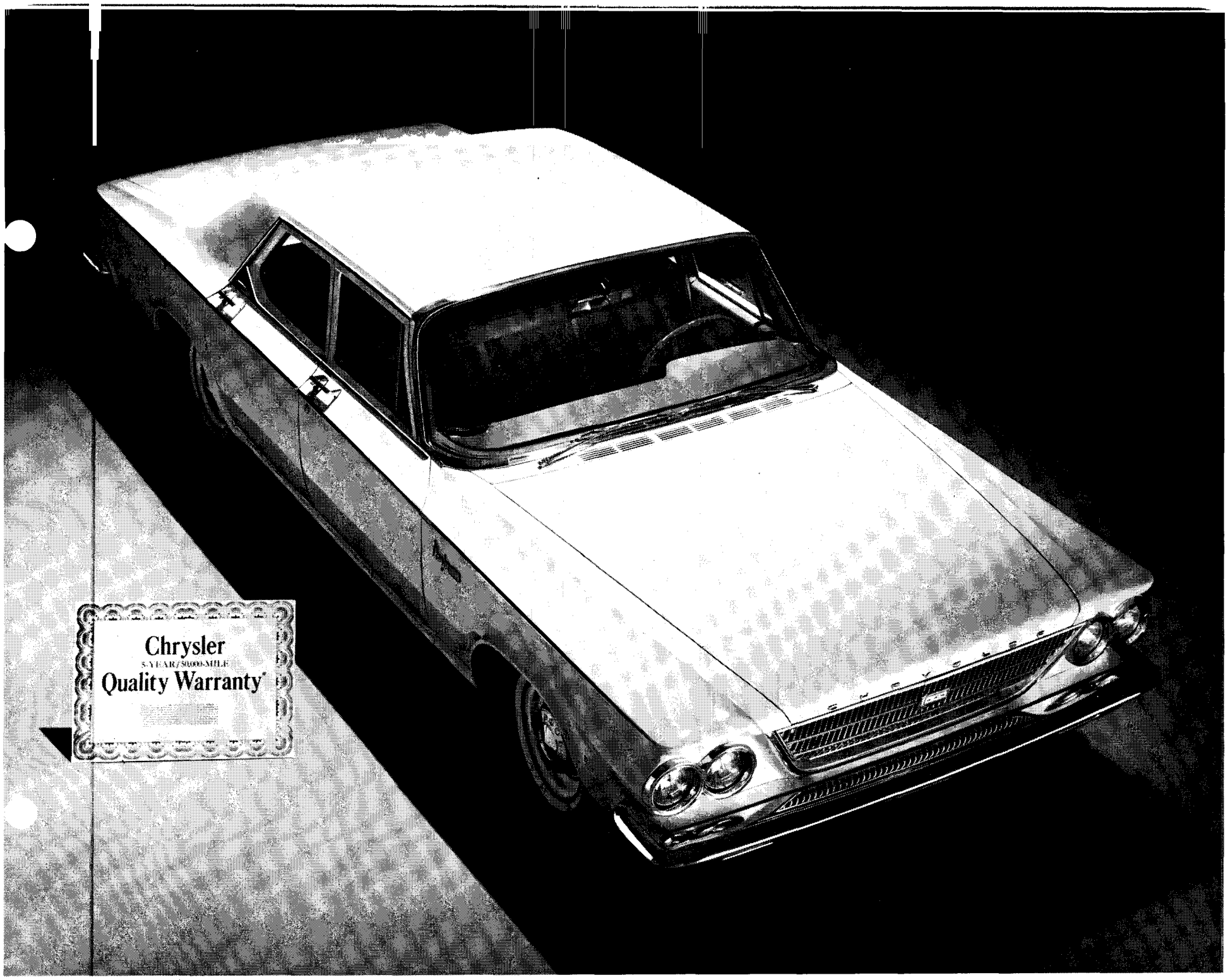

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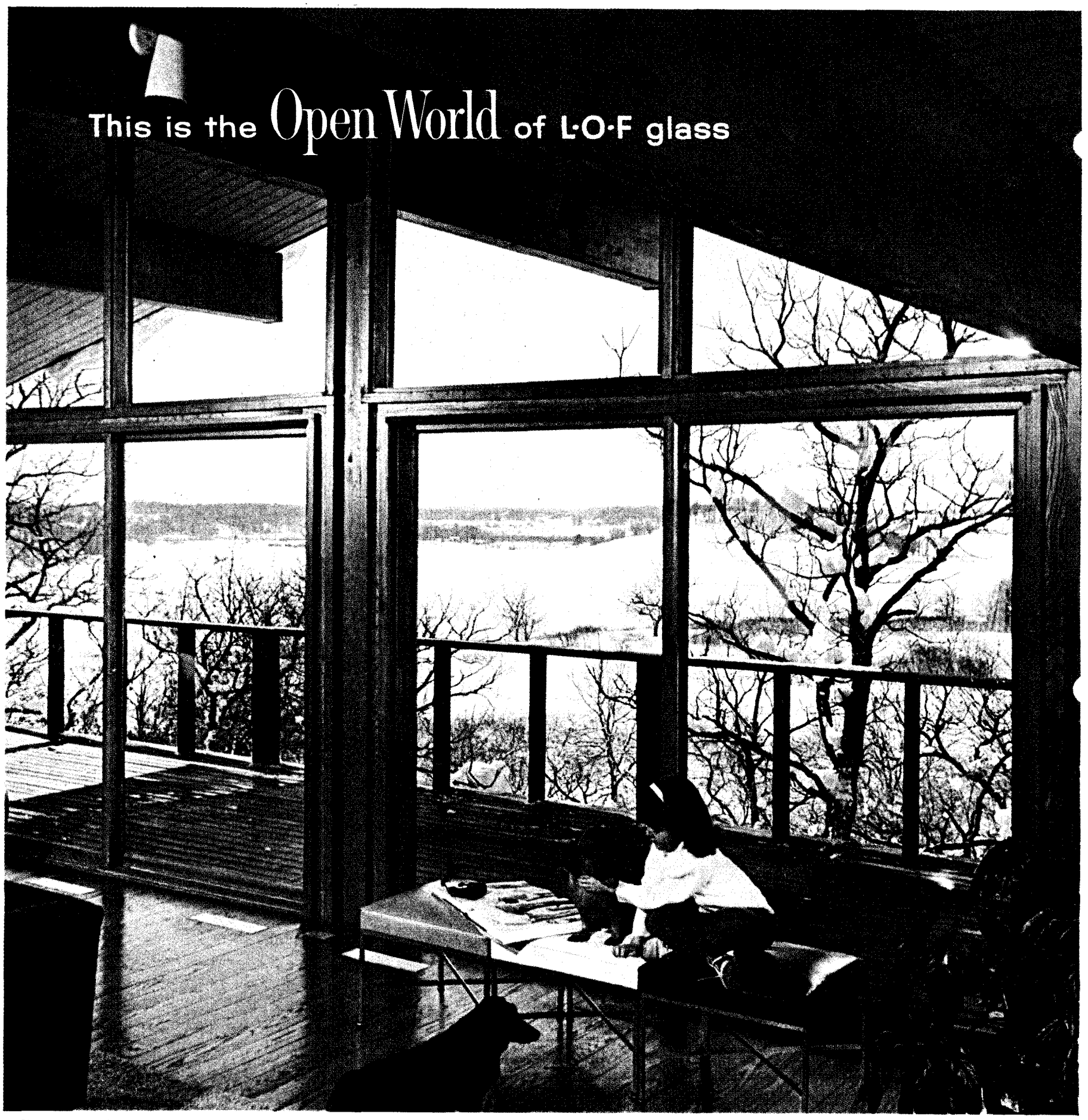

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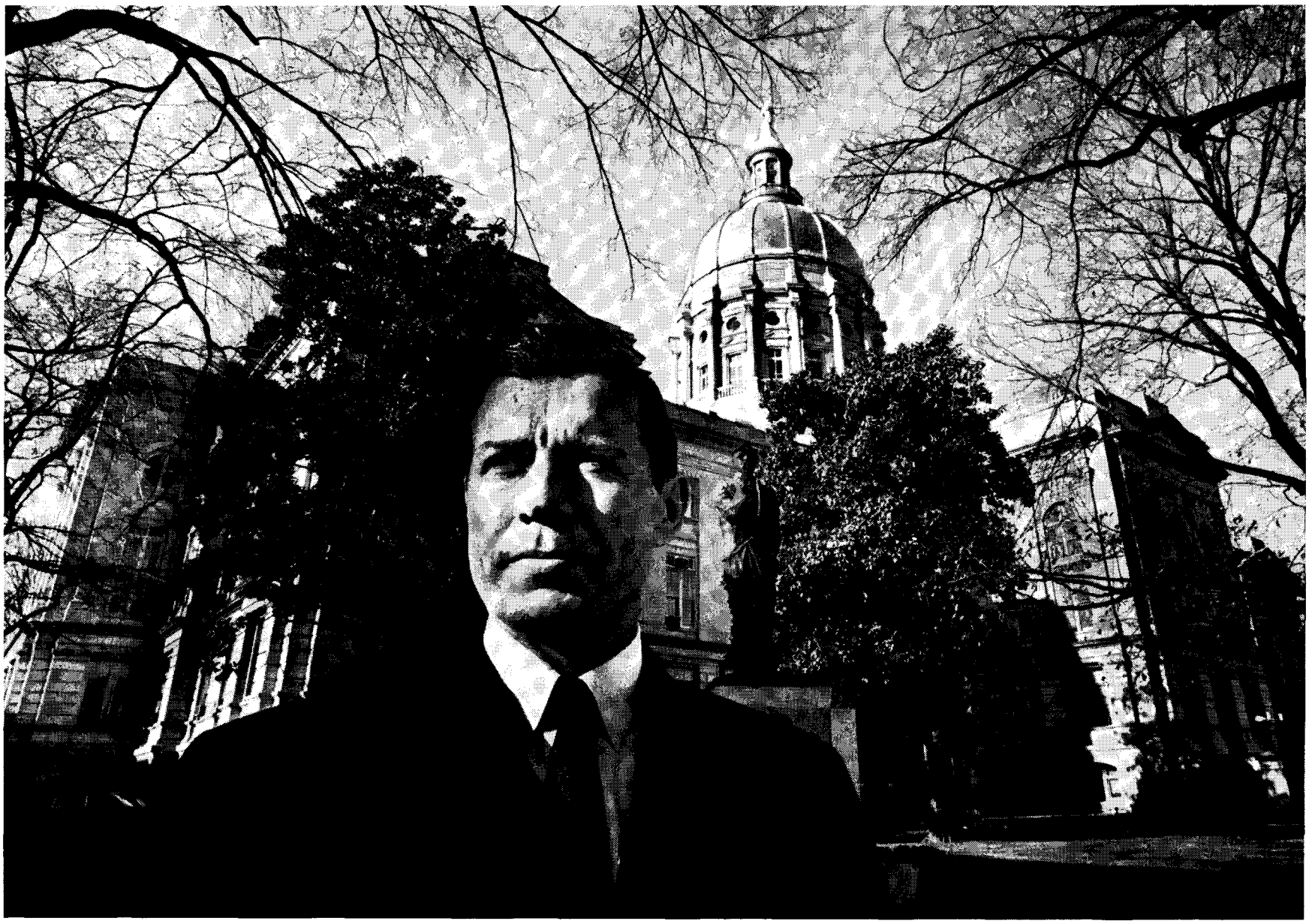
Progress goes marching through GEORGIA



Gov. Carl Sanders typifies new political breed. Wide-angle lens makes State Capitol seem to lean away from him.

By Ben Hibbs

Three years ago Georgia stood at the crossroads. A Federal court had ordered the Atlanta schools to integrate, and throughout the state there was deep resentment, with much inflammatory talk about massive resistance, school closings, violence if necessary.

During the preceding 20 years Georgia had piled up a striking record of progress and modernization. Industry had surged in from the North, jobs had multiplied, average family income had risen sharply, people were living better. Education was improving, and the illiteracy rate was dropping. Atlanta had become a gem among cities, and most of the large towns were booming mightily.

And yet in the winter of 1960 there was an air of apprehension in the state. Everyone knew that the Atlanta court order was only the beginning, and, with the threat of social strife hanging there like a storm cloud, cooler heads wondered whether Georgia's fine, straight march ahead was to be halted in its tracks.

Would Atlanta be another Little Rock? Would there be, in Georgia, another Prince Edward County, Virginia, where the public schools had been closed down tight—and remain closed to this day? Already there were signs that industry, which likes to operate in an atmosphere of peace and order, was beginning to look askance at Georgia. Several national companies had reported difficulty in persuading their branch-plant executives, particularly those with children, to move into the state.

The fact that in the end Georgia faced up to its problem and refused to turn back to the nineteenth century is one of the remarkable and encouraging events of our

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"The changes are convulsive."

time. Today the state is moving forward at an even more rapid pace—in industrialization, in education, on the racial front, and politically. Last summer it threw out its ancient county-unit voting system, which had long given the balance of power to the rural backwaters—and to the Gene Talmadges they produced. By its example Georgia may very well point the way ahead to some of the other states in the Deep South.

Georgia's new attitude is typified perfectly by a comment made to me by Gov. Carl E. Sanders when I asked him to define "a moderate." "In my case," he replied, "'moderate' means that I am a segregationist but not a damned fool."

Then he added: "I am a southerner by birth and at heart, and I believe sincerely in our traditional separation of the races. On the other hand, I am for progress. I am determined that during my administration this state will move ahead—fast. And I know that we can't have real progress in the midst of social upheavals. Consequently while I am governor we are going to obey the laws, we are not going to resist Federal court orders with violence, and we are not going to close any schools. We have seen some pretty sorry examples of that kind of folly in the South, and I want none of it in Georgia."

Sanders, a 37-year-old Augusta attorney, was elected governor last autumn after trouncing Marvin S. Griffin in the September Democratic primary. A slim, neatly dressed man who speaks fluently but without flamboyance, Sanders was a B-17 bomber pilot at age 19 in World War II. He holds a law degree from the University of Georgia, conducts a successful practice in Augusta and has served in both houses of the state legislature.

"A segregationist, but"

In Georgia the governor serves one four-year term, and although he cannot succeed himself he can run for the same office again after standing aside for one or more terms. Griffin, Sanders' opponent in the primary, had occupied the governor's chair from 1955 to 1959, and his administration was riddled with financial scandals. His attempted comeback in 1962 raised the old ghost of corruption in the State House, and Sanders pounded hard on the issue of clean government. He also hammered away on his favorite theme of progress. The state had pushed forward rapidly under Gov. S. Ernest Vandiver, whose term was drawing to a close, and Sanders insisted that nothing must check this march to better things.

And of course the race problem was an issue—although to lesser degree, apparently, than most people thought. Griffin is a forthright segregationist, as undiluted as high-proof bourbon. Sanders made it clear that he is "a segregationist but ——"

"This 'segregationist but' credo," said Ralph McGill, famed columnist and publisher of the Atlanta *Constitution*, "is a dichotomy that often crops up in the statements of the new breed of southern politician. And that little word 'but' and what follows can be charged with future meaning for the South."

Many of the political soothsayers gave Griffin the edge in the primary. What they overlooked was that Georgia had indeed turned a corner. Most of the voters still wish the old racial status quo could remain, and they deeply resent what they regard as northern interference in their affairs. Yet, almost suddenly, the economic motive has become more important to the majority of Georgians than the perennial battle over Negro rights. Sanders sensed this, and he won. He was unopposed in the November election.

In Georgia, perhaps more clearly than in any other state, it is possible to see with the naked eye the almost convulsive changes which are occurring in this nation's way of life. The revolution in agriculture, the exodus from the land, the urbanization of the people, the industrialization of our economy, the rising standard of living for the rank and file—all these trends are proceeding at an accelerated pace in Georgia.

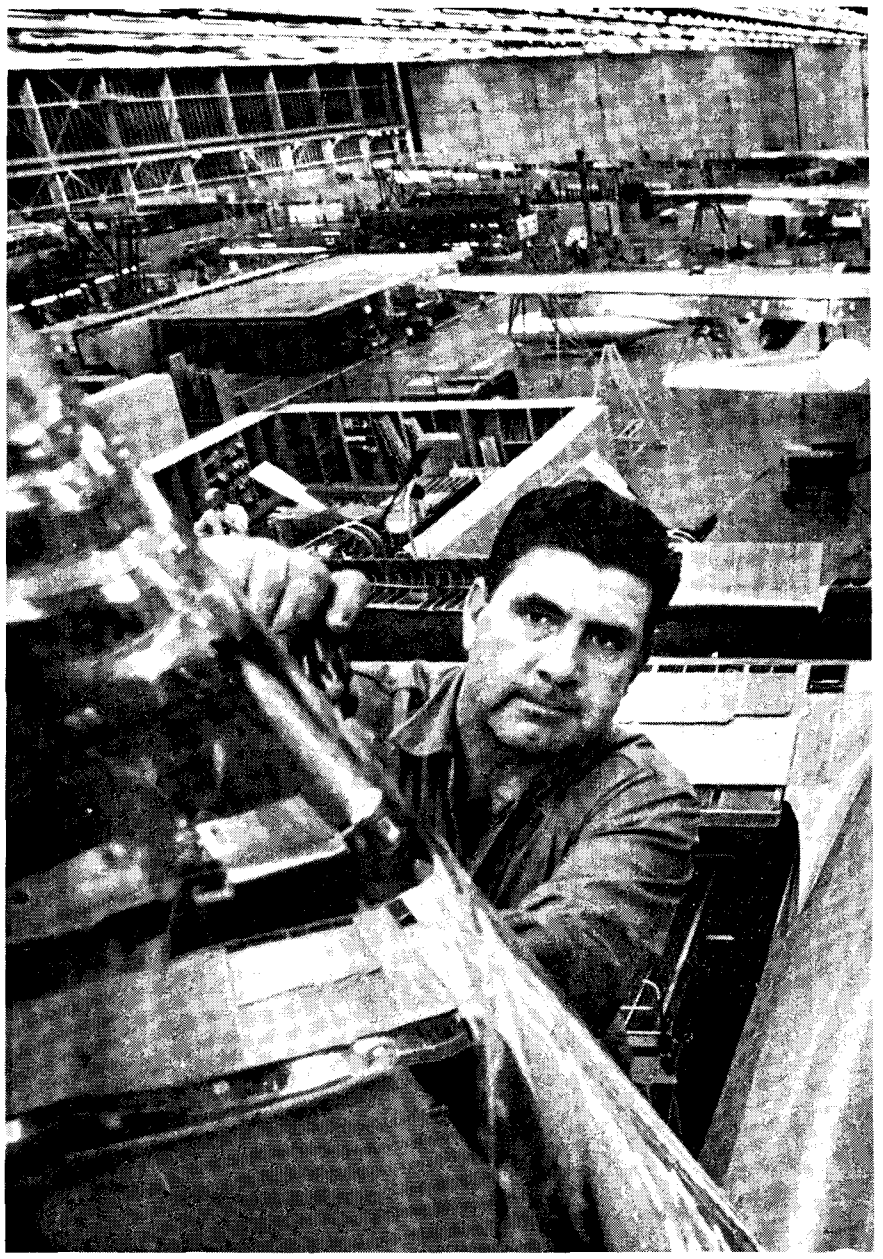
Georgia is a big, sprawling state, endowed with great natural beauty in many of its areas but ugly and neglected in others. From the mountains of the north—an extension of the Great Smokies—the terrain slopes away through rolling farm country and lovely wooded hills to the broad croplands and lush pastures of the southern coastal plain. Deep, slow streams, some of them navigable in their lower reaches, flow southward to the Gulf and east to the Atlantic Ocean. Georgia's climate is benign, good hunting and fishing abound, and the outdoor life can be enjoyed most of the year.

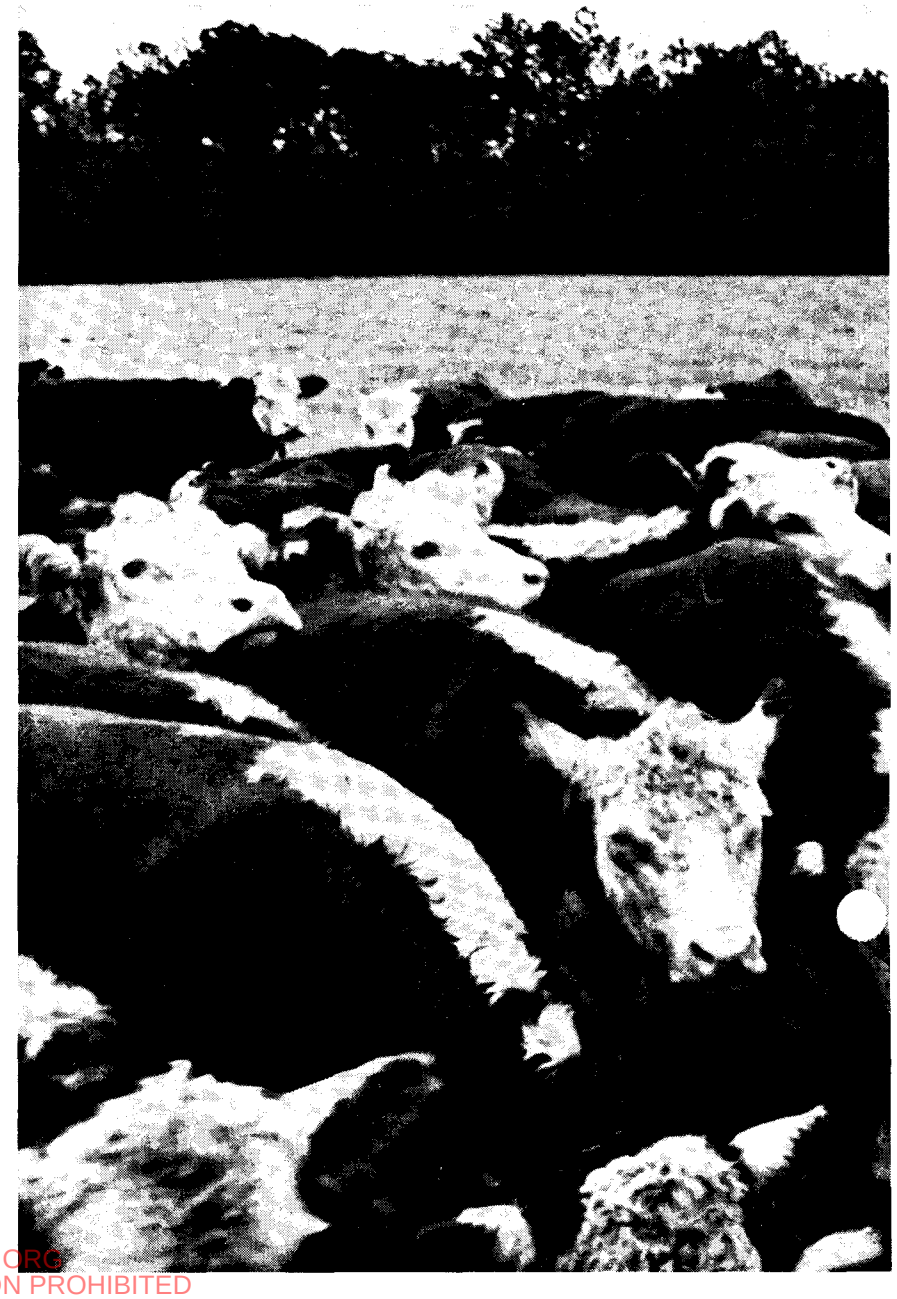
From the time of the Civil War until the 1930's Georgia was a rural southern state—with all that implies. Its economy was based on cotton; a half century ago its compresses turned out 2,000,000 bales a year. With the exception of some tobacco, there was little other commercial farming worthy of the name. Textiles were the only industry of any consequence. Forty-acre, one-mule farms, eroding and declining in fertility, were the order of the day. On the larger places the ancient sharecropping system still had its stranglehold on the land. Forestry was a hit-and-run business, with the little peckerwood sawmills stripping the countryside and leaving desolation behind.

Fifty years ago two thirds of the population lived on the land, and most of the rural people of both races were bone-poor. Diet and sanitation were bad, and the health quotient was low. Schools were poor, and the roads for the most part were mere gashes in the red earth. The courthouse gangs ruled the political roost and all too frequently remained in power through appeals to ignorance and bias and hatred.

"Don't talk to me about the good old days," one elderly Atlanta businessman said to me. "I lived in those times, and they weren't good at all—for most folks."

Then came the day when Georgia's one-crop economy began its precipitous decline. Cotton fell upon evil days in the Southeast and moved west. Hundreds of thousands of people knew no other way of farming, no other way of life. The flight from the land began. Abandoned cotton





These Herefords roam David Wainer's Valdosta ranch, reclaimed from devastated forests and worn-out farms.

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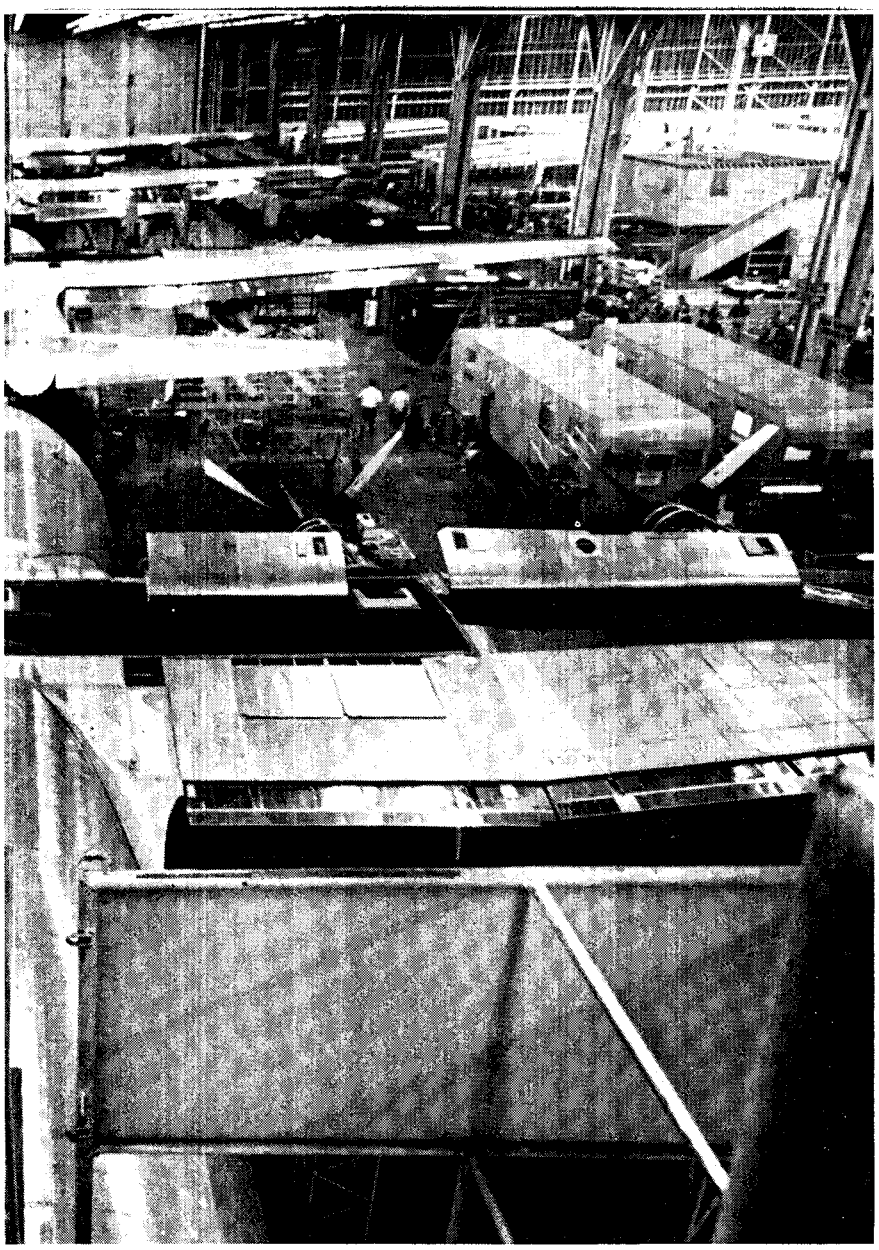
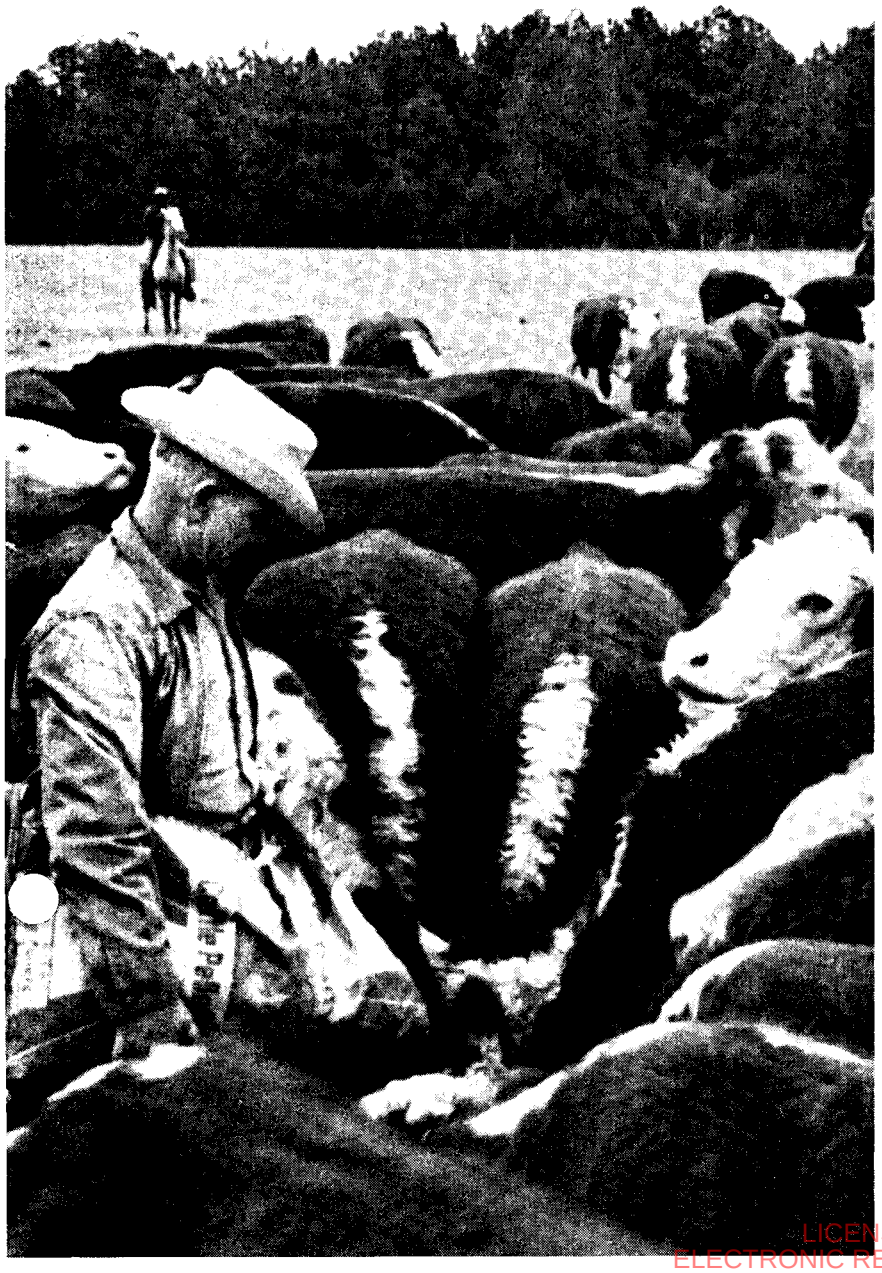


Lockheed, turning out planes in this plant at Marietta, employs 15,000 workers in a state which industry once shunned and where Cotton ruled.



fields grew up to weeds, and little frame dwellings along the rural roads stood vacant and sagging—melancholy symbols of an era that was gone.

Even as late as 1940 there were still 1,500,000 people living on Georgia farms. Today all but 400,000—one tenth of the state's population—have fled to the towns and cities; and many of those who remain on farms earn most of their livelihood in the factories of nearby towns. Of Georgia's approximately 100,000 farms, moreover, 65 percent are listed as part-time farming operations.

And yet the state's agricultural income has leaped from $150,000,000 in 1940 to almost $800,000,000 in 1961. What happened was that the gospel of diversification, hybridization, better fertilization, mechanization—in short, more and better cash crops produced more efficiently—finally began to take hold. Cotton and tobacco are still grown in Georgia, but they are now only two of many cash crops. Peanuts, hybrid corn, hogs, cattle, dairy products, truck crops, pecans, peaches run into important money.

Big business in birds

The most spectacular success story of all is poultry. Georgia tops the nation in chicken production, having showed a hundredfold increase since 1940. Gainesville, a lively town in the foothills of the north Georgia mountains, claims to be, and probably is, the broiler capital of the world. Its packing plants process around 230,000,000 broilers a year, turning out everything from the whole bird to quick-frozen chicken pie. Chickens and eggs together yielded an income of $242,208,000 for the state as a whole in 1961—close to one third of the total farm take.

Gradually Georgia's idle croplands are being returned to grass—to support the rapidly growing cattle industry—and to fast-growing pine trees, which have become one of the big-money crops. Farmers are being taught scientific forestry for perpetual yield, and today many a farm realizes more money from its timber than it garnered from cotton in the old days.

One of the finest examples of regrassing and retimbering I have ever seen is the ranch of David S. Wainer near Valdosta in south Georgia. In 1939 Wainer began assembling worn-out farms and devastated woodlands and now has a ranch of 2,381 acres. He built 83,000 feet of terraces to stop erosion, covered the depleted land with fast-spreading grasses, and set out 600,000 trees.

Today the Wainer ranch is a beautiful piece of countryside. More than 300 polled Hereford cattle roam the pastures, 200 acres are in corn and tobacco, and the woodlands are ready to begin harvesting on a perpetual basis. Wainer expects his experiment to start yielding a substantial profit in 1963. "Many authorities predict," he said to me, "that this southeastern coastal plain some day will be the top cattle country of the nation."

The agricultural revolution is by no means at an end in Georgia. The consolidation of small farms into larger holdings goes on apace. People are still leaving the farms in droves for city jobs. But there are still many small, submarginal farms in Georgia. Rural poverty, and the ignorance that always attends it, still exist in some of the little backwaters. The poor whites, or rednecks, as they are often called in Georgia, are still there, although in much smaller numbers. All but 10 percent of the Negroes have gone to the cities along with the white folks. Meantime, coincident with the revolution in farming, manufacturing came to the towns and cities, attended by a vast upsurge in wholesaling and general business.

Today Georgia makes hundreds of products for all manner of human needs, from furniture and fertilizers to ballpoint pens and brassieres. The value of Georgia's manufactured products in 1939 stood at $677,000,000, and by 1960 the figure had risen to $5,756,000,000. In one brief generation the state had become a major manufacturing area, and the trend continues at an increasing pace.

While all this was occurring on the economic and sociological front, Georgia clung to its traditional ways politically and in racial matters. Then, three years ago, things began to happen. The turning point, many leading Georgians will tell you, came early in that apprehensive year of 1960 with hearings on integration of public schools.

In the midst of the uproar which followed the Atlanta integration order, the legislature—it is called the General Assembly in Georgia—decided to set up a commission and sound out public opinion at the grass roots. John A. Sibley, attorney and banker, regarded by many as Atlanta's most distinguished citizen, was persuaded to head the commission, a thankless job which invited brickbats from all directions. Sibley was 72 at the time and entitled, perhaps, to the serenity of advancing years, but he took on the task with quiet aplomb.

"I did it because I felt it should be done," he said to me simply when I visited him in his Atlanta office. Then he went on with a smile, "We can cope with our problems down here when we go about it intelligently. Incidentally, I am told that the North now has almost as many Negroes as we do in the South. You people have your ways, and we have ours, and I often wonder whether you handle the situation any better than we do."

Sibley and his commission held hearings in Georgia's 10 congressional districts and listened to the firebrands and the calm citizens with patience, humor, and good sense. In the end the commission turned in a report which rocked the state. The net of the findings was that, come what might, most people did not want their schools closed. Nor did they want violence. A sharp minority report took issue with Sibley's conclusions, however, and again some of the politicians began to yell bloody murder.

"This is always the pattern," said Eugene Patterson, able young editor of the historic Atlanta Constitution. "The politicians stir up the people, and away we
If they would quit yapping and
some restraint, we southerners c
dle, with peace and order, t

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Atlanta: fed by expressways, hell-bent for culture.

changes that are coming. Most folks nowadays simply don't want this kind of trouble."

The first school integration in Georgia came, not in Atlanta, but at the University of Georgia, in Athens, during the winter of 1961. An embryonic riot, which might have grown into a holocaust as damaging as the recent affair in Mississippi, was squelched by state troopers before it got out of control.

In the fall of 1961 the Atlanta public schools were integrated without incident, and much of the credit goes to Mayor William B. Hartsfield, now retired, who mounted a campaign of citizen education. Week after week Bill Hartsfield answered the yammering of the politicians with the clear voice of reason. By the autumn of 1962 about 40 Negro children were attending previously all-white schools in Atlanta. Thus far this is the only public-school integration in the state.

At a higher level, Georgia Tech, Emory University and Georgia State College—all at Atlanta—have now been integrated peacefully, and Agnes Scott College, an old and aristocratic girls' school in nearby Decatur, has announced that it will accept colored students next fall.

Public transportation and various other public facilities are now integrated in Atlanta and in some other Georgia towns. The city's baseball team, the Atlanta Crackers, which won the Little World Series in 1962, has both white and colored players. In some of the factories of Atlanta and other industrial towns I saw Negroes and whites working side by side and in some cases using the same washrooms and eating facilities. Here and there I saw Negro foremen supervising white workers. In Atlanta, which has more good eating places than most northern cities of equal or larger size, Negroes
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out most of Georgia, just as they are in northern cities.

Two months ago, in fact, race relations in Atlanta ran, quite literally, into a roadblock. To thwart—at least symbolically—the efforts of some real-estate men to move Negroes into a white residential section, the city's Board of Aldermen on December 17 ordered barricades erected on two streets running between Negro and white residential areas. Sixteen city streets had been quietly desegregated during the preceding year, but now an issue was created, and the two-foot, 10-inch-high barriers have become known as "Atlanta's Berlin Wall." As this is written a suit by the Negro All-Citizens Committee to have the "wall" removed is pending in court. Moderates hope the matter will not spark a reversal in Atlanta's—and the state's—generally impressive record in bettering race relations.

In all Georgia cities and many of the smaller places Negroes now vote as a matter of course. A young Negro attorney, LeRoy Johnson—a Democrat—was elected to the State Senate from one of the Atlanta districts in November. His Republican opponent was a Negro. It is the first time the color line has been broken in the General Assembly since 1907.

In Albany, where there were disturbances last year when Negro leaders attempted to effect the integration of public facilities, I talked with Mayor Asa D. Kelley Jr. Mayor Kelley, an attorney, is a restrained and moderate man, troubled and perhaps a bit resentful that his town was chosen as a target for the seething new forces at work in the South. "When the Negroes came to me with their plan," he said, "I advised them to wait for a court order. They refused and went ahead, and we enforced our long-standing city ordinances against such demonstrations. Now the matter is in the courts, and if and when the order comes down to integrate we'll do our best to conform."

Last summer two Negro churches were burned in southwest Georgia by roughnecks out for some excitement. In the rural counties of southern Georgia, where the colored population runs as high as 75 percent—it is about 29 percent in the

"The state is learning to play by the new

state as a whole—segregation is still flint-hard and will be for a long time to come.

Doubtless there will be unhappy incidents from time to time in Georgia, but, by and large, the state is learning to play by the new rules with peace and order. Lately numerous political leaders have begun to soft-pedal their statements.

Perhaps the foremost architect of this changing attitude is Ralph McGill, who was the editor of the *Constitution* for many years before he became publisher. Short of stature but a towering figure journalistically, McGill writes an eloquent and courageous front-page column, which is also syndicated throughout the nation.

Although a southerner, McGill is no "segregationist, but ——". He believes passionately in the cause of Negro rights, and he wages the battle hard day after day. As a result he is both loved and hated throughout the state and the South. He and his wife, who died last spring, and his son have been subjected to barrages of vicious phone calls. His mailbox was blown up with a small bomb, and one night a shot fired from the street blasted through a window of his home.

When Carl Sanders won his race for the governorship in September, the Augusta *Courier*, a little weekly newspaper published by a shrill racist named Roy V. Harris, headlined the result with a streamer in red ink: McGill's Race Mixing Philosophy Won Sweeping Victory Sept. 12th. On an inside page was a cartoon showing the sun rising over the Georgia landscape, and on the sun's disk was a sinister caricature of Ralph McGill's face. McGill regards this attack as a delightful tribute and has a framed copy of the paper hanging on the wall of his office. "I'm going to will it to my son," he said to me, laughing.

Muscle for city voters

This has been a year of decision in Georgia in more ways than one. In the spring of 1962 the United States Supreme Court handed down its momentous decision which in effect said that apportionment of voting strength must be more fairly arranged in the states to give our exploding urban areas an equitable ratio of political power. In many states, citizens moved immediately to implement the decision through localized court action. It was one such suit that brought the old county-unit voting system tumbling down in Georgia and gave genuine franchise to the cities.

The State Senate was quickly reapportioned, and reapportionment of the House probably will follow. Equally important, candidates for state offices and Congress could now win or lose by the actual will of the people, solely on the basis of the popular vote. Politicians of the new young breed threw their hats in the air and scrambled to get into various races.

Charles L. Weltner, a 34-year-old Atlanta attorney—a cool customer and a progressive of the Sanders stripe—entered the congressional primary in the Fifth District, which includes Atlanta proper, and licked Congressman James C. Davis, an old-guard Democrat who had served eight terms—and who would have won again under the county-unit system. Ironically, Carl Sanders, who had delayed his decision to run for governor until it was obvious that the old system was on its way out, would have won even under the county-unit plan.

A lot of the impetus for change in Georgia has come from Atlanta, and, as everyone who lives there will tell you, it is a fabulous city. The population of the five-county metropolitan area has leaped 40 percent in the past dozen years and now stands at well over a million. The city's better residential areas are as beautiful as any I have ever seen, and in the midtown area many handsome new office buildings produce an impressive skyline. Subdivisions, dotted with gigantic new shopping centers, push out and out. Atlanta has long been the largest wholesaling and distribution center of the Southeast, and it has now become the leading manufacturing city of that area, with about 1,800 industrial plants in the metropolitan area.

The city was lucky in the fact that much of its industrial growth came late—after the planners had learned that everything doesn't have to be in the middle of town. Atlanta now has 25 pockets of industrial plants on the outskirts of the city proper, and a good many of these are impressive industrial parks, landscaped, green and beflowered. Much of the city's manufacturing is "clean industry," and there are few smokestacks.

Atlanta is also a city hell-bent for culture—perhaps more so than any other city in the South. It has its own symphony of professional quality, a host of other musical activities, numerous art groups and museums and firm plans to create a full-fledged art school. The Metropolitan Opera comes to Atlanta for a week each spring, Broadway shows hit Atlanta regularly, and little-theater groups are active. The city is also a center of higher education, with the previously-named institutions, a wide variety of trade schools, and a complex of five outstanding Negro colleges.

If it was once true that Atlanta was an island of progress in a backward state, this is no longer so. Every town I visited had at least one spanking new public-school building—usually huge and ultra-modern. Much emphasis is now being placed on more and better vocational education, to teach the skills that all this new industry demands. Many of the larger and medium-size towns such as Augusta, Macon, Athens, Gainesville, Columbus, Albany, Valdosta, Waycross and others are showing a lot of foot—with new industry flooding in. Savannah, an old seacoast city steeped in southern traditions, has improved its port facilities and is getting some new industry, but it is not pushing ahead as fast as Atlanta.

Many private firms in the cities are trying hard to see that industry is spread evenly over the state. Among the most effective of these are the railroads and the Georgia Power Company. Another is the Citizens and Southern National Bank, which has 52 branches in the state. Mills Lane, a volatile citizen who sometimes

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rules of integration."

wears colorful sport shirts to the office, heads this sprawling financial empire and takes the long view that the state as a whole must move forward as a piece. He has a hard-hitting industrial department that has helped bring scores of new plants to many Georgia towns.

Despite all this I suspect that many of the little rural villages are fated to dry up and blow away—at least so far as retail business is concerned. Already the business streets of a lot of them present a dreary spectacle indeed, with half the stores and shops boarded up. Many of the people who live in these crossroads places now drive from 10 to 40 miles over Georgia's good highways to factory jobs in other towns—and do their buying in the larger places where they work.

Georgians want to learn

Georgia's factory labor, at least a dozen plant managers said, is highly productive. Several said their man-hour production was better than in their companies' northern plants. Although most of the workers are relatively unskilled when recruited, I heard much testimony about how easy they are to train.

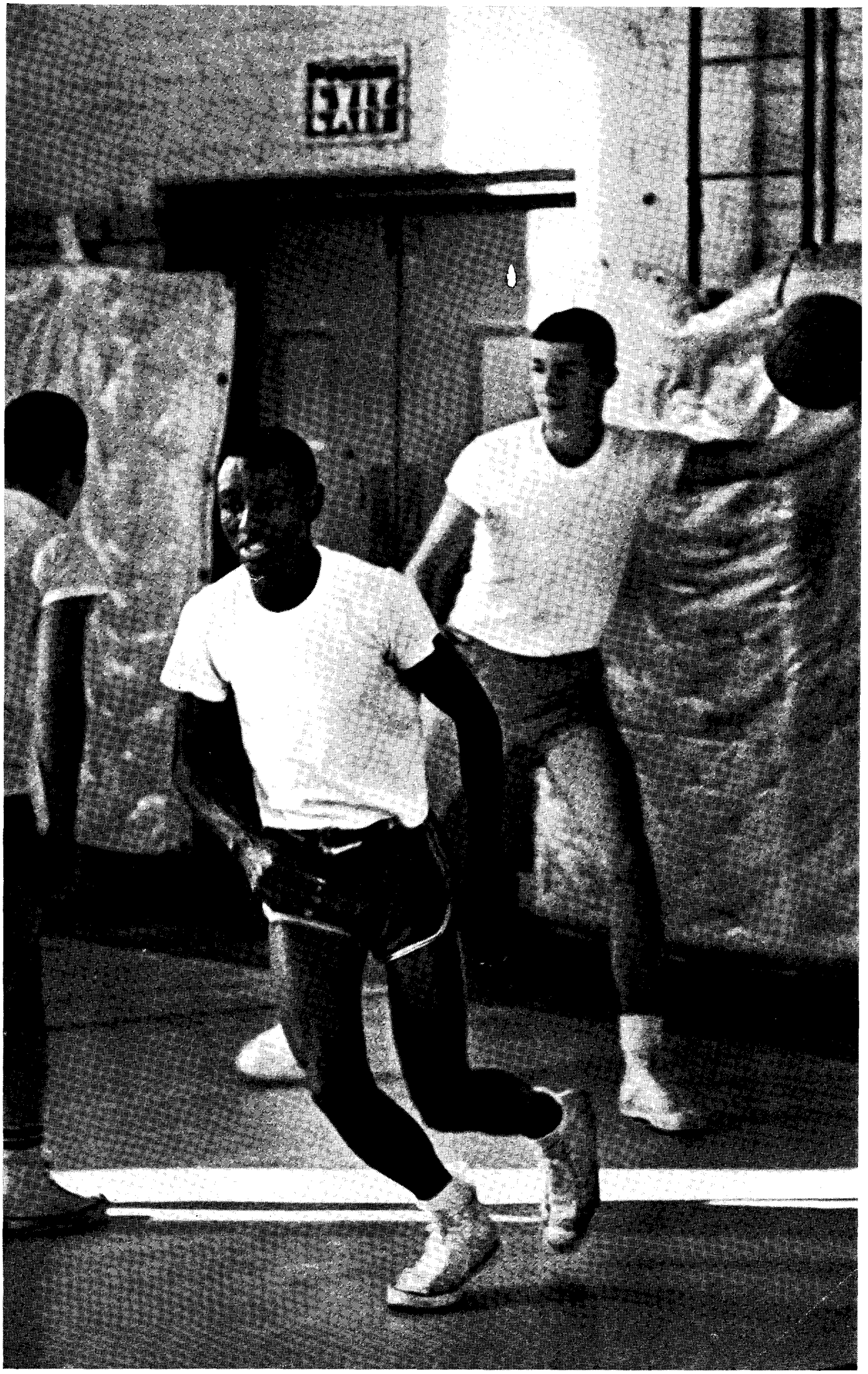
"These people want to learn," said W. A. Pulver, president of Lockheed-Georgia, which, with 15,000 workers in its vast plant at Marietta, is the largest private industrial employer in the Southeast. Lockheed makes military cargo airplanes at its Georgia plant, and also flush little jet-powered private planes priced at $1,400,000.

Unions have not made as much headway in the South as elsewhere and, generally speaking, are less militant. The Georgia factory worker fresh off the farm is apt to be an independent character, who is usually proud of his job and his company. Georgia has one of those controversial Right-to-Work laws, which in effect says that a man doesn't have to join a union to hold his job, and employers from the North like this too.

In many plants, although by no means all of them, white labor is preferred, and the Negro still gets the short end of the stick—precisely as in the North. A notable exception is Scripto, an old Atlanta firm which makes mechanical pencils, ballpoint pens and cigarette lighters by the millions. When I visited Scripto recently, it had 1,320 employees, and 950 were Negroes, 850 of them Negro women.

"Negro women do better on our type of assembly line than most white workers," said James V. Carmichael, president of the firm. "This is no sociological experiment with us. It's just good business."

Median family income in Georgia stood at $4,208 in 1960, well below the national average of $5,660 but far above Mississippi's $2,884. As in most southern states, the general level of education also falls below the national average, and the illiteracy rate is higher. Georgia still needs more jobs, and it needs to keep more of its talented young people at home instead of sending them north. In fact, the state still has some distance to go on several fronts. But it is catching up. Georgia has turned the corner. **THE END**



With school integration barely under way, John Henry Carter stars for his Atlanta high school's basketball team.

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EDITORIALS

Atlantic disunity and de Gaulle

Gen. Charles de Gaulle is in many ways an extraordinary man. His courage, his patriotism and his ability to overcome seemingly hopeless odds have won him the respect of friends and enemies alike.

Any catalogue of General de Gaulle's qualities, however, must include his obstinacy, his imperiousness and the fact that he unquestionably ranks as the most exasperating Western statesman of his time. More than once in recent weeks political leaders on both sides of the Atlantic wrestling with the problem of organizing the strength of the free world must have recalled Winston Churchill's wry remark: "The heaviest cross I have to bear is the Cross of Lorraine."

Europe through most of this century has dissipated its strength in internecine wars and nationalistic rivalries. In recent years, however, Western Europe's remarkable economic recovery has posed a great opportunity. With a population of 225 million and a vast industrial capacity, a united Western Europe could play a role in world affairs commensurate with its genius and its resources. But this can be achieved only through the closest sort of cooperation: economic, political and military.

Great steps have been taken toward this end. The Common Market already has achieved a remarkable degree of economic cohesion, and great hopes for political unity have been aroused.

The policy of the U. S. Government has been to do everything in its power to encourage this development. President Kennedy last year offered to join with a United Europe in an Atlantic partnership of "full equality in all the great and burdensome tasks of building and defending a community of free nations." In proposing the Atlantic partnership the President was motivated by eminently practical considerations. As Assistant Secretary of State William Tyler said recently, in our European and Atlantic policy we have been "acting in a manner consistent with our interest; but we have conceived our higher and long-term interest as being essentially identical with that of Western Europe."

Accordingly, we have supported efforts to draw Europe closer, including Britain's application for Common Market membership, and we proposed recently that the nuclear defense of Western Europe be organized into a multilateral NATO force. To this end we offered Britain and France the Polaris missiles at Nassau in December, specifying that the missiles could be used independently "in matters of supreme national interest."

In an astonishingly blunt press conference last month General de Gaulle rejected the concept of an Atlantic partnership. He told Britain that she was an "insular" and "maritime" country that really didn't belong in the Common Market. In doing so he struck at the United States, which he regards as a Trojan horse sneaked into the market by Britain. He summarily turned down the Polaris offer and rejected out of hand the concept of a multilateral nuclear force. "France," he announced, "intends to have its national defense. . . . We are in the atomic age and we are a country that can be destroyed at any moment unless the aggressor is deterred from the undertaking by the certainty that he, too, will suffer frightful destruction." De Gaulle's insistence upon his own *force de frappe* stems in part from a distrust of the United States. "The Americans, finding themselves exposed to direct atomic attack from the Caribbean," he says, "acted in such a way as to rid themselves of that menace. . . . No one in the world, particularly no one in America, can say if, where, when, how and to what extent the American nuclear weapons would be employed to defend Europe."

The heart of de Gaulle's argument is simply this: He is not convinced that the United States would risk the destruction of New York or Washington for Paris or Berlin. Even if he were satisfied, he feels that he cannot be sure that we will not elect another Coolidge and retreat into isolation. Accordingly, he intends to go the independent nuclear route.

The United States is deeply committed to the defense of Western Europe. We have fought two wars for that principle. We have spent $41.5 billion for economic rehabilitation of NATO countries, and 440,000 Americans are now stationed in that part of the world. No one, as de Gaulle has indicated, can prophesy what will happen 10 years from now, but the best way for General de Gaulle to assure continuing American participation in the defense of Western Europe is to join with us in a multilateral NATO force. Such a force would be committed to the defense of NATO nations. It is unthinkable that we would not back up the forces we have committed to it. To be sure, complex problems of decision and command are involved. But surely these problems could be solved. General de Gaulle does not even deign to discuss them.

The French atomic force cannot conceivably compare with the U. S. or Russian nuclear deterrent. It will be capable, as de Gaulle has said, "of tearing an arm off," or threatening the destruction of Moscow. But Khrushchev talks of 100-megaton bombs that will incinerate populations.

In the last analysis Europe will still depend upon the U. S. nuclear deterrent for its safety. De Gaulle's insistence upon an independent nuclear force implies the proliferation of nuclear weapons—including a dreaded German nuclear force. It means also a dissipation of the Western effort at a time when we should be organizing our strength as effectively as possible.

The tragedy of de Gaulle's position is that the kind of Europe he envisions is outmoded in a nuclear age. Apparently he wants a loosely federated Europe based upon a Franco-German partnership with France as the dominant partner. The Franco-German *rapprochement*, ratified last month, is a consummation devoutly to be wished but it is hardly the basis of a viable new Europe. It lacks the power. Further, the keystone of German policy is—and must remain—its alliance with the United States.

What this towering egotist has offered is not effective European unity but a major obstacle to its achievement. Our course is to continue, despite the discouragements, the setbacks and de Gaulle's tendency toward "Bonapartism," to work for a really united Europe and hope that someday Big Charlie or his successors will see the light.

Bad words and good words Down South

A quartet of southern governors made speeches last month that are worth more than a passing notice. Alabama's incoming Gov. George Wallace, delivering his inaugural address, took his stance in the same spot where Jefferson Davis was first inaugurated as president of the Confederacy more than 100 years ago. As far as Wallace was concerned, the interval since Jeff Davis might just as well not have occurred. "I draw the line in the dust and toss the gauntlet before the feet of tyranny," Gov. Wallace said. "I say segregation now, segregation tomorrow, segregation forever."

Over in Columbia, South Carolina, the departing governor, Ernest F. Hollings, delivered his valedictory before the South Carolina Legislature and faced up to the facts of contemporary life. "We have all argued that the Supreme Court decision of 1954 is not the law of the land," he said. "But everyone must agree that it is the fact of the land. . . . As we meet, South Carolina is running out of courts. If and when every legal remedy has been exhausted, this General Assembly must make clear South Carolina's choice, a government of laws rather than a government of men."

Governor Hollings's successor, Donald Russell, a former president of the University of South Carolina, indicated that he intends to adopt a sensible approach to the problem. . . . "We shall meet with courage whatever the future holds for us," he said, "and we shall work out our problems peaceably, according to our standards of justice and decency."

The most remarkable and encouraging statement, however, came from Gov. Terry Sanford of North Carolina. "The time has come," he told the North Carolina Press Association, ". . . to quit unfair discrimination and to give the Negro a full chance to earn a decent living for his family and to contribute to higher standards for himself and all men. . . ."

We salute Messrs. Hollings, Russell and Sanford, and we hope that the governor of Alabama will someday undergo a change of heart.

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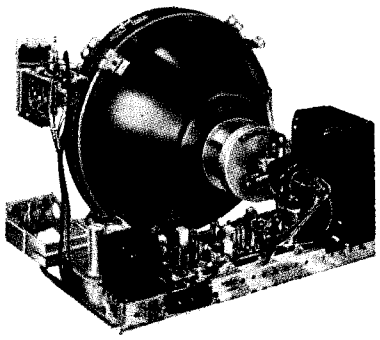
ADMIRAL COL R

quality proved by 9 years of color experience

Precision craftsmanship! Precision wired! Now Admiral engineers a new standard of quality in the reliability and realism of Color Television.

Admiral-pioneered precision wiring is so exact it does not vary by more than two and one-half thousandths of an inch. That's one reason why Admiral creates a Color picture with more brilliant realism... brighter, sharper black and white pictures...and fewer service problems. Other Admiral quality advances include: a new Color Matrix Amplifier that actually increases the power of the color signal for the most natural color reproduction possible... a new extra sensitive tuner... a new bonded Color picture tube. See the difference 9 years of Color experience make in Admiral Color TV now!



Every Admiral precision-wired, 24,000 volt horizontal chassis is 24-hour life-tested for greater dependability.

Handcrafted cabinets! Selected woods! A collection of fine furniture unmatched in Color TV. All in genuine veneers and hardwood solids.

Every 1963 Admiral Color TV Console is handcrafted from woods specially selected to give you the natural look of luxury, genuine veneers and hardwood solids. No wood imitations. No wood substitutes. Even the quality of TV sound is enriched by the use of fine wood cabinets. Admiral Color TV comes in 14 different furniture styles... 21 different finishes. Your choice of Walnut, Cherrywood, Mahogany, Maple or Blonde Oak... in Contemporary, Danish Modern, Early American, French or Italian Provincial. See the natural beauty of Admiral Color TV now... at your Admiral Dealer.

Water skiing scene at Cypress Gardens

Shown above: (left) Model L7281, (right) Model L7259

Admiral sold in 110 countries. Admiral, Chicago. Canadian Admiral, Port Credit Ontario. Specifications subject to change

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The Pause That Refreshes. Only Coca-Cola gives you the bright little lift, the big, bold taste that's always just right—never too sweet. Sparkling as the next dance!

Regular or King Size

Coca-Cola

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